The PSYCHOLOGY *of* HAPPINESS

by WALTER B. PITKIN

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To

EMANIE *and* WALTER SACHS,

who need no advice
on the subject
of this book

BY WALTER B. PITKIN

The Twilight of the American Mind
The New Realism
The Art and Business of the Short Story
How to Write Stories
Farm and Field
Mill and Factory
As We Are
Must We Fight Japan?
The Art of Rapid Reading
The Art of Sound Pictures

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

PRELUDE: THE NEW HAPPINESS 1

Book I

THE TASK AHEAD OF US 7
The Factors of Happiness 14
Success and Failure 19
The Affective Phase of Happiness 22
The Moment of Ecstasy 23
The Peace That Passeth Understanding 28
Attitudes 33

Book II

THE BLESSED 42
The Blessed Vegetable 42
The Ivory Turtle 46
The Happy Demi-mind 50
The Blessed Esthete 56
Euphoria 61
High-power Single-track Personalities . . . 65
The Single-track Mind 66
The Blessed Misfit: Haydon 69
The Happy Warrior: Garibaldi 72
A Fool for Luck 76
The Larger Happiness 79
Herd Happiness 80
William Jennings Bryan: 100% American . . . 84
G. Stanley Hall: The Happy Dabbler 94
The Perfect Priscilla 100

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Book III

PAGE

THE ACCURSED 105
- Leopardi 107
- Kant and Descartes 108
- John Randolph 114
- Giovanni Papini 121
- Chopin 137
- Woodrow Wilson 140

Book IV

HAPPY—MORE OR LESS 152
- The Happiness of a Well-ordered Life 153
- A Well-ordered Double Life 159
- The Happy Gourmand 170
- Slow-but-Sure 177
- Frail Contentment 182
- Fast and Loose: D'Annunzio 186
- Faster and Looser: Horace Greeley 198
- James G. Huneker 206

Book V

DWELLERS IN LIMBO: JOYLESS ESCAPE FROM MISERY 214
- Contentment 215
- Dyspeptic Resignation 221
- Social Distraction 228
- Herd Cure and Sarah Frye 232
- The Joyful Agent 236
- The Passionate Slave 240
- The Soldier 244
- The Soldier of the Lord: Cardinal Newman . . 246
- Apathy 257

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

William Ellery Channing 258
Gertrude Gall 262
Disgust of Life 267
The Deep Apathy of Yoga 270
Constitutional Apathy 278
The Dope of Dreams 279

Book VI

THE UNHAPPY 288
Bad Wish Patterns 288
Unhappy Masters 299
A Wish in a Vacuum: Katherine Mansfield . . . 299
The Best Is the Enemy of the Good 206
An Old Master and a New Mind 311
The Unhappiness of the Superior Mind 316
Too Active Nerves 323
Mama's Boy 339
Unhappy Subjects 345
Weak-willed Thinkers 351
Unhappy Lovers 354
Baroness von Krudener 354
Emily Dickinson 362
Vincent Van Gogh 364
Too Thoughtful Sweethearts 369
The Passionate Mess 373
Unhappy Herd Folk 376
The Unpopular Boss 376
Slave of All Men 379

Book VII

HOW TO LIVE HAPPILY 386
Coda 408
INDEX 413

PRELUDE

THE NEW HAPPINESS

For the first time in the career of mankind happiness is coming within the reach of millions of people. Until the twentieth century it was the luck of a few. And most thinkers believed it to be a freakish accident in these instances. Man, said they, was not built for happy living. He must learn to give up the pleasant dream, at least so far as this life and world are concerned. Let him cultivate a thick skin, to endure the hardships and adversities of life! Let him kill all his natural cravings and aspirations for the good things of this flesh! All these philosophies and religions which have drawn to their standards the masses as well as the classes have taught self-denial, self-suppression, a killing of the personal will, a surrender to those dark powers of the universe called Fate or Nature or the Gods, and either mild contentment or resignation or the apathy of despair. Never happiness!

They are all wrong, these doctrines! All befuddled, these creeds! We know today that happy living can be attained by at least six or seven people out of every ten, simply by the right education, the right organization of personal effort, and the right selection of one's life work and environment. I do not

say that any such proportion of people are now living happily. Probably not more than one in a thousand is. But I do say, without any qualification whatsoever, that in the more highly civilized sections of the United States, in this year 1929, all the *external* conditions required for happy living are present, waiting to be used by those who can.

The one remaining obstacle is psychological. The older Americans and millions of the younger have been drilled in the ways and thoughts of the ancient cults, creeds, intellectualisms, and morals. False ideals and errors about man himself are deeply imbedded in habits that cannot be lightly sloughed. It is vain to reform these unfortunates. The labor is far too great. And most of them are self-satisfied, which is lucky. The best we can do is to wait for them to die off and to protect the younger generation against contamination.

These youths and maids are a lucky lot. They may progress toward happy living faster than any of their ancestors. Let them look facts in the face and apply their plain implications. Let them be scientists and technicians in the art of happiness. And, first of all, let them understand that happy living is won only through a deft series of interactions between the personality and his surroundings. It never comes through the control of either factor alone. This is proved by a study of the four great levels of human achievement, the savage, the barbarian, the intellectual and the scientist.

The precise difference between these four ways of life has never been made clear. It consists, at bottom, of many little differences in understanding, emphasizing and managing the human being and his environment. You find four and only four extreme variations here. Neither man nor nature is managed well. Nature is managed but not man. Man is managed but not nature. And both man and nature are managed.

Savages have poor control over their environment and themselves; so with them happiness is almost entirely a matter of sheer luck, and most of the poor devils lead a life of ups and downs in which there are many more downs than ups. A few are born in charming places where no snakes bite and where coconuts fall into the hungry man's lap. The lives of such sometimes turn out to be prolonged childhoods, with all the vacant irresponsibilities of infancy and much of the pleasant tone. But for every one who thrives thus, ten thousand go weeks without proper food, or roast on desert sands or freeze in blizzards or are wiped out by plagues or rent by wolves or tortured by enemies or kept in terror by some superstition. At the mercy of sea, sky, and earth, they know nothing of themselves; and thus are doubly cursed.

Barbarians have learned to control some important forces and conditions in their environment but not in themselves. They can plow. They have subdued the horse, the cow, and the dog to their service. They can weave simple clothes. They have simple tools. They

build cities and monuments. They drill slaves to work and soldiers to fight. Over all these achievements they grow pardonably proud and look down upon the savages. They know more happiness than the savage does. But the inward betterment is much slighter than the outward improvements suggest. They understand nothing about the workings of the human mind, the emotions, the body's cravings and the spirit's aspirations. Hence only by luck and not at all by insight and planning do any barbarians bring themselves, as personalities, into the best relation toward their environment. Half-masters of nature, and slaves to the unknown master within themselves, they blunder through life.

The countries which love to call themselves civilized still harbor millions of barbarians. They know so little about human nature that they do not know they are barbarians. In this they resemble the monkeys who are unacquainted with the fact that some of them are anthropoids. The ruthless, mechanically minded manufacturer who regards his workers as so many units of force and refuses to consider their personal attitudes is quite as much a barbarian as was Jenghis Khan. The manufacturer has mastered machines and the physical phases of organization; but he has no understanding of human nature and no interest in men as men.

Intellectuals have advanced far beyond the barbarians. They realize that self-understanding and self-control are necessary to happy living. Socrates

was their spokesman when he commanded: "Know thyself." And with that thought a new era began. But, alas, in their zeal to become psychologists they turned a cold shoulder toward nature; and in this they were favored by the system of slavery, which made physical labor and all handling of matter a task far beneath the dignity of the master. "The life of the spirit" was noble. To think about bugs and weather and sewers was petty and cheap. So the intellectuals concentrated for thousands of years on ideas and fancies and theories and the soul, while medicine, engineering, preventive medicine, hygiene and all other techniques of managing matter languished.

Is it not significant that few intellectuals attained happiness, and those few did so by luck? They were better off than the savages and the barbarians, to be sure; but they fell far short of living as men can and should live. And is it not still more significant that nearly all of them came to the conclusion that man is born to unhappiness and that he deceives himself in striving for happiness? All of their schemes of life aimed at something else. Simple pleasure and resignation. Stern self-denial, to the end of making oneself insensitive to pain and discomforts. Hope in happiness in the next world, to repay us for misery here. Not once did it occur to them that, simply by mastering their environment as well as themselves, they might change everything from gloom to gaiety.

The intellectuals still exert a dangerously power-

ful influence. But they are slowly being overwhelmed by the scientists. And we Americans are much further along the road to happiness than Europe, chiefly as a result of our widespread "materialism" and our passion for psychology. This combination is unique in the world's history. We are the first people to show an almost equal interest in the physical world and in ourselves. We are the first people to think of reforming people wholesale by making over personalities as well as slums, clinics, schools, playgrounds, factories, and highways. We are the first to mix psychology with business.

We are beginning to realize, as a nation, that the life of the spirit is also the life of matter; that world-control and self-control must go together, for human happiness; that the intellectuals are precisely as wrong as the barbarians in their belief that the culture of personality through ideas and disciplines and religions and metaphysics can lead to a full and well-rounded life. It never has. It never can. To rebuild ourselves, we must also rebuild rivers, hills, continents, and some day even climates.

The art of happiness will be founded on all the sciences of things outside our skins and things inside our skins. Its technique will be enormously complex. But in time clever men will simplify it so that enlightened men and women everywhere can apply it to their own problems. Then will dawn the Golden Age.

BOOK I

THE TASK AHEAD OF US

EVERYBODY would like to live happily. But how few do! And how often wise men have tried to work out a simple formula that will teach you the trick!

Some of these formulas sound promising. "To be happy, simply be yourself!"—so runs one. "Be good, and you will be happy!"—runs another. A third proclaims: "Find your happiness in serving your fellow men." A fourth: "Hard work alone can bring true happiness." A fifth: "Have faith in the moral order of the world, and you will be happy." A sixth gets into good verse, thanks to Wotton:

> "How happy is he born and taught
> That serveth not another's will;
> Whose armor is his honest thought
> And simple truth his utmost skill!"

Other advisers offer negative formulas. Says one: "Expect nothing, and you will not be disappointed. Such happiness as man can hope for comes through renunciation." And the Buddhist goes so far as to

recommend that you cease all striving for things that give pleasure and happiness, even the simplest. The Christian agrees with the Buddhist to the extent that he believes happiness is not to be expected in this world; but he differs from the Buddhist in looking forward to a heaven of delight wherein he will rest at ease forever and ever.

The curious fact about all of these formulas is that they have come from religionists, from philosophers, from literary folk, from common men, from almost everybody except from scientific observers. So far as I can ascertain, there has never been a Darwin of happiness, still less a Galileo or a Newton. The Descent of Man has been minutely investigated, but no well trained psychologist has ever bothered to gather facts about man's ascent to the realm of joy. The subject remains at the mercy of people who know nothing of the methods of precise records and analysis. This is why most formulas of happiness are some ego's cunning mask enlarged to the diameter of all humanity. Personal impressions are remodelled to conform to private wishes. And the result is called wisdom.

Why have scientists ignored happiness? Well, in the first place, they cannot experiment here. Most of us still enjoy our privacy. We are not attracted by the invitation to put ourselves under a microscope. A happy man does not wish to take a chance on being made less so by having some investigator tinker with him. And an unhappy one insists upon being re-

lieved of his woes, without the slightest regard for the wishes of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Behind these reluctances there lurks a still deeper passion for privacy that is part and parcel of the life processes itself. It is both painful and unbelievably hard to look at the inmost workings of the human machine, and the effect of self-inspection is often to throw the whole thing out of running order. It is not the psychoanalyst alone who is familiar with this normal resistance to introspective study and confession. Every physician and every psychologist knows it. And in the course of collecting the cases about to be reported to you here, I came upon it in absurdly inflated forms. One woman, for instance, after having herself volunteered to tell the story of her life, in order to make clear some peculiarities of her own happiness, became indignant when I asked a few simple questions in line with her own remarks. And the whole case was lost.

What I have to offer you, then, is by no means the last word on the subject. Rather it is the first—and little more. No established technique for recording this higher emotional life of man exists. The search for individuals has been tedious. The arranging and interpreting of them has been difficult beyond all belief. Many errors must be sprinkled through the reports. Nevertheless, the beginning had to be made thus. For unless we gather cases, we cannot escape the presuppositions and prejudices of our private

selves. Nor can we arrive at any generalizations worthy of consideration.

Incomplete as the survey is, it ought to prove useful to many readers. And if it does not, at least it will entertain you. For here are unusual glimpses of many unusual people. A few of them are well known. But most of them are strangers to fame who must here masquerade under false names. In no case have I introduced fiction except where some fact about the place and date had to be disguised, as a matter of decency.

Some people are born happy, some achieve happiness, but nobody ever had happiness thrust upon him. It never comes as a compulsion from outside. It is always an inner light, heat and power. In this respect it differs utterly from fame, health and wealth. A newspaper can force fame upon a man, and not all of his protestations can stay the diabolical process. A rich father can force wealth upon his children, through a cunningly contrived last will and testament. And, odd as it may seem, the Board of Health can—and often does—force health upon many a stupid and dirty citizen who refuses to keep himself sanitary. But we have yet to hear of a case in which a man who is not happy and makes no effort to achieve happiness has the blessed state thrust upon him by act of Congress, Providence or other agency.

Why is this impossible? Simply because, as Seneca said, "a happy life is one which is in accordance with

its own nature." It is "a desirable condition of life," a way of behaving in which we have what we want, do what we want, and be what we want to be. Hence in some sense it is a life of self-realization and never a life whose moves and moods are dictated by friends or foes.

But what is the nature of a given personality? Seneca, instead of solving the problem, does little more than state it accurately. And, no sooner has he stated it, than he goes on to lay down the terms and conditions of achieving happiness in a way that shows us all too clearly a complete failure to grasp the larger significance of his own thought.

Listen to him:

> "A happy life, therefore, is one which is in accordance with its own nature, and cannot be brought about unless in the first place the mind be sound and remain so without interruption, and next, be bold and vigorous, enduring all things with most admirable courage, suited to the times in which it lives, careful of the body and its appurtenances, yet not troublesomely careful. It must also set due value upon all the things which adorn our lives, without overestimating any one of them, and must be able to enjoy the bounty of Fortune without becoming her slave." [1]

[1] Minor Dialogues—Seneca.

But suppose that your personal nature is such that your mind is not "bold and vigorous?" Must you live unhappily? Surely, Seneca would tell you. And what if you cannot set due value upon all the things which adorn human lives? As, for example, upon music or paintings or politics or commercial honesty? Then Seneca would assure you that your life never could be truly happy. Suppose you over-estimate enormously the worth of music? Again unhappiness is your lot, if the Roman philosopher sees the matter straight.

But, fortunately for most of us, he does not see it straight. There is vastly more happiness in the world than his narrow formula would provide for. Like most other philosophers and religionists, Seneca has assumed that there is a universal secret of happiness. He has imagined that some single human type is capable of the blessed state; and this too in spite of his prior conviction that living in accordance with one's own nature is the mark of happiness.

"To be happy, just be yourself."

This ancient advice has been peddled for more years than man can tell. It has survived because it is part of a great truth.

But such a tiny part! For when you try to apply the rule to your own way of life, you suddenly discover that, before you can be yourself, you must have a pretty clear idea as to what you are.

Do you know what you are?

Of course not. Neither does anybody else. And if

you give the matter much thought, you quickly realize that the ancient advice is utterly useless, as it stands. Not false! Rather a truth whose service value depends absolutely upon your being able to discover all your important traits and their relative importance.

What does it mean to be yourself? Does it mean that you are to give free expression to every impulse? Surely that might well be. And yet, wouldn't that lead to a crazy state of society? Would anybody be happy if everybody went around doing just what he felt like doing at the moment? Suppose I were weary and wanted to sleep, but some gay dogs in the next room wanted to play saxophones and dance all night? Would I be very happy, just by being myself? And what if I felt moved to shoot these disturbers of my peace?

No, that easy adage about being oneself is like all other popular lines—useless, vague and inadequate.

You live in a world full of other people, some of whom you love, hate, meet daily, avoid cunningly, fight, admire, or marvel at. The chances are better than ninety-nine out of a hundred that you cannot live happily, or even contentedly, unless you get along pretty well with some of these contemporaries. It is not enough, then, to know your own nature. You ought to understand the natures of these others also. You cannot be yourself with much success unless you know how to adjust yourself to those many other selves.

A pretty thorough understanding of personalities is the foundation—not of everybody's happiness, but of most people's. This is the best reason in the world for your studying the specimens I am about to parade.

THE FACTORS OF HAPPINESS

Every wish requires for its satisfying a certain bodily equipment and a certain fund of available energy. And if all the important cravings are thus supported, some kind of happiness is likely to ensue. If, on the other hand, even one important craving lacks either equipment or energy, a physical and mental unbalance results with unhappiness or at least a lack of happiness as the outcome.

Physical equipment includes the whole dynamic pattern of bones, muscles and nerves functioning together. There is one equipment for winking the eye, another for throwing a stone, and another for executing an intricate experiment in colloidal chemistry. Let us call this factor pattern.

Something more than this pattern is required for the fulfilling of wishes. To get what we want, we have to exert ourselves for hours, days, or even years. A boy whose heart is set upon winning the hundred-yard-dash at the annual athletic meet of his high school will never succeed if he refrains from strenuous practice up to the hour of the meet, and then makes one tremendous effort on the track. The en-

ergy he must spend in practicing may exceed by a thousandfold the amount he actually uses in the contest. As in foot races, so everywhere else. Practice makes perfect. But we all too easily forget that practice involves interminable exertion. Furthermore, the energy for the given act must be available at precisely the right instant and in precisely the right sequence, as well as in adequate quantity. Its timing is an integral part of its flow, precisely as in the utilizing of electrical energy. A man who wishes to become a skillful tennis player will never succeed if he releases muscular energy through his arms one-tenth of a second more slowly than his opponents do. The lawyer who would win difficult suits in court will have a hard time of it if he thinks up and puts into effective language the right thoughts by way of defense or rebuttal five minutes after the critical moment in the proceedings has arrived. We all know people who have bright ideas just too late to use them in conversation or in argument. They have a good intellectual pattern and a rich fund of energy perhaps, but it is not available at the right place and time. Hence it is ineffective.

Our desires, therefore, must harmonize with our pattern and our available energies if we are to live happily. The babe who cries for the moon can never become happy as long as his wish persists, for his arm will never grow long enough to reach out and get the moon. Between this babe and the happy life we find tens of thousands of wishes that are constitu-

tionally unrealizable. Next to this class we find a second one consisting of wishes which can be realized only with and through extraordinary pattern and available energies. They are realizable for perhaps one man in a million and no more. At any given time there can be only one richest man in the United States. If, as a result of some perverted education you have been encouraged to aspire to become this man, you have one chance in 120,000,000 of making your dream real. If you crave to be the world's champion heavyweight prize fighter, you have about one chance in 800,000,000. (Assuming that you are not competing against women and children.)

There are two varieties of rare superior patterns. In one we find a single trait of unusual power and persistence dominating all the others effectively. In the second, there appear several superior traits linked in perfect team work, each one dominating only in situations where it best serves. When we inspect later a few specimens, you will see how these work out. Each variety is found with and without adequate energies. Hence the combinations and interplay of special trait patterns and energies are practically infinite.

A normal personality is continuously impelled by many urges. Only madmen crave one thing steadily. Of course, not all those psychic forces bubble up into consciousness at once, nor do they take possession of our muscles in mass. Their motor effects are alternating. But the rate of alternation is exceedingly fast

in many cases. In the course of one hour a man may be moved to do a hundred things representing deep trends in his nature. He may, for a brief second or two, twitch his fingers under the urge to play the piano; draw a deep breath to sing; strike out across the room as if to run a mile; declaim before an imaginary multitude; and flash a score of embryo thoughts all of which die stillborn.

Now, his eventual behavior is determined by this entire field of discharging energies. This is why happiness depends least of all upon any single trait and most of all upon the entire appetitive system in a man.

We are confronted therefore with two radically different questions. In the first place, how are all the important desires of a man related *to one another?* And secondly, how is the whole system of desires related to his *pattern* and his *available energies?* It is not enough to know, for example, that John Smith is moved by fourteen vigorous and deeply rooted wishes, one of which is to sing on the concert stage and another to get on well with all his neighbors. We must go further; we must discover which of the fourteen is strongest, which is most persistent, which can most readily be subordinated, and so on. What if his interminable singing at home irritates his neighbors to the point of ending a dozen friendships? Or what if his fondness for his neighbors' society and admiration steals hours from his operative practice? It is in the clash of such interests as these that we begin to

see the true intricacy of personality and happiness. Here is the stuff of which great drama is made—and precisely because it is the stuff of which life itself is made.

Suppose we have analyzed and charted passably well a man's wish system. We must next ascertain how his physical and mental pattern is related to it *as a whole.* If John Smith happens to be almost equally driven by the romantic aspiration to explore the Arctic regions and by the less romantic one to build six-room bungalows by the hundred, has he the brawn, the resistance to cold, the temperament, and the mental equipment that will enable him to rough it on the frozen rim of the Poles? At the same time can he hold in check his architectural cravings without injuring his exploratory deeds?

Were we to undertake a complete analysis of the happiness or unhappiness of a given personality, our main tasks would be four. We should first have to discover every important trend in the man's nature, distinguishing as far as possible those which are native from those which are acquired. Next we should have to observe the dynamic relations among these trends, especially their relative strengths and frequencies of manifestation and their influences upon one another. This done, we should have to look at the physical and mental equipment of the man in order to ascertain its fitness in realizing the entire system of wishes. Finally we should scrutinize his available energies, meas-

uring them against the entire system of wishes, jointly and severally.

Obviously such a complete investigation, even of an ordinary man, would require several years and fill a book much larger than this one. Unfortunately, too, it would involve analyses and tests to which few human beings would be willing to submit. I must therefore disappoint you if you hope to have spread out before you such an intimate panorama. The best that can be done here is to present in a wide variety of cases a few of the most conspicuous wishes and their interplay, together with a mere sketch of the pattern and energies available for their execution. In these pioneer days of the psychology of personality, it seems much more useful to report a multitude of cases incompletely than to report a few exhaustively. For nobody as yet knows enough about the finer psychic interactions to appraise them. So let us be satisfied to work in the rough for another aeon or two.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

Success comes when you accomplish what you set out to do. Failure comes when something prevents you from carrying out your desired plan. We have to do here with a special relation between intent and execution. It influences happy living in various highly complicated ways, hence must be carefully studied.

As the world runs, there are five important varieties of success and failure. Here they are:

1. An act may accomplish vastly more than you had originally intended.

2. Or it may result just as you had hoped.

3. Or it may fall somewhat short of your intentions.

4. Or, while seeming to be a gross failure to outside observers, it may satisfy you simply because the essential feature of it has been realized.

5. Or it may be a total failure, both as carrying out your original wish and as fulfilling what others have expected of it.

Henry Ford is the best living example of the first kind. He did not and could not foresee the colossal success of the little automobile he toiled over for so many years. He gained his end and a thousandfold more.

Kaiser Wilhelm illustrates admirably the last type. He cherished grandiose visions of his own career as ruler of the world. He willed a world empire, with himself at the head. He drew up immense plans, with himself at the refulgent center of them all. And he put eighty million people to work for his own glory. Never once did he dream of the preposterous debacle that lay ahead. And it took him years to realize it after it had happened. Indeed he does not seem yet to have grasped altogether the fact that he has ceased to be even a comic figure and is a mildly pathetic nonentity.

Most of us succeed or fail in one of the other three ways. And, of course, the third is by far the commonest. Can we say, now, that happiness flows from success and unhappiness from failure, in any regular predictable way? No! And why not? Because wish fulfillment in this narrower sense is only one of several factors which combine to determine happiness.

Many successful people are profoundly unhappy, just as Disraeli was at the height of his fame and fortune, when he wrote in bitterness:

> ". . . I can only tell you the truth . . . I am wearied to extinction and profoundly unhappy. . . . I do not think there is really any person much unhappier than I am, and not fantastically so. Fortune, fashion, fame, even power, may increase, and do heighten happiness, but they cannot create it. Happiness can only spring from the affections. I am alone, with nothing to sustain me, but, occasionally, a little sympathy on paper, and that grudgingly. It is a terrible lot, almost intolerable." [1]

And I shall soon be showing you several obscure Americans who, in the ordinary sense of the term, have failed at everything and yet are happy. In a sense other than ordinary, to be sure, they have succeeded in some of their endeavors; and these we must understand. They will demonstrate to us that *a man*

[1] Disraeli, as quoted by André Maurois, "Disraeli," p. 286.

lives happily only when he develops certain feelings and attitudes toward his acts of will, toward their outcome, toward himself as a personality and toward other people whose feelings and attitudes toward him are of some consequence to him.

Now let us inspect those feelings and attitudes.

THE AFFECTIVE PHASE OF HAPPINESS

Happiness involves in some wise pleasure. But all thoughtful observers agree that few pleasure states yield happiness. It is the common verdict of mankind that the happy state is something deeper and more lasting than the thrill of an instant's experience. But just what is the difference between the transient, superficial joy and the enduring depths?

This can be made clear only in terms of the total behavior of the personality. The mere feeling eludes analysis. You may say the thrill is sweeter, richer, stronger, or what not; but this does not help us much. Somebody may pipe up with the remark that he would describe his pleasure in a box of chocolate peppermints with the very phrases you have used. For thousands of years philosophers have struggled to measure the *quantity* of pleasures resulting from a given experience, but all in vain. Today we know that they attacked the problem wrongly. The thing to be measured is rather *the state of the entire body and mind.* Happiness is no mere emotion. It is a pattern of living. In it the entire personality figures. All of

the thoughts, cravings, attitudes, memories, reflections and bodily movements somehow converge into a peculiar unity. The affective phase at best only reveals this unity in a few ways.

I can make this clearest by reporting a personal experience which enlightened me more than any other ever has.

The Moment of Ecstasy

It was July of my sixteenth year. I was bicycling from Detroit to New York City, away back in the forgotten days of dirt roads and slow horses. My ambition had been to cover a hundred miles daily, but thunder storms had turned the highways into deep, warm mud; and after each storm the heat grew wet and depressing. So I was far behind my schedule, as I drew near to Albany toward the end of a burning afternoon.

The hills, steep as barn roofs, could not be surmounted awheel. I had to walk up them, mile after mile. My thirst became a torment. I knew that, if I drank much water before the day's end, I would not be able to keep going; and I craved to make Albany before sundown. Then too, the well water thereabouts was not very good; what little I had sipped did not appeal to me.

In the last few miles, I passed out of the rainy region that had extended far beyond Utica; and now I was trudging in deep, choking dust. Teams, as they

passed, stirred up immense clouds that filled my eyes and nose and mouth with their hot nastiness. All the fun had gone out of my trip. If there had been a railway station at hand, I probably would have rushed into the waiting room and bought a ticket to Albany —if not to New York.

Hill after hill! Then my aching legs finally mounted one on whose summit rose a lovely old brick house, under the shade of sleepy, drooping elms. In the midst of a great lawn was an ancient stone-rimmed well, and on the rim an oaken bucket. An old man stood at the roadside gate.

I asked for a drink. He waved me toward the well. Toward it I rushed as only a sixteen-year-old perishing with thirst can rush.

Memory plays one tricks. But it still seems to me that I must have emptied the bucket two or three times before I sat down in the shade and took my bearings. Then wonderful sights and sounds! First came a soft cool breeze through the elms. And after that a vision! Beyond the hill and far below me, I saw Albany and the Hudson River through a sea of hot haze. I would make my destination now without fail! The day would end right! And precisely as this realization of victory came, a woman in a white dress sat down at a piano beside an open window in the house and began playing Bach!

I stretched out on the grass, after dashing cold water over my face and neck. I kept my eye on Albany, while my ears took in the most heavenly music

they have ever heard. Then was the moment of high ecstasy. And never since then has one come which could quite equal it. In it time ceased, and of space there was none.

Music has always been the one stimulus that can sweep me to ecstasy. But that tinkling of Bach, in a full hour that seemed less than a thousandth of a second, carried me to heights never to be reached again in my life. After a third of a century, it still remains an utterly unique experience.

Unique, yes. But not at all inexplicable. Far from it! I have the advantage over many others whose highest ecstasies have centered on vaguer and vaster things such as religion and love. For every item in my complex emotion is crystal clear, and so too is the pattern. It aids me much in understanding the three intimately related levels of affective organization; namely, ecstasy, joy, and happiness.

My ecstasy was nothing more than a convergence of all wish fulfillments in a moment when I was able and willing to forsake effort, to relax, and to enjoy my victory. I was athirst, and I found cool, sweet water. I was dusty, and I escaped from the dust into a shady lawn far from the road. I was aching in every muscle, and here was a green couch on which to fling my body. I had been sighing to reach Albany for ever so long, and lo! Albany appeared before me. I was worn with climbing hills, and lo again! Albany was now all down hill from where I lay! I was hot and asweat, and a cool breeze came blowing,

as if to order. I needed to relax, and the woman in a white dress came playing Bach, just as if she knew that the one thing in all the world that best relaxes me is music. In all the world there was nothing I then wished that did not then come true. And, best of all, I could forget work, duty, toil, striving, everything, and enjoy each and every delight.

Oh, Perfect Hour that never came again! In every lesser ecstasy there has been some trifle that has tainted its perfection. Once, years later, in Berlin, I was listening to Brahms and came close to the complete experience—but suddenly two fat Germans began whispering criticisms of the cellos, and the spell was broken. So has it always been. A chemical trace of any foreign substance is enough to poison the cup of joy.

Now notice one other aspect. Psychic rest is complete. Space and time, as they are ordinarily experienced, simply cease. They are present, so to speak, only as minor ingredients of a vision. To people who have never had the experience, these words are meaningless. It seemed to me as though nothing was going or coming, nothing moving in myself. Detachment from my surroundings was so thorough that I was a disembodied spirit contemplating things *sub specie aeternitatis.*

Now I am sure that all this was nothing more nor less than a state of relative rest within the vital equilibrium; but a rest far deeper, more pervasive, and longer than such moments commonly are. It was the

thorough opposite of that unrest which is pain, discomfort, and misery. And, just as, through moments of pain and misery, every minute seems a thousand years, so in this reverse state, a thousand years seems a minute.

What is the underlying mechanism here? It is surely quite simple, instead of being profound, as the mystics think. At the moment when every craving then active is fully satisfied, what chance is there that any fresh impulses will arise to initiate new lines of action? None! And what chance that any strong tension will persist in any set of muscles? Again none! Any such tension would itself constitute a slight craving; and the moment would therefore not be one of complete wish-fulfillment. But we are discussing only this complete type.

The extreme rarity of it is not at all strange. Any stimulus from without that is not an integral part of the satisfiers sets up tiny responses which break the spell. That happened while I was listening to Brahms in Berlin. And so in 999 cases out of every thousand, merely by the "laws of chance." The odd feature of the Perfect Hour on the hill near Albany was that no such stimulus intruded upon me. There was nothing around to start such a stimulus. And within me was no tension. Only complete relaxation and rest!

Now, when there is no impulse and no tension apart from the insignificantly slight ones bound up in the mere acts of breathing, looking, and hearing, there

can be no adjustment either to the past or the future, however near or far. For the mechanism wherewith we adjust to yesterday's and tomorrow's affairs are just those impulses and tensions which now, in the moment of ecstasy, have stopped. So we live in a curious absolute Now which is no more the Now that the hands of the clock register than it is a color or an odor. It is not an instant in a sequence to which we adjust, as distinct from this morning's breakfast and tonight's concert. In a wholly untranslatable sense, it stands forth as timeless, as bounded by neither past nor present, and surely as something which does not melt into either of these.

The Peace that Passeth Understanding

Moments of ecstasy must be rare and brief. For life moves onward. The ecstatic man grows sleepy or hungry or cramped. Night falls, and its dew upon his brow sends a message to the resting mind. Energy stored up while he lingers in the timeless experience begins to leak through his nerves into his muscles. And soon he is in motion again.

There may remain, however, a larger rest in the midst of the petty flux and fuss of eating and sleeping and toiling and talking. The major cravings may find it easier and easier to be appeased, thanks to more favorable outer circumstances or to some new dexterity or some fresh insight. Intense desire may never have to continue. The great good things

of life come quickly to hand, only the trifles lag or fail us wholly. And then, instead of ecstasy, we may come into a general psychic state that some religiously-minded folk call the peace that passeth understanding. This peace is a variety of happiness intermediate between the ordinary kind and ecstasy. It often has something more than human about it, and for the same reason that ecstasy does. To the superstitious person, it appears as a gift of the gods and a sign of divine grace. But it is neither.

I have observed this enviable state in a few lucky men and women and find it to be the same as my own on the Albany Hill except for that weird timelessness and the absence of every petty impulse. In the peace that passeth understanding people go about their day's work somewhat as ordinary folks, though not quite so bustlingly. They exhibit the serenity of the lotos eaters. The joy they are experiencing plainly does not originate in what they are doing at the moment. It is, in a good sense, a "hang-over." Inquiry brings out the fact that all of their deepest, strongest, most important cravings have been wholly satisfied, and their fondest hopes more than realized.

The most striking single case that has come under my eye is that of a young woman who married the man she loved and found him to be in every respect finer than she had expected—which was saying a good deal. Through the months of her honeymoon, while on a trip around the world, she lived in continuous bliss of almost unendurable intensity. And

she used to say, in all seriousness, that she wished she might have a little bad luck and suffering, so as to become human again.

She had always been an active, somewhat athletic woman. Now she lounged on her steamer chair, day after day, in a gentle glow and half-stupor. She would doze a while, then wake and chat languidly. She would read a book for a little while, then lapse into revery that seemed, when judged only by its feeble outward manifestations, the gentlest of day-dreaming. There was nothing she wanted to do; nothing she wanted to have; nothing she wanted to be, beyond what she already did, had and was. But the minor routine of travelling was enough to keep her below the peaks of ecstasy.

There is a special sense in which this sort of peace "passeth understanding." While it endures, the mind is utterly at rest. No problem confronts it. No novelty tempts it to speculate. It is a victorious conqueror for the nonce, resting on its laurels. Now it cannot understand its own state chiefly because its wheels will not turn. All's well with the world, so why think? Thinking is hard work.

To the ordinary man people in this blissful state are useless cattle. They won't work. They won't take interest in life's serious problems. They prefer to drift down the sweet waters of life. Here is the root of the slothful conservatism of men and women who have gained all the good things of life. Reformers and idealists rave at them, sometimes calling them

reactionaries—which they are not, save by chance.

Here we come upon one cause of the frequent misunderstanding about happiness. People who have never been, even for a brief hour, utterly satisfied suppose that happiness consists in some special kind of striving and doing. "To be happy, serve others." "Be good, and you will be happy." These doctrines often imply that the happy person must be urged on to accomplish something which can be specified and charted. When translated into religious language, the same kind of error appears in the notion that heaven cannot be the sort of place described in the tradition of theologians, a place where there is neither time nor hurry, where everybody sits around gloriously doing nothing, where

"Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary."

It is

"A land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign.
Eternal day excludes the night, and pleasures banish pain."

You recall how, in Kipling's poem, the jolly, jolly mariners who went to this heaven and had to sit on a golden floor thrumming golden harps, finally rebelled and asked God to send them down to the sea in ships again. Well, this rebellion typifies the mind of the

modern, who thinks that happiness consists of activity.

One of his first spokesmen is Carl Hilty, the German thinker whose writings on happiness have so long been popular in his own country and have, in recent years, become almost a gospel among Americans. Hilty says:

> "Work is certainly one great factor of human happiness—indeed, in one sense, the greatest; *for without work all happiness which is not mere intoxication is absolutely denied.* In order to get the capacity for happiness, one must obey the commands: 'Six days shalt thou labor,' and 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.' Of all seekers of happiness the most foolish are those who evade these conditions. Without work no man can be happy. In this negative statement the saying is absolutely true. And yet it is a greater error to suppose that work is in itself happiness. . . ." [1]

In that last sentence Hilty proves himself keener than most of his followers. And yet he, a religious modernist, exaggerates enormously the part which work plays in happy living.

The modern is wrong, and the old theologians right. Happiness itself is the rest into which we arrive after we have been active and wholly successful in realizing all our powerful wishes. Once attained,

[1] Hilty. "Happiness." N. Y. 1903, page 109.

it calls for no further activity; and whatever we do thereafter is neither part nor parcel of that state. It is simply life going on. And life is not happiness. Life is living.

What our modern ought to say is that he is much more interested in strenuous living than in happiness. And that, of course, is a position that can be defended valiantly. But he must admit that interminable striving, without intervals of rest, contemplation, and a glance ahead, has its drawbacks, especially for people who are not vast reservoirs of seething energy.

Both the modern and the old philosopher-theologian have erred in that each has selected one phase of life and glorified it to the exclusion of the other. Both fail to comprehend that the process of living is rhythmic, one phase of the rhythm being action and the other being rest. To live is to pulsate. To pulsate is to alternate outbursts of action and moments of rest. *Success is the outcome of the action. Happiness is the inner quality of the rest. And unhappiness is the inner quality of a moment of unrest after unsuccessful striving.*

Keeping these facts in mind, let us next look at a much more obscure matter, the attitudes a man may take toward his strivings and whatever is involved therein.

Attitudes

The attitude a man takes toward the things he wishes and toward his own success or failure in get-

ting those things is by all odds the most difficult factor in happiness to analyze. What makes it hardest is the fact that the whole business hangs largely upon the precise quality of his egotism, his self-esteem, his pride, and all the other shades of egocentric behavior. These, alas, are appallingly obscure. Ever a power behind the throne, they reveal themselves only through devious and unintended ways. So we are driven into a guessing contest whenever we try to penetrate their nature.

At least three phases of this attitude may be observed. There is the man's self-consciousness. There is his social-consciousness. And there is his deed-consciousness. These relate in a baffling series of combinations and interplay. The best we can do is to illustrate these in their simpler manifestations, pointing out the influence they exert upon happiness.

Self-consciousness runs the whole gamut from a pathological absorption in one's most trifling reveries and moods up to the utter selflessness of the strenuous extravert who thinks only of the outer persons, things, and affairs which interest him. Between these extremes you may mark off as many degrees as you find useful in understanding and measuring people. Here are those more or less commonly perceived:

1. Pathological introversion, in which all thinking is pleasantly autistic. The sufferer lives wholly in a system of feelings, attitudes, ideas, and practices that he has himself spun, with no regard to outer facts or events. Francis Thompson, the poet, was nearly as

far gone in subjectivity as such an insane person; but he had intervals in which some glimmerings of reality filtered through to him. Could he have remained ever in his self-made world, he would have been far happier. For then he would never have realized the inadequacy of his private universe. Many lunatics who dwell in themselves alone are quite happy. To satisfy a craving, they have only to imagine it being satisfied. Wishes are horses, and beggars all ride.

2. Intense egocentric thinking, without complete absorption in oneself. People of this type regard themselves as the center of the cosmos, if not as its full fruition. They are just too perfect for words, and they are so pleased with themselves that they achieve a high and sustained happiness. But at a price! They have to imitate the lunatic in one dangerous practice. They must tinker with the truth in order to maintain the jolly illusion of their own importance. If they blunder, they manage to explain it by blaming somebody else or by showing that some accident happened. And they convince themselves of this, too. If they succeed, they exaggerate the significance of the victory a millionfold. Though they apparently perceive the outer world pretty much as the rest of us do, they turn their backs or close their eyes when something crops up that threatens to defeat or to baffle them. Sometimes they seize upon a bright idea which can be realized in the outer world and at the same time can serve as a medium for en-

larging the ego; and then they find a new way of life that serves their purpose well. It may be a book, a cult, a new religion, a political cause, indeed almost anything which a large public may see. And here is the essential difference between this kind of egocentric and the pathological autistic thinker: the latter wholly ignores the real world and creates his own dream life, while the colossal egotist sees and accepts *just that part of the real world which he can use to exalt his ego.* He may accept one part as an enemy to be attacked; it plays the dragon to his Saint George. He may accept another part as a model of perfect living, with himself as its herald. Or he may find a real cause and detach it from everything else that is annoying, confusing and difficult to manage.

Now this trick of detaching some aspect of reality, of stressing its significance, of growing emotional over it, and of interpreting it vividly is the artist's way. And many men have become great artists because, long before they were that, they were intensely egocentric. By concentrating upon what they like and find easy to observe, to understand, or to do, they succeed more brilliantly than does the simple realist who tries to reckon with the whole snarl of human existence at once. Immense egotists like D'Annunzio and Jack London thus become happy with greater ease than scientists and other intellectuals do.

3. Immense and irrepressible self-confidence without a high degree of falsification. Now we come to one of the most useful of human varieties. Here is

the man who faces the world boldly, evades none of its unpleasantnesses, takes a good licking with grim silence, and always comes back to the fray with his determination and his faith in himself unshaken. Unlike the last type, this one can freely admit that he has been wrong, defeated, and incompetent on occasions. In one realm of life, Martin Luther exemplifies this sturdiness; in another, Theodore Roosevelt.

4. Limited self-confidence in certain situations and little or none in others. This is the normal attitude of the intelligent man, who usually suffers under a too keen awareness of the difficulties confronting him. He comes closer to a correct appreciation of himself than any of the others, and this cramps his style. Self-deception, if optimistic, is a great aid. He lacks it. On the other hand, once he has discovered his abilities, he feels thoroughly confident in the exercise of them.

5. General self-depreciation and timidity. A person of this sort always knows in advance that he cannot do what he is asked to do. He never aspires to higher things. He admits he is a worm of the dust and asks to be accepted as such. He has been overwhelmed by life's trials and tribulations. From a few painful failures he infers total inability. Adolescents are in danger of lapsing into this attitude after a hard run of luck in school work, in athletics, in their home relations, or in their contacts with other people. Unhappiness is inevitable here.

6. Pathological self-abasement, usually founded

more or less on subjective reveries and on cruel experiences with real affairs which turn the sufferer in upon himself. This is the unpleasant variation of the first type we mentioned. Sometimes it develops into a religious mania such as "the conviction of sin" and leads to acts of self-humiliation.

7. Lastly and rarest of all, the almost total lack of self-consciousness, pleasant and unpleasant alike. Here is neither self-confidence nor self-depreciation. The individual lives in the flux of objective events. He never thinks of himself except when he is hungry or thirsty or sleepy. He is a perfect machine and comes as close as a human being can to impersonality. Superb health and some clear, strong interest in life are necessary in order to sustain this mode of existence. And I doubt whether anybody remains in it for very long at a stretch. The happiness here wells up out of the *sheer doing of things,* not out of the sense of achievement nor out of some anticipations of rich rewards later. It thus resembles the elemental pleasures of eating good food, drinking good ale, listening to lovely music.

So much for self-consciousness. Similar varieties of social-consciousness might be distinguished, were this useful here; but I think we need notice only a few of them, for all are much easier to observe and understand than are the modes of self-consciousness. At the ends of the spectrum stand intense hypersensitivity to the presence and the opinion of other people and utter indifference toward them all. Both extremes

interfere gravely with a happy life. But hypersensitivity is worse than indifference in this respect. The man who grows nervous when others are looking innocently at him fails at tasks which otherwise he might do well. The bashful youth, the victim of stage fright, the embarrassed lecturer, the musician who plays beautifully when alone but bungles everything in public—these are minor varieties of a large species. Some investigators find evidence suggesting that nearly half of the human race works less efficiently when in the presence of other people. If this is true, then the public is the cause of much unhappiness.

Thorough indifference to people is probably pathological, though indifference to certain kinds of people is not. Murderers and other criminals often turn out to be "emotionally insane" in this sense. They do not respond to the feelings and wishes of others. They wholly lack sympathetic insight. Hence they act with a degree of brutality which bewilders the normal man. Some highly extraverted intellectuals and some soldier geniuses show the same trait in somewhat weaker form. To them people are merely things. Napoleon, you know, looked upon men as merely "cannon fodder." Because other people arouse neither agreeable nor disagreeable feelings, they cause neither happiness nor unhappiness in such freaks. Indeed it may well be doubted whether the freaks are capable of joy or misery.

Another variety of social-consciousness arises from the wish to lead other people or to be led by a power-

ful personality. Leaders and the led share, more or less equally, a strong social feeling. Both are interested in people as people. Both react to public opinion. Both feel their social responsibilities. They differ only in the part they choose to play within the group. But this is a difference of vast importance to all concerned. The leader who never gets a chance to lead is not happy. Nor is the leader who leads his followers to failure. Nor is the man who, preferring to be led, finds himself forced to lead others, assuming responsibilities which terrify and exhaust him. Nor is he who, craving to lead, finds that he can do so only by first serving a long time in the ranks.

When we turn to the personal histories, we shall see that most people respond so emotionally to the thoughts and acts of their friends and neighbors that the latter determine far too deeply the happiness and unhappiness of existence. It is not good that any man's welfare be so greatly at the mercy of other people's pleasure. We shall likewise observe that the range of personal happiness tends to narrow as societies grow larger and more closely organized: and for no other reason than that human contacts multiply.

Deed-consciousness focuses on success and failure. It turns away from the self and away from other people. This does not mean, of course, that a deed-conscious person cannot be egocentric. It means simply that, in some moments, he concentrates on the outer consequences of his acts, forgetful of self.

Here again we find every shade of attitude from joyful absorption in doing things down to blank apathy toward success. Some social workers have assumed that all normal people enjoy creative work. But inquiries prove the contrary. Many resent having to put their minds to any work. Others are merely indifferent. Still others enjoy doing things for the sake of the doing. Often these attitudes are the outgrowth of childhood failures caused by clumsy fingers, by weak backs, by quick fatigue, and by attempting something beyond one's abilities. But, whatever the cause, the result is clear enough: an attitude toward doing things develops and becomes a determiner of happiness.

BOOK II

THE BLESSED

THOUGH complete blessedness is exceedingly rare, it assumes many forms. These fall into two large classes. First there is the person who is born happy as a result of some peculiarity of his inner nature—that is, of his nervous pattern and his physique. Then there is the one who is born happy as a result of external good fortune in the shape of a perfect home environment, wealth, tutorial care, powerful parents, or what not. Then there is a third and very small class whose members are equally fortunate in their inner natures and their circumstances.

Let us now inspect specimens, beginning with the two commoner varieties of people whose inner nature makes living an almost constant delight. First we shall look at a few who owe this great luck chiefly to their extreme simplicity of mind and body alike. Then we shall turn to an instance or two of people who owe it to their single-track minds, some of which are far from simple except in the steadiness of their drive to do one and only one thing.

THE BLESSED VEGETABLE

Witness Timothy Tubb, now a man of fifty-one and passing among his rustic neighbors for a man of

parts. Timothy started to school rather late and continued there long after he should have been back at work on his father's farm. He was considered stupid. But, as I was able to prove many years later, his was the stupidity of the extraordinarily slow person. His energy flux was sluggish; but, once running, it enabled him to make a passing grade up into high school. He finally attained the tenth grade but was then too old to sit in class with the boys and girls, so he went back to the ancestral acres.

His father was a prosperous Pennsylvania farmer, his mother a model farm wife whose chief delight was to cook dishes that were marvels of size and succulence. For Timothy, Opportunity knocked three times a day on his door. Each time Opportunity summoned him to the table. And Timothy went. His mother showed childish glee in feeding her son until he called quits. She even tolerated his coming home early from school for an extra bite. During the period covered by my observation Timothy has consistently devoured five full meals daily.

Naturally the boy grew into a fattish but far from flabby man, tall and well padded, ruddy of skin, and extremely sluggish in all his movements. His health was a pig's; perfect in its own fashion, during the past twenty years, in which time he has never had any ailment more serious than a slight cold. He has never liked liquor but he imbibes more than a gallon of milk a day without fail, along with his five meals. I have been present at one of his regular Sunday

dinners and must forbear reporting the menu here, as nobody would believe me. I have also seen him come in for his ten o'clock lunch, which consists of a quart of milk, a pint can of fruit—preferably huckleberries or peaches—two or three cups of coffee, and half a loaf of hot home-made bread adrip with endless butter. As he now works on his own farm, you will see that he cannot be getting rich. And this brings me to the strongest proof of his vegetative nature.

In spite of his large, well set up body, he manages to perform less work in the course of a day than any other farmer I have ever seen. He moves from house to barn at snail's pace. He potters over easy tasks on the slightest pretexts. He will not do a solid day's work in the fields, not even during the rush of plowing, planting, or harvesting time. As nearly as I can compute from many days of inspection, he works about three solid hours a day at the height of the season and perhaps an hour and a half a day at other times. The result is that, although he owns free and clear a large farm and he has absolutely no vices and no heavy drains on his pocket book, he is as poor as he was twenty years ago. What cash he makes comes mostly from hiring one of his teams out to neighbors and town folks; and he loves better than anything else save food the job of sitting all day on his wagon seat and guiding his horses.

He has no mental trend whatsoever. He seldom scans newspapers and never looks at a book. He has no interest in music nor dancing nor any other recre-

ation. He has never played base ball nor any other game. I am told that he once strove to master checkers during a particularly snowy winter when there was nothing to do indoors save eat; but the strain proved too severe.

When spoken to, he responds slowly and in a few grunts. He has no opinions worthy of the name, and his emotional life, so far as anybody can discern from his conduct and statements, barely flickers, except in matters of sex, in which he is plainly sub-average. Late in life he married and now has two children. But marriage did not change his gastronomic habits in the least, nor did it arouse him to high endeavor. His wife, after a few months of poverty on the old farm, went back to work in town. But there was no family quarrel on this account. Timothy rises above all petty jealousies and vexations.

He now weighs about 250 pounds and still eats his five meals a day. Though I have long since ceased keeping tab on him, he seems to be eating about as much at each meal, according to the gossips. Of farm work he does hardly a jab or whittle. Most of the time he drives his magnificent team around hauling manure or sand or firewood. Friends have urged him to keep up with the times and buy a motor truck, so that he can haul and earn more per day. But Timothy does not wish to keep up with the times; he cares only to keep up with the meal times. It is better by far to ride around all day behind faithful, plodding horses. This gives him a chance to sit

in the deep silence of his alimentary chemisms.

Is he happy? I am sure he is. Often I have talked with him and always come away with the strong impression that all is serene and aglow within his turnip soul. He has realized his own cravings and dreams. He has fulfilled his destiny without pain and struggle. He has experienced the warm glow of victory which the potato knows when its tubers swell and press against the nourishing loam. Surely this is happiness.

A happiness, furthermore, that is not founded upon any self-knowledge nor upon any discipline. This man is the one in a million who lives strictly according to his own nature without the slightest comprehension of it. He has never aimed at happiness, for he has merely been happy.

Has his mind been "sound, vigorous and bold," as Seneca believed a happy one must be? Has it been one which "endures all things with admirable courage?" Has it "set due value upon all the things that adorn our lives?" Alas for the Roman philosopher, it has not.

So there goes another fine old theory about happiness!

THE IVORY TURTLE

There is a peculiar variety of insensitivity which cannot be fairly ticketed with the word "apathy," although the latter does describe it if used in the Greek sense. It is total native insensitivity, a lack of

receptive capacity like that of the blind man. But it is such a deficiency, not at the periphery of the sense organs but rather at the associative centers. It is an inability to perceive and to understand certain things. When extreme, we call it imbecility. In its mildest manifestations we call it stupidity.

Immense is the happiness of the stupid, under certain favorable conditions. Not all the stupid are happy, but certain kinds are. And none more so than Reginald Runnt. I do not hesitate to rank him among the blessed, for his stupidity is most fortunately limited so that, in his unusual environment, it never caused him the slightest trouble.

Reginald has been educated further beyond his abilities than anybody else I have ever known. His father was a competent college professor cursed with the unholy desire that his son should follow in his steps. The son, being stupid and without any intellectual urge, did not object to this scheme; furthermore he liked his father and the soft shelter of the campus where father held forth. So in due course Reginald was drilled, coached, and stuffed with all the frills and furbelows of academic lore; was kicked up the college stairs by brute force and politics; was appointed to an assistantship under his doting parent, and, in the course of events, became a professor. But such a professor!

His old students still talk about him and his mind, with a sort of awe such as you might feel in the presence of a Gibraltar of solid ivory. For intelligence

he has substituted correctness of form. Never was form more completely divorced from substance and glorified for its own sake. His manners are exquisite. His dress is, too. But finest of all is his dignity. Every day is a state occasion, every lecture hour a chance for majesty, and every sentence of his lecture a ritual of papal solemnity.

Woe to the hapless undergraduate who ventures to interrupt the flow of words with a question! The professor looks up from his manuscript and crushes the offender with a quiet word. Positively no questions are answered; everything relevant to the course is covered in its appropriate place, and obviously nothing irrelevant can be broached, as that would constitute a breach of academic etiquette. Each professor has his own allotted subject, and it would be unmannerly of him to transgress upon the province of another.

In all the college none knows the niceties of academic customs and manners half so well as he. He addresses faculty, students, janitors, townsmen, everybody with the most precisely shaded salutes and inquiries as to health, the weather, and other matters on which he feels free to talk without danger of exposing his vacuity. Apart from these formalities, he preserves a noble silence the very look of which gives strangers a thrill. I never knew what true dignity was until I beheld it in him. And ever since then I have suspected dignified men of being idiots or worse.

Need it be said that he is a stickler for technicali-

ties? Or that neither student nor colleague can ever escape his remorseless zeal for statutes and by-laws? Or that he is destitute of all humor, yet thoroughly drilled to laugh at certain remarks when he sees others laughing? Or that his keenest joy is the pomp of Commencement Day? Or that his most terrible hour came when a ribald sophomore stole the middle pages of his lecture, thereby causing him to break down, invent a stupid excuse, and flee the classroom?

This picture is no caricature. If anything, it errs on the side of charity. There have been a few crises in Reginald's career which have laid bare his complete unintelligence so cruelly that I dare not even paraphrase them here, lest his identity be discerned. One happened when some evil-minded students tricked him into an intelligence test under the guise of a parlor game. His score ran a shade above that of the poorer negro soldiers in the Army tests. But let that rest. The man has succeeded wonderfully in substituting formal outer behavior for the inner behavior which we call thinking. And as he is not intelligent enough to know what he lacks, he is quite happy.

Now, you may conclude that Reginald has grown a mere shell of dignity about him, turtle fashion. You may guess that under that shell he is miserable with the consciousness that he is an inferior hopelessly out of place in an intellectual circle. But this is not so. Reginald has completely immunized himself inwardly as well as outwardly. Beneath the turtle shell there throbs a true turtle's heart. There is never

a hint of strain or anxiety in him. He never betrays a secret craving for the higher academic life. On the contrary he frankly extols manners and his own absolute worth, to the belittling of mere intellectuality. He is reported to have said once that, if he had to choose between being a gentleman and a scholar, he would unhesitatingly be a gentleman. This sounds much too intelligent ever to have emanated from his pinhead, but it truly represents his general attitude. He does not affect dignity as pure pose. He has become dignified. There is a world of difference between these two operations. The former is an external immunization only, and not at all psychic. The latter is a genuine inner attitude.

Serene, pleasant, protected in his job by the iron laws of Academic Freedom, and healthy to the marrow, this ivory turtle is enviably happy. In his face not a trace of struggle. In his soft, kindly voice, not a hint of disillusion. In his remarks, never a suggestion of defeat. Nor is there defeat. Here is a river that has risen above its source. And up the river swims the Ivory Turtle.

THE HAPPY DEMI-MIND

Extraordinarily high physical energy all too frequently is associated with an inferior brain. We should expect a person thus constituted to find his place in life and his eventual happiness as a ditch

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digger or a prize fighter. But sometimes we are fooled. So subtle is the vital equilibrium!

Habit alone, shaped by one's juvenile environment, may set such unintelligent might driving at some task far beyond its capacities. And magnificent health coupled with a deficient appreciation of one's own limitations may keep the victim at the unfit task through his whole life without inducing any perceptible emotional upsets. Let me describe two such personalities. The first is one whose energy discharge is high and uniform, whose primary sensitivities are very slow, and whose secondary sensitivities are perhaps even slower. This man is such a marked type that I can scarcely reproach you if you think him a caricature.

Fred Dake is the son of a rich German potato farmer. Superbly healthy, as a peasant's son should be, he would have stuck to the parental farm but for his parents' ambition to make a gentleman and scholar out of him. As a youth he had no inclination to go to college. But, as he had no inclination to do anything else, he was easily swayed by his elders. Furthermore, his fine animality endowed him with an excess of good nature. He disliked arguments and quarrels. He always laughed even when treated badly. And he never stood up staunchly for any opinion of his own. So he went to college.

There the young man found life incredibly easy, in spite of the fact that his studies proved hard. Ac-

customed to arise at four in the morning, he devoted hours to his books while the academic world snored on. Before breakfast he would walk or run for miles. And after the day's work he would play handball in the gymnasium, wearing out adversary after adversary. In his first years of higher education he attempted to master subjects requiring some thought; economics, philosophy, and the like. But it soon became apparent that his secondary sensitivities were altogether too slow for such enterprises. Slowly, inevitably he drifted into the language classes, where nothing but sheer memorizing was required to gain a passing mark.

At the end of his college career he was engaged in mastering six languages. This he did by spending twelve hours a day over them and keeping his magnificent peasant physique fit by prodigious exercises. Had he been endowed with the capacity for headwork in athletics, he surely would have become a star on the University team. But his hand ball, tennis, and boxing were sheer brawn and speed. Men of frailer frame and better brains were constantly outpointing him. But he had no ambitions in this field and not a trace of egotism. He played on and on for the fun of it and for mere exercise. Note well here that his enthusiasms were all diffuse and impersonal, but of high emotional tone from instant to instant.

Difficulties with one of his languages prolonged his undergraduate years to five. Then his parents gladly consented to his going on in pursuit of a PH.D.

and a position as professor of languages. To their peasant minds this represented the summit of human achievement and the rarest crown of social glory. Furthermore, the potato market was excellent for sellers. So, in a second-rate university where an able linguist would easily complete the doctorate in two years, even though the rules might prescribe three, Dake invested five full years more, grinding fourteen hours a day, six days a week. He emerged, healthy as ever, dull as ever, enthusiastic as ever, and promptly secured an assistant professorship in a tiny fresh-water college whose curriculum and faculty have as yet not been approved by the Carnegie Foundation.

At forty-five, his age when I last observed him, this learned man was still studying an hour or two before each French and German class, to smooth out his translations of the day's lessons. He was as good-natured and as enthusiastic as ever over everything from the weather to the state of learning in America. His loud, kindly laugh endeared him to faculty and students alike; and his excellent game of tennis and hand ball, punctuated with joyful whoops at every good shot by himself or by his opponent, kept him squarely in the center of the local limelight. He assured me that he was "as snug as a bug in a rug"; that he liked the town, the college, the faculty, and everybody. He still had no opinions or emotions on anything outside of his little circle of books and friends; and he let me understand that the world at

large did not interest him. It is not irrelevant to mention that he still dresses more or less like an undergraduate. And, of course, he is an old bachelor. He has never been sick in his life and has not left the college town since he joined the faculty.

Conditions in America favor such strange types as this. On the one hand, we have innumerable petty colleges whose intellectual standards are even lower than those of a first-class fashionable boarding school; and, on the other hand, we have hordes of prosperous peasants who are moved strangely to lift themselves by their own bootstraps into higher social levels. The academic career, even in a fresh-water college, is genteel; and the salaries correspondingly low. Hence the peasant with money has little difficulty in establishing himself as a professor.

Do not think, though, that our own country has a monopoly on the type. Wherever you find men of means whose early training and surroundings have thrown a glamor about the arts and sciences, there you are sure to uncover a few dogged dullards whose lives are devoted to matters far above them. Witness the amusing career of William Hamilton Codrington Nation, one of England's most eccentric pseudo-artists of the last generation.

Mr. Nation was a wealthy bachelor who devoted the best part of fifty years to producing plays which nobody wanted to see and writing books which found no readers, not even among his own circle of friends.

He died at Dover, England, some years ago, at the age of seventy, a monument to the futility of trying to be brilliant on nothing but cash and foot-pounds. He began in 1866 to manage and produce plays. Sadler's Wells Theatre was the scene of his first unusually complete failure. For eight years thereafter he successively occupied four of London's best houses. At the same time he began writing poetry. In 1862 he brought out a volume called "Cypress Leaves," a collection of worthless verses dealing with theatrical life. In quick succession many similar volumes appeared from his pen, all of them published at his own expense and quietly buried shortly after. Whenever a play or a book failed, Mr. Nation shed not a tear. He took adversity of this sort with amazing urbanity. And he flung himself into the labor afresh. It is said that a mere catalogue of his plays and writings would fill the better part of a newspaper column. Later he conceived a grand passion to own and be editor of magazines. He published "The London," "The Covent Garden Magazine," and "The Weekly Companion." These went the way of his other ventures. They touched nobody with their merits and failed disastrously. Yet to the day of his death, Mr. Nation was cheery and content. Reporters tell me they never saw surer happiness.

Blessed be energy, even when it accomplishes nothing!

THE BLESSED ESTHETE

It is normal, especially during the first half of life, to be pleasantly stimulated by sights and sounds and odors. Rarely, however, do these so dominate a personality that the latter successfully organizes an entire life in and around these simple esthetic experiences. When it does, though, the result is blessed. You see it in the case of Zebulon Kane.

Now past eighty, Zebulon is a pseudo-intellectual hobo-esthete whose hypersensitive esthetic trend subordinates all else to itself. I have known Zebulon intermittently for more than a quarter-century and have observed a lovely consistency in him which makes him an all too perfect psychological specimen. He is one of the few I have known who are no mystery at all. As measured by the world's yardstick, he is a total failure, yet he gets along joyously with himself. His reactions to sunsets, clouds, melodies, a whirl of dust on a country lane, a cow beside a brook, a passing shower, a line of verse, and a jug of very bad wine are all ecstatic. All persist in his memory to a degree that indicates an utterly simple, single-track nervous system. Each experience becomes immortal within his microcosm.

He has wandered up and down this earth, making Ulysses seem like a bed-ridden stay-at-home in comparison. On the pampas of the Argentina he first heard and seized the roll of Spanish. Once, far up the Congo, he watched the Bantus and listened to their

speech with unforgetting ears. He saw the avalanches skid down the Himalayas and he drifted along the Yangtsze-Kiang for weeks, drinking in all Asia as he went. He has spent hours listening to debates in the Reichstag and the House of Commons. He has seen a thousand parades in a score of capitals.

In his old age he lives in these memories, when he is not poring over art magazines and the poetry books in the public library. But aforetime it was not thus. He was a genuine wanderer, knowing neither home nor fatherland. And, as he once told me in a rare moment of insight, he "went dead inside" when compelled by circumstances to remain in one place after he had drunk his fill of the scenery and lesser local color. The result is that he has never worked at anything long enough to master it and succeed; he has always been one stride ahead of the eternal wolf; and now, at the end of the race, he is quite content with any crust and a chair in the warm library reading room. So far as I can see, he always has adjusted perfectly and is today as happy as any eighty-year-old well can be. He has read miles and miles of books of all kinds, but knows nothing of their content save in terms of the pure impression. The flower in the crannied wall is a fleck of color to him, a fleck and perhaps a faint perfume—nothing more.

An odd illustration of this esthetic limitation of his nature appears in his knowledge of languages. Proudly he assures you that he speaks eight languages. And, by way of modest proof, he jabbers

strange sounds at you. You incline to believe him, especially as he can prove by a frowsy array of old photographs, diaries, and letters that he has traversed twenty countries twenty times. But, alas, I received a jolt once when, having found a temporary position for him as a translator in a small export house, I discovered that he was unable to read an ordinary business letter in Spanish—a tongue which he professed to have mastered to its last nuance. Somewhat vexed, I probed him; and what a mess was laid bare! It is literally true that he has retained only those snatches of great poems and stories which captivated his imagination and moved with a certain swing. He hears "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey," but nothing else in it. He has never grasped any foreign language as a means of communicating thoughts. He has only absorbed a line here, a sonorous word there. In this he behaves precisely like several rich dilettantes I know who are also globe-trotters. All of them well illustrate the obvious principle that the search for sensory stimulation becomes acute and aggressive in proportion to the lack of inner stimulation such as free fantasy or the creative urge. Here we come upon the fundamental tie between nomadism and esthetic impulses.

I think we may find important connections between certain mild alcoholisms and the esthetic trends. I have in mind now especially those tendencies to use drink by way of restoring an esthetic balance. Here the desire for alcohol is not a true dominant at all;

the esthetic adjustment is the end result, and the drinking is a means to it. People in whom this is the regular sequence are no strangers to us. Indeed, I suspect that they greatly outnumber the genuine drinkers who drink for drink's sake. Among my own observed specimens I find many more men and women who occasionally imbibe strong stuff as a means of getting into an esthetic attitude than I find persons who drink for any other discernible reason.

Zebulon preserves his esthetic equilibrium in this typical fashion. Never in his life has he been addicted to strong drink. And never in his life has he abstained from it for long. I used to watch him sip his liquor just to the point at which it brought him back into the esthetic attitude. Whenever he got to thinking too hard or worrying or wearying himself with occasional physical labor, he used this moist method of regaining his normal balance. He has always despised heavy drinking and does not hesitate to say so. And he has occasionally expressed his envy of artists who can thrill at everything unassisted by rum.

So far as I have been able to observe him, his happiness has been high and unbroken because of his astonishing esthetic memory and recall. He lives over again life's most trivial pleasures half a century gone. And he wins new pleasures in the recall itself. Did he lack this amazing retentiveness, he would not be reckoned here among the blessed; for then he would be under the necessity of relentlessly pursuing new

pleasures. As it is, he is one of those rare beings who eat their cake and have it too.

Here is the constitutional esthetic. And no more blessed type exists. Living is nothing more than a series of appreciations. The aspirations and problems of business, society, statecraft, and science do not exist in this little world of feelings and sensations. Hence all is delightfully simple. But it is a simplicity hard for other kinds of people to appreciate. G. B. Shaw, for instance, cannot grasp it at all; has he not called Clive Bell, the esthetic, "a fathead" because he praises the life of simple appreciation? And do not most practical men agree with Shaw in this? They regard the esthete as a mental defective who cannot respond to the realities of life. And how, think they, can a mental defective be happy?

Philosophers have often argued that true happiness cannot be found in mere freedom from care. This begs the question. Such cases as I have cited prove that care-free persons are happy. They say so. They act like happy people. And we cannot find any evidence that throws the shadow of a doubt upon the fact.

As usual the philosophers define happiness as they themselves experience it. So they support Carl Hilty's view that many people "of the widest experience would testify that the most unendurable experience is to be found, not in a series of troubled days, but in a series of cloudless ones." [1] They do not see, though,

[1] Hilty. "Happiness." N. Y. 1903, page 104.

that the issue is evaded as soon as Hilty says he can cite witnesses *of the widest experience*. People who can have the widest experience are obviously exceptionally endowed with keen minds, enterprising natures, alert curiosity, and many other traits. Of course, then, all such will be bored to death by being carefree and having nothing to think about. But there are millions of other people so constituted that they can never have such wide experience and can never enjoy troubled days.

EUPHORIA

Euphoria is a condition of highly pleasant bodily comfort in which neither pain nor discomfort is experienced. It is not at all like ecstasy, for in ecstasy most feelings of the body vanish while the mind goes lost in the object of its contemplation. Rather is it, in exaggerated form, a sort of vegetable joy such as we feel as we relax, in front of a fireplace, after a hearty and delicious meal. We become aware of the admirable functioning of our stomach, lungs, heart, and other apparatus. The old engine is purring away as smoothly as velvet. Every inner adjustment is exactly right.

Unfortunately, euphoria often marks the beginning of profound and incurable mental disease; and this puts us on our guard against easy generalizations about it. But it also occurs in normal life, and not at all rarely. Here it plays a significant part in

happy living. Let us look at it briefly, quite apart from its pathological phases.

Recall, first of all, that man develops two systems of adjustments as he grows up. The first is internal, the second external; and the two continuously interact. The inner adjustments are almost entirely automatic: the heart acts in harmony with the lungs, and both with the voluntary muscles; the stomach does its part in changing mashed potatoes and pumpkin pie into blood, while the ductless glands maintain the tone and energy flux of the body as a whole by pouring their amazing chemicals into the blood stream. While all this is going on, mostly unknown to us, we meet people, chop wood, repair the old auto, ride on the bus, listen to the radio, go to baseball games, play bridge, and vote for the next president of the neighborhood uplift club. These are our adjustments to the world outside of our body. We attend to these, think about them, and thus fall into the easy mistake of supposing that they are merely objects on which we expend our energies, and that the way we do this has little or nothing to do with what goes on inside of us. The wholly naïve man rarely guesses that there is any connection between his health and his social activities, between his sense of physical well being and his work, between his digestion and his family troubles.

Here I can cite many cases. But one will suffice. A man now under observation went to his physician with a bad case of indigestion and insomnia. His

symptoms were so acute that serious complications were suspected. But the most exhaustive observations revealed no physiological disturbances. So he was quizzed about his emotional life.

How were things going with him? Never better! He had greatly increased his earnings lately. He had been promoted in his firm much faster than he had ever hoped to be. Well then, how about personal relations? They were all pretty well, thanks. But after long talks, he finally mentioned quite casually that he wished his wife would enjoy life more, stop drudging around the house, and live more in harmony with their new wealth and his own new associates. He had not been hiding this. His frankness in reporting it proved that. It merely had not occurred to him that it had any bearing on the state of his stomach.

His physicians assured him that his arguments with his wife and his worry over her lack of ambition had surely upset his digestion. The patient, being willing to accept their professional opinions, immediately began to get well. He still has the wife on his hands as a serious problem, but he understands that he must not worry and fume over her. He will not wholly recover until he has persuaded her to change her way of life, at least a little.

Now, almost everybody suffers mildly from this vexatious back-kick of the outer adjustments upon the inner. What causes it? Apparently nothing more than the muscles setting tensely under the stimula-

tion of the nerve centers, which are striving to accomplish something that cannot *at the moment* be accomplished. Being tense, the muscles interfere with the action of other muscles which carry on the work of digesting, breathing, pumping blood, and the like. The result is a bad jam, in which these functions suffer.

Because we are trying, for the greater part of our waking hours, to deal with people or with objects around us; and because we are seldom wholly successful in doing what we like with them, at least in the first stages of our acts, we become tense. And then farewell euphoria! Complete bodily comfort is all but impossible in the life of a man under existing social conditions, simply because most of us try to do too many things, try to live too fast, try to please too many people, try to maintain complex standards of dress, show, house furnishings, entertainment, talk, charity, sports, and everything else that figures in the stereotyped mode of an American city.

People who lead the simple life attain euphoria far oftener than do those who move in fashionable society or in intellectual circles. They do so few things! They conserve their nervous and bodily energies, hence can put more force into what they choose to do; but their chief advantage is their freedom from the tensions which go with the hard drive to do things that cannot be quickly and easily done. Probably this is the very same circumstance that oc-

curs in the mentally diseased who develop euphoria. They too lose their contacts with the larger world outside, hence they do not strive to do things in it. They slough off the ordinary responsibilities of the average citizen as well as his ambitions. And what is left? Nothing but the inner life processes! No wonder they feel so well!

Does this move you to sell your estates, discharge your servants, desert wife and children, and fare forth to live the simple life? I hope not. For only those who are born simple can be happy living that way. And no simple person can be reading this book—at least, not beyond the second or third page. If you can attain euphoria, it will be only in rare moments of perfect relaxation. Not in that steady, warm stream of anthropoid existence that is Timothy Tubb's, Reginald Runnt's and Fred Dake's!

HIGH-POWER SINGLE-TRACK PERSONALITIES

You recall that the second variety of blessedness in people whose inner nature favors it is marked by singleness of wish and high energy which enables the wisher to keep driving away at his one goal. We shall now look at a few specimens. But, as we do so, we must beware of supposing that all high-powered single-track minds are likely to live happily. The outcome will depend upon the direction in which that

single track runs and upon the effect the energy has upon other people. The men we are going to observe are alike only in so far as all have been able to follow their dominant urge without inner exhaustion, inner boredom, or outer resistance of a sort that spoiled their fun. Not that all outer resistance has been lacking. Far from it! But in Garibaldi's case, this enhanced the zest of life, while in Haydon's it seemed trivial, if not illusory, to the man himself.

The Single-Track Mind

The happiest man in all the world is probably one who, having only one powerful urge, also has both the energy and the intelligence required to get what he wants and is lucky enough to have as his single ambition one that is fully approved and encouraged by the community in which he lives. This combination occurs rarely. I find few cases like that of Dr. John Smith, the utterly happy surgeon.

Ever since his sixth or seventh year, Smith has been so completely absorbed in animal life and surgery that to the ordinary citizen he has always seemed a freak. As a child he captured and made pets of snakes, rats, and raccoons. Later he annexed a baby bear and some large dogs, to the misery of his family. When only fourteen, he was caught experimenting surgically on some cats and dogs; trying to splice broken legs and transfer patches of hide. In

all this, as in everything else, he showed immense, vibrant enthusiasm far beyond his years. He was telling everybody around him in his fifteenth year, that he was going to be a surgeon; and he took this for granted in the same way you or I might take for granted the fact that we shall some day die. He possessed a keen eye and an extraordinarily deft hand. Animals of all sorts got on famously with him and fascinated him. In school and out, he never showed the faintest interest in anything beside living organisms and their ailments, save for a short period in early adolescence when he was smitten with wanderlust and wandered around a good deal. Once in medical college, all the rest of the world ceased to exist for him; and it still does. His family testify that he literally lives in his operating room and is wretched when torn away from it by some transient necessity. A psychoanalyst, having met him for the first time recently, was positive that the surgeon turned to his work to escape maladjustment in marriage. When finally convinced that there was no such maladjustment, the psychoanalyst then decided that Smith was simply "socializing a deep sadistic trend." This is probably no sillier than most guesses of the psychoanalysts. Smith never showed the least cruelty toward animals or humans, when he was a child. On the contrary, he was, when only six years old, the passionate friend and well-wisher of all living things. He never wept over injured creatures,

but he leaped to their rescue. Surely, if he had found pleasure in hurting them, he would have shown it as a little boy.

His concentration of interest is so great that it is all but impossible to hold his mind to any other subject for more than a few minutes. When walking along the streets, he notices only those peculiarities of men and animals which have some physiological or surgical significance. At a dinner party, he is a failure unless everybody present enjoys hearing about the latest technique in appendicitis. His wife and sisters have long since learned that they can expect nothing of him, and in this kindly adjustment, he is happy. He cannot read the daily papers, or magazines, or novels. They bore him to death. He has striven to learn something about recent achievements in non-medical chemistry and physics, but he has given up with a yawn. He is a tremendous walker, a lusty eater, a marvelous sleeper, and blessed with the keenest of sense organs. And he is the best loved, most successful surgeon in one of our large cities. He radiates health and happiness but never mentions either. Utterly selfless, his entire mind and life are centered on his patients.

High the happiness of the single-track mind that can run freely along that track! But black its misery if it cannot! This we shall later see in Woodrow Wilson.

The Blessed Misfit, Haydon

Many people believe that a person who shows a lively interest in some activity must have the ability to pursue it with success. Many a life has been ruined by this mistake. People may acquire intense interests in matters foreign to their natures. The interest may grow out of simple ignorance of the real requirements of the task; it may grow out of nothing more than a craving to surpass some hated rival; it may grow out of an exaggerated notion about one's own mediocre ability; or, worst of all, it may be the poisonous fruit of false advice by parents or teachers. History is crowded with the tragedies of false enthusiasms and misguided ambitions. Here is one of a thousand cases that might be cited. It is the tragicomedy of Haydon, a pre-Victorian painter of extraordinary energy and will, whose life was sadly perverted by the delusion that he was destined to be the greatest heroic painter of England.

That he possessed some of the traits necessary for artistry cannot be denied. But the poor fellow evidently mistook the part for the whole, as so often happens in all of the arts. He had a sense of the spectacular, which was good so far as it went; he was blessed with certain keen perceptions of beauty; and these won him his only genuine title to fame, for they made him an enthusiast over the Elgin marbles, which most of the artists and art critics of his day regarded as of little merit. It was Haydon, and Hay-

don alone, who by his tremendous energy and industry succeeded in persuading the British government to acquire these classical masterpieces for the nation.

To Haydon, however, this enterprise seemed trifling. He was sure that he had in him a greatness that would overshadow the artists of ancient Greece. Let Sidney Colvin describe the man's all-too-enthusiastic misconception of his powers:

> His other and life-long, half insane endeavor was to persuade the world to take him at his own estimate, as the man chosen by Providence to add the crown of heroic painting to the other glories of his country. His indomitable high-flaming energy and industry, his strenuous self-reliance, his eloquence, vehemence, and social gifts, the clamour of his self-assertion and of his fierce oppugnancy against the academic powers, even his unabashed claims for support on friends, patrons and society at large, had won for him much convinced or half-convinced attention and encouragement, both in the world of letters and art and in that of dilettanteism and fashion. His first two great pictures, "Dentatus" and "Macbeth," had been dubiously received; his last, the "Judgment of Solomon," with acclamation; he was now busy on one more ambitious than all, "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and while, as usual, sunk deep in debt, was perfectly confident of glory.
>
> Vain confidence—for he was in truth a man

whom nature had endowed, as if maliciously, with one part of the gifts and not the other. Its energy and voluntary power he possessed completely, and no man has ever lived at a more genuinely exalted pitch of feeling and aspiration. "Never," wrote he about this time, "have I had such irresistible and perpetual urgings of future greatness. I have been like a man with air-balloons under his arm-pits and ether in his soul. While I was painting, walking, or thinking, beaming flashes of energy followed and impressed me— They came over me, and shot across me, and shook me, till I lifted up my heart and thanked God."

But for all his sensations and conviction of power, the other half of his genius—the half which resides not in energy and will, but in faculties which it is the business of energy and will to apply—was denied to Haydon; its vital gifts of choice and of creation, its magic power of working on the materials offered it by experience, its felicity of touch and insight, were not in him. Except for a stray note here and there, an occasional bold conception, or a touch of craftsmanship caught from greater men, the pictures with which he exultingly laid siege to immortality belong, as posterity has justly felt, to the kingdom, not of true heroic art, but of rodomontade.[1]

1 "Keats," by Sidney Colvin, Harper and Brothers, pp. 39–41.

It is impossible to doubt that Haydon was a constitutionally happy man. He had an enormous urge to which he gave free rein under conditions which brought him just enough success to give him his sense of importance and victory. Yet the interest which he pursued so frantically all of his life was one in which his abilities were mediocre. To the world a failure, to himself a success.

He is the perfect antithesis of Beethoven, whose life was to himself a prolonged wretchedness, but to the world a glory. Take Haydon and Beethoven together and you have a perfect disproof of the popular notion that happiness depends upon real achievement and that all those geniuses who achieve great things must be happy. To be blessed, we need only take joy in what we do, heedless of what other people think about the results. Unfortunately, most of us cannot be so heedless. Lucky the man who can, as Haydon did! He may burn in the hell to which all atrocious daubers are consigned, but until he reaches the place he will glow with the happiness that passeth understanding.

The Happy Warrior, Garibaldi

In people who display activities far above the average, we find many acts which can best be described as aggressively toned. Such persons incline to dominate the situations in which they appear, not by sheer logic nor by their personal looks nor by

prestige alone, but rather by asserting themselves vehemently, interrupting others, showing fight, getting the jump on others, and giving way to temper. They tend to have their own way, to resist suggestions and advice, and to seek trouble instead of avoiding it. If embroiled in a situation which is uncomfortable or painful, they are not at all disposed to flee it; rather do they attack it and change it to their own pleasure.

This is not mere pugnacity. Least of all is it the mere emotion of anger. Both the combative trend and anger are special complexes of the much more nearly elemental tendency I am trying to describe. The simplest impulse form seems to be merely that of *getting something under the control of one's self*. If, now, the energy released in this impulse pattern is continuously strong, it may dominate the behavior and, in some environments, bring happiness.

Garibaldi is perhaps the lowest form of humanity that can be found to illustrate the Happy Warrior. A fighter and nothing but a fighter, he exhibited consistently, from youth to old age, a tremendous aggressiveness wholly divorced from common selfishness and from higher self-interest. He was never moved by a mercenary motive, for he repeatedly rejected easy opportunities to amass a fortune. Neither is there the slightest evidence that he, like so many warriors, was dominated by sexuality; rather is the proof to the contrary abundant, as his inglorious adventure with the treacherous Guiseppina Raymondi

shows. It has been said by his panegyrists that he was the supreme apostle of liberty; but when we inspect his career under a microscope, there seems to be little warrant for those fine words. True, he did aid the cause of liberty more than once; but then, he aided the cause of tyranny even more often, though unwittingly. He loved a fight more than he loved the freedom of Italy; and he loved to get the best of a situation even more than he loved a fight.

He ran away from home because his father wished him to become a priest. After joining the Sardinian navy he plotted to seize the vessel and aid Mazzini's cause. Unsuccessful in this and condemned to death, he fled to South America, where he became a professional warrior. His record thenceforth is a curious one; a warrior under orders but always disobeying and conspiring against his superiors whenever their commands seemed to interfere with Garibaldi's own ideas. Witness as one of a score of such rebellions, his famous letter to Victor Emmanuel II, asking "permission to disobey" his Majesty's command to refrain from attacking the kingdom of Naples. With the orders in his pocket, Garibaldi proceeded to attack.

He was forever prattling about "the right of all men to work out their own lives in their own way"; but he never hesitated to bully or to trick men into doing what Garibaldi wanted done. As he grew old, this tendency became a nuisance and then a menace to Italy. Being destitute of all intellect and states-

manship, the old war horse raged against government after government, policy after policy, without the least rhyme or reason. Even when his dear old friend and comrade-in-arms, Benedetto Cairoli, became Prime Minister under the very regime which Garibaldi had spent his life to establish, the "apostle of liberty" denounced the conservatism and cowardice of the government, which he continually embarrassed by wild outbursts. He would ask no advice on matters beyond his ken, and he would take none. Only one man was able to manage him, and that was Cavour, who triumphed by sheer intellect. After Cavour died, Garibaldi fell prey to one crank after another, and usually in violent opposition to something or somebody. Through all this, his biographers agree, he showed little personal anger. He remained warm-hearted and forgiving. But he would run the universe to suit himself, even though he did not know how he wanted it run.

As we leave him for the moment, note please that his energy was prodigious. Not even the fearful tortures he endured in Brazil, where his limbs were dislocated, lessened the flow of force. And note, secondly, that the common denominator of his life was aggressiveness, in the sense above defined. A genuine single-track personality!

Suppose that he had been aggressive but had lacked that flux of power. Would he not have been wretched? For what he craved he could not get—nor even make a brave try at getting. Some of the un-

happiest men in the world are just such: their wish to triumph exceeds their vigor. They teach us that happiness, whatever else it may be, results from an appropriate harmony between direction and power. Each human goal calls for its own variety and volume of effort. Lack either that variety or that volume, and you are frustrated.

A FOOL FOR LUCK

You have now looked at the outstanding varieties of people who live in rare happiness as a result of their inner natures. There remains one other kind which I mentioned at the outset of this discussion. It is the man whose happiness derives mainly from some good luck in his environment, whereby he is protected against his inner defects and favored in the exercise of his cravings. Look upon the career of Solomon Sleim. Nature built him to be a total failure. But Fortune played one of her merry jests on Nature. And with delightful irony she named it Solomon, after the wisest of men.

Solomon is a half-wit, though no committee of alienists would call him that. They reserve this epithet for a still lower species. He is, however, less than a merely stupid person. And he has scaled the heights of happiness by the simple method of hiding behind his family's wealth and influence, somewhat after the manner of Harry Thaw.

I saw him last year in London for the first time in

a decade, and he was happier than ever. This, too, in spite of his career having thrice been wrecked by his stupidities. When I first met him some twenty-five years ago, he was the completest dunderhead I had ever encountered at short range. The youngest son of a once famous English family who boasted of political leaders, poets, and eminent business men in its lineage, Solomon was unkindly served by fate and Mendel. He is a model rattle-brain, incoherent in thought, speech and action alike. Only by a hair's breadth does he miss insanity.

His conversation is fearful and wonderful. He will give utterance to the wildest statements in the most casual manner, and he will connect in what purports to be a logical sequence a string of assertions destitute of all inner connection. His family exposed him to the best possible education, to which he remained wholly immune. All he was able to carry away from Oxford was a marvelous collection of quotations from the poets and the novelists. He flung himself with zeal into history and politics, and would never have suffered therefrom had not the nations of the world decided to go to war. In 1914 he chanced to stroll across Trafalgar Square one pleasant Sunday while the pacifists and conscientious objectors were haranguing the by-standers with the good old British freedom of speech. Solomon committed some of their choicest passages to heart and ambled from club to club repeating them with the profundity of a moron parrot. It later appeared that he hadn't the

slightest notion what some of his assertions meant. When he finally got into a sorry mess with his fellow clubmen, the military authorities, and one newspaper which exploited his nonsense, he blurted forth explanations which were so ludicrous that everybody ceased taking him seriously. He was promptly forgotten in the shuffle of war. Ever since then he has been struggling to do something in a dozen fields, and all that he has accomplished anywhere is his own happiness, which apparently consists in nothing more than the great pleasure of blowing off steam. In fact, if a steamboat whistle has any soul and consciousness, it probably feels about as Solomon Sleim does when the pilot pulls the rope.

Solomon is now past forty-five, has an income that is more than sufficient for his modest needs, and fortunately for the human race he remains a bachelor. His good nature is a delight. He has never been sick one day in his life, nor has anybody ever seen him even mildly depressed. He eats magnificently, walks miles every day, talks incessantly, plays golf all the way from Devonshire to the Hebrides with fine ferocity, trots about from club to club in London, carries his liquor as well as he carries his intellect, has many friends who roar at his grotesque talk, is getting comfortably fat, and continues to dabble at whatever new thing strikes his fancy after breakfast. He admits that this a grand little old world. His happiness is infectious. And his is the smile that never comes off. As we leave him, notice that he differs from

Timothy Tubb mainly in high motor activity. Solomon is always doing things, Tubb never.

Probably few stupid people as strenuous as Solomon attain happiness, while thousands of Tubb's pattern do. For the chances of being rebuffed, crushed, and hurt are exceedingly great if one persists in annoying other people with foolish remarks and deeds. It is only Solomon's social elevation and his family wealth that protect him from a sad fate. Tubb, on the other hand, is happy though poor; for he finds his happiness in doing nothing. As we go on with these studies, we shall come across many other instances that reveal the hardships of the busybody who would be happy.

THE LARGER HAPPINESS

Now look at a much higher order of happy living in which many interests are active, complex situations are dealt with blithely, ingenious adaptations are accomplished, dangers overcome, and embarrassments evaded. Here we come upon people who deal with the world in a large way. They find much to do in it. They meet and manage many people, or they plunge into a hundred and one enterprises; and through it all they maintain an inner poise and a freshness which sustain their well-being and their pleasant emotions.

When I call theirs a higher and larger happiness, I speak only in a biological sense. Not at all in a

moral nor in an esthetic sense. All that I mean is that they adapt in a more complex way to a more complex world. Their interests are more diverse, even though, as in the case of Artemus Ames, they show a close inner relationship. They are neither vegetables like Timothy Tubb nor amiable and useful monomaniacs like Dr. John Smith. They are much closer to the normal human being.

HERD HAPPINESS

Artemus Ames is fifty-two. He has stood behind the dry-goods counter in a small department store for a quarter century, where he finds complete happiness. He radiates happiness and—sure symptom!—he never mentions it unless you remark that he is looking as if he had just found a million dollars. Then his round, rosy face shines at you, and he tells you that he doesn't want a million; he has everything he needs, thank you.

He is a stubby fellow, slightly bald, and given to moving about like a puppet. He speaks with crisp precision, often so slowly that he seems to be weighing his words meticulously. The one thing he dreads above all else is making a misstatement about anything concerning his dry goods or the customers or his employer. His entire life, as well as his fund of virtue, is wrapped up in these. Years ago, he standardized his behavior down to the minutest detail. He loves to do precisely the same thing every day; and

it sickens him to be swerved from routine. Where many a man would be driven mad by the monotony, he fattens on it. When he arrives in the morning, he looks over every shelf and counts the bolts of cloth thereon with nimble eye. He writes the totals on a tab, which is suspended from one corner of a counter. Then he has a good-morning with his superiors in nearby departments, usually saluting these in the order of their seniority. At noon he dislikes going home for lunch, if there is anything pressing in his department. At nightfall, he sees to it that all the goods on the counters are covered properly; after which he walks home, has supper, then goes with his wife to church or to the lodge or to the motion pictures. According to his own statement—which cannot be questioned—he has not missed church or prayer meeting in thirty years; his persuasion is Methodist, be it added. He has seen every good show that has come to town in that same period, in spite of his Methodism, and he has been away from his lodge meetings only five or six times, and then on account of special inventory at the store.

He knows every customer, not only by name but in as intimate a fashion as men of his type can know anybody. And this brings us to the supreme evidence of his social nature. He enters wholeheartedly into the customers' search for the right goods, the best bargain, and all that may be remotely involved therein. Let a man, woman or child enter with, let us say, the intention of buying ten yards of red Can-

ton flannel for a Hallowe'en costume party; and our perfect clerk will discuss the whole problem and art of masquerade costumes with the prospective buyer, not with the cunning intent of wheedling him into the purchase of some costlier goods but solely in order to help him make up his mind. As often as otherwise, Ames proves that something cheaper than the goods requested will be better suited. If, on the other hand, the customer comes in to buy without knowing exactly what he wants, Ames enters into the uncertainty and the pawing over of the goods and the waverings with something more than diplomatic tolerance. He seems to live through all these states of mind with his customer. He never becomes petulant. He never tries to hasten a decision nor to get rid of an unlikely buyer. And, of course, all the customers swear by him.

To complete this miniature, I must add that Artemus began life as the proprietor of a tiny store and failed. He lacked—as he freely admits now—the managerial force and the knack of driving a hard bargain with the jobbers. Once he tried to learn to play the piano but gave it up as a bad job. Once he sought to improve his mind with a special advanced course at a business college, his idea being that he might break into the large-town department store business some day. But he found himself rather bewildered by the intricacy and the number of things he had to learn. So he gave it up, without a sigh.

He is a model neighbor, lending anything and never dunning for its return. And his devotion to his wife—a skinny cat of a female who nags him and chatters somewhat more nastily than the ordinary village gossip—is pathetic. Nobody has ever heard him utter a cross word to her, though many have been present on occasions when she has hurled remarks at him which would have justified him in spanking her in public. From this it might be suspected that she has kept his nose to the grindstone all these years, and that he simply makes the best of it by pretending to love his work. But this is amply disproved by his repeated refusals to move to the large city where his wife's mother dwells and whither his wife has urged him to go, in the prospect of finding better wages there. On this one issue the man stands firm as a rock against the winds of her temper. He likes his town and his job and his friends and his church and his lodge much too well to be torn from them. The roots of his simple nature lie deep in his heart. Torn up, they would surely wither and die.

Why is it that so many millions find their happiness as this simple social-adjustive personality does? And why do so few belong to the unsocial or anti-social classes? The usual answer is that man is endowed with certain "social instincts," often called "gregariousness," among which will be found the "imitative instinct" and others that cause us to do

as others do, to be happy only when in the presence of our own kind, and so on. But I cannot bring myself to this easy theory. Later we may analyze the matter more thoroughly. Enough to say now that experiments demonstrate, in about one-half of all persons tested, strong favorable responses when in the presence of other people and correspondingly unfavorable ones when alone. Emotions and thinking processes seem to be thus influenced more or less equally.

Of course, a man who finds his mind keyed up when in the company of friends is sensible enough to use this innocent stimulus, just as one who becomes inhibited or confused on the public platform does well to shun an orator's career. It has long been the fashion of the smart to jibe at "joiners" and all those who live a simple, joyous herd life. This is quite as unscientific as to jibe at bookworms, boxers, and explorers. And it is as profitless as it is unscientific. Men who live according to their natures live best. And only when such a way of life causes trouble for others have we a right to rebel against it and seek to curb its inner vigor.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, 100% AMERICAN

High in the ranks of the blessed stands William Jennings Bryan. But some readers may have a difficulty in appreciating his excellence here; for Bryan is a man on whom the electorate has passed judgment and, to make matters still worse, his dominant trait

stands between the scientific observer and his deeper pattern of vital equilibrium.

This trait is sometimes called linguistic-postural. It is the tendency to talk and to strike attitudes. All too often it serves as an impenetrable armor against the prying psychologist. For we normally incline to interpret people in terms of their utterances; and this trend has grown stronger with the spread of the printed word and the radio. Even some behavioristic psychologists take language too readily at its face value. Hence it is that Bryan, whose public life was so largely mere noise, is little understood by the public itself. And it may shock some of you to learn that, biologically regarded, the Great Commoner was one of the finest specimens of the elemental human species to be found in all history. And his happiness was probably of equally high order.

The man's stability was magnificent. It is hard to find a better all-around example of vital equilibrium hard to upset and sure in its recoveries. Above all, he is remarkable for his marvelous resistance to disturbances of the grosser sorts, from foods and weather conditions up to personal attacks upon his name and fortune. As a source of happiness, this makes Bryan stand forth most vividly. It alone deserves a short book. Particularly too because nobody has ever before perceived it as the very cornerstone of his entire personality.

Here are a few of the most important manifestations of his tremendous vital stability.

1. Superb elemental health,
2. Enormous appetite, linked with
3. High alimentary resistances to overload, bad food, etc.,
4. Insensitivity to heat and cold,
5. High physical endurance in muscular exertions,
6. Easy adjustment to irregular hours of sleep, travel, work, etc.,
7. Almost total freedom from both rages and fears,
8. Matchless patience with opponents and obstacles,
9. Complete and unshaken self-confidence, and
10. Utter insensitivity to ideas, beliefs, and world conditions other than those which he laid hold of during childhood and adolescence.

Fortunately our evidence on each of these ten characteristics is both voluminous and unequivocal. That they have not hitherto been perceived as the core of his being is due, I am sure, to the man's great gifts of oratory and mass leadership on which alone his fame rests. All of which goes to show us that the thing which establishes a man's reputation and fortunes may be a mere incident of his personality.

His body scarcely ever knew illness from birth to death. It could carry any strain he put upon it without a creak or a crackle. But it was not half so astonishing as his digestive powers. Our stadium owners and contest promoters missed a chance at a

fortune when they failed to put on a match between Bryan and Babe Ruth, both seated at a table laden with food enough for twenty men and both starting at the ring of the gong. The Babe eats ten times a day and often drinks a gallon or two of pop while playing a championship game of base ball; but even so, I think I should stake my money on the Great Commoner. For the itemized records of several meals on which friends of mine have kept tab would make Lucullus writhe in his epicurean grave. Perhaps the most astonishing of all is the volume Bryan ate, under the unbelieving eyes of newspaper reporters, while he was fighting for Fundamentalism at Dayton, Tennessee, during the Scopes trial. In a humid heat that was bowling strong men over, the peerless leader engulfed gargantuan dishes hot and cold, washing viands down with streams of ice water and ginger ale. Some of the witnesses still believe that this feat is what killed him.

During the days of his moneyless youth and early manhood, when he felt pleased to earn $1500 a year, he travelled vastly as an orator and political delegate; and anybody who knows what the small town hotels and railways restaurants of the Middle West were in the eighties and nineties of the last century does not have to be assured that Bryan's insensitivity to greasy pancakes, undercooked vegetables, boiled tea and poisonous coffee must have been fully as great as his insensitivity to fatigue from train riding and public speaking. He was a young man then, of

course. But few young men could have held his pace. In one week, for instance, Bryan delivered sixty speeches in forty counties of Ohio. And he kept this sort of strenuosity up through all his later Chautauqua years, yes, even while he was Secretary of State and supposedly running foreign affairs in the most difficult period of American history!

The man's emotional behavior cannot be matched, so far as I know from a study of cases. Nothing could upset him here. Unfortunately no records of his erotic trends are available; but what is known about what his worshippers call his "ascetic self-denial" and his universally recognized simplicity of cravings and taste indicate that he was below average sensitivity in his love life. This would square neatly with his powerful food appetites; for in most cases intense cravings and great capacity for food tend to force erotic drives into an inferior position in the vital equilibrium, precisely as alcoholism does. In the three other major emotional fields, however, Bryan's whole career reveals his insensitivity. It was almost impossible to anger him, to frighten him, or to arouse intellectual curiosity in him. Hence his wonderful patience, which even his adversaries have been compelled to admire.

Slick political rivals time and again tried to "get his goat." All of them failed. When defeated in conventions and at the polls, he went on serene and as imperturbable as a granite Buddha. Often he was imposed upon by knaves who hoped to profit by his

good nature and profound innocence; but he was never known to cherish a grudge even against those who treated him most scurvily.

Some critics have pointed, with a sly dig, at his extreme caution in drawing the curtains of his sitting room before he would sit down for the evening, in refusing to sleep on the ground floor, and in carrying the least possible cash and no valuables whenever he went out nights. I also have authentic records of his great alertness in leaping from an automobile that was in danger of slipping down an embankment; Bryan being the first man to get out of the car while it was running. But such habits do not indicate fears. They suggest caution and quick wit. Admirable, I should say, rather than a frailty.

The only emotion which seems to have welled up in Bryan with normal intensity was the one for which we have no good name. It might be called the social emotion or, as some psychologists say, the circular response. It is the agreeable excitement of the give-and-take among people in a group. John speaks to Henry. Henry's face glows. John, seeing the glow, is delighted at the good effect his words have had; so he now glows too and, glowing, speaks on with greater vivacity than ever. His fresh flood of words, now brightened by emotion, causes Henry to glow still more and perhaps even to utter complimentary phrases to John. This lifts John to still higher levels of emotion and oratory. And so on until something or somebody blows up or off.

This joy in the circular response seems to have bubbled up in Bryan as he spoke to the multitudes. It became his bread and butter both in the commercial sense and in the psychic. He fed greedily on it—and also drew large checks for contributing his eloquence to it. And it loomed large in his mental life because it was his rare fortune to be able to stimulate millions of listeners by the magic of his voice, whose spell lay heavy on the common people of America for a quarter-century. I shall never live down the impression it made on me when it was at its youthful best, during the great free silver campaign.

But, while pleasantly stimulated by the crowd and its cheers, he remained, all his life long, almost wholly insensitive to the boos and ragging of hostile listeners. Was ever a public man more scathingly derided and mocked than Bryan was at the Democratic conventions after the first years of his near-triumphs? It left him unshaken and serene. And this was his great good fortune. Most men would have been heartsick under the treatment.

To attempt here an analysis of Bryan's intellectual peculiarities would exceed our present needs. We can exhibit his vital equilibrium with only a brief mention of his mental equipment and ways. His mind, as well as his emotional machinery, was extraordinarily insensitive to vast ranges of fact and situation which people of only slightly superior intelligence grasp easily. Not that he was a moron nor even markedly sub-average. On the contrary, he was truly

the Great Commoner; he was ever just a little commoner than the common man in his capacity to reflect, to analyze, to imagine, and to infer. This is why millions admired him. He was truly blood of their blood and bone of their bone. He thought their half-thoughts, he wished their wishes; and his miraculous throat made articulate the cravings of our inarticulate peasantry. No, Bryan was no fool. He was an average man in the mental realm.

His political cogitations reveal no sagacity but much animal cunning. They are emphatically anthropoid. Of vision, even in his own political scheming for success, he had none. What man of vision could have done what Bryan did in the Bennett affair? Philo S. Bennett, a Bryan worshipper, left much property to the Great Commoner in his will. Bennett's widow contested the will. What did Bryan do? He fought her through the courts tooth and nail, to hang onto the cash so easily won. Probably no single act injured the man more than this one. Grant that he acted wholly within his legal rights; yet how stupid in view of his postures and claims of high statesmanship and political leadership! He disclosed his soul as that of a tin peddler. Slick and smooth, Bryan's soul!

Again, just before the United States went into the world war, Bryan had the greatest chance of his life to reveal whatever statesmanship might have lurked in him. But he did many silly things. For instance, he sounded out his associates as to the advisa-

bility of the Federal Government's cutting the underbrush off the Mount of Olives, erecting pavilions for pious tourists, and detailing some American Marines to guard the holy spot! After resigning as Secretary of State because he would not agree to the war policy of Woodrow Wilson, he volunteered as a private in the ranks. The gesture fooled nobody except himself. And the hilarity it evoked left him unruffled.

After a careful study of his own Memoirs and other writings, in conjunction with various other evidence, I am unable to discover a single event, however trifling, in the man's entire career in which he displayed 115 I.Q. He was, in the truest of all psychological senses, the Hundred Per Cent American. Always 100 I.Q. But in his gorgeous energies and his physical insensitivities he came close to being a Superman. As an orator and real estate agent, he was the Peerless Leader.

But happiness, fortunately enough, does not depend on high intelligence exclusively. If it did, what a vale of tears this world would be! It is a product of the vital equilibrium, not of any single trait within the latter. And Bryan was blessed with an equilibrium we all may well envy. His intimates agree that the sweetness and the serenity which marked his private life were genuine expressions of inward blessedness. Would that more men were like him in this, and fewer like him in mentality!

And oh! that more of us might be blessed with

his sweet harmony between aspirations and abilities! In this simple biological sense, Bryan may well claim to have been the greatest American. His spirit never demanded more than his body could deliver. And whatever his wit or good luck delivered, his mind was able to justify. We may close with a pretty picture of this phase of his psychic stability.

Raymond Robbins first met Bryan in 1896 at the great convention where Bryan was nominated for President. Robbins was swept away by Bryan's oratory, and got up a Bryan Club in San Francisco which brought Bryan there to speak. He came, and after the evening, Robbins took him to his own hotel and they sat discussing mighty issues. Bryan leaned over and said, "Robbins, no man can make a million dollars and be honest." Raymond Robbins was duly impressed, and the party broke up.

A year later the Klondike boom came and Robbins picked up two million dollars in gold. In 1900 Robbins was still a red-hot Bryanite. Meanwhile Bryan had made nearly a million in Chautauqua oratory. Again Bryan came, and again he went to see Robbins. And as they talked, Bryan leaned forward and said, "Robbins, my dear fellow, no man can make two million dollars and be honest." [1]

Does this not exhibit, almost too perfectly, a psychic balance which always maintained smooth harmony between ideas and events, between old assertions and new? Only a creature of superb animal

[1] Told by Raymond Robbins to R. C. E. Brown.

health and high inner elasticity could have thus remained the same and still been different, oh, so different!

G. STANLEY HALL: THE HAPPY DABBLER

Men there are who, blessed with a singular combination of prodigious energy and diverse sensitivities, manage to live like butterflies. They flit from flower to flower in the garden of life, enjoying the sun, the breezes, and the pollens, until their little day is done. At its end they have accomplished nothing save happiness. And their careers vex all those human ants whose minds are rigidly set on production. Yet I would call such blessed. And among them I find none better to serve as specimen of his kind than G. Stanley Hall, the psychologist. He has told his own story better than anybody else can. His "Life and Confessions of a Psychologist" [1] gives a self-portrait of a man whom the gods must have loved. He was a dabbler magnificent, a sipper of all joys, an everlasting youth.

Hall bubbled over with the free, reckless and altogether delightful energy and enthusiasms of a boy, far into late middle life. Long walks, all-night debates beclouded with many black cigars, an impish hobby for defying silly rules and regulations (recently testified to amusingly by his former private

[1] New York, 1923.

secretary[1]), an ever-readiness for argument or a prank, and with it all a prodigious capacity for work, even of the dullest routine: this was the man himself.

One more phase of Hall's extraordinary energy must be mentioned, albeit with some hesitation. It was his incredible credulity. I find it hard to boil down evidence on this point so that the reader who knows nothing of the man can appreciate it. Each act of enthusiastic, uncritical acceptance ought to be described with the entire intellectual situation in which it developed; and this is plainly impossible here. So let me draw a few instances from his writings, all in briefest allusion.

Whenever Hall wished to study a special subject, he flung himself into books, monographs, and bulletins with the same hot zeal that Roosevelt always displayed. He raced through miles and miles of print. But he sped so fast that, in transit, he was unable to distinguish truth from falsity, sense from nonsense, the authentic from the counterfeit and the shoddy. Like a super-shark, he devoured everything placed in front of him; and because he could swallow it he thought it must be food. Thus, when investigating the relation between health and ability, he pored over two hundred biographies; and, in summing up results, he did not hesitate to cite Christ as "a paragon of physical perfection." He also listed Dante among those who had "had very little to do with doctors."

1 "Stanley Hall: A Memory." By A. E. Hamilton. American Mercury. v. 2, p. 287.

For many years his enormous collections of cases of special behavior and traits, in the course of his many psychological investigations, either flabbergasted or infuriated most workers in his science; they all revealed a disconcerting laxity in basic concepts and—what was infinitely more irritating—an infantile faith in the written word. Hall repeatedly put forth, as serious psychological investigations, pages which were little more than old wives' tales, precisely as some of the Freudians have been doing of late. He would comb musty tomes for startling stories about mathematical prodigies, about clairvoyants, about idiot savants, about telepathy, about anything that for the moment engrossed his insatiable mind. So far as I know—and I speak subject to correction here, especially with reference to Hall's later years—he never completed a seriously critical piece of work in psychology.

It is in the summary chapters of his autobiography that you find perhaps the simplest self-exposure of this energetic superficiality. In the long but well worth while Chapter VIII, you see at work an odd intellect of almost superhuman powers in reading, skimming, outlining, sensing wider meanings, and bringing together into a more or less unified scheme a myriad of doctrines which, in reality, are either irrelevant or downright contradictory. Hall merits unstinted praise as an encyclopaedist in the older sense of the term. He was the Voltaire of psychology, but without Voltaire's destructive critical powers. He

touched everything, reacted to everything, wrote on everything; but he did it all as men used to do before there were laboratories and technical journals. Of himself, he accurately wrote: "There is a sense in which all my active conscious life has been made up of a series of fads or crazes, some strong, some weak. . . ." [1] This represented, of course, a thrust of sheer energy into many directions, in some of which—as notably in child study—he must be ranked as a pioneer. His curiosity could not be quenched, and in this important phase he was truly a great intellectual.

Hall's credulity was totally different from William James'. Not only was it a thousandfold greater, but it was diffuse, undiscriminating in its loves of the new and strange, and so intense that it was apparent to all observers. In James, on the contrary, you behold a limited and highly selective willingness to believe. It comes to full flower in James' famous essay on "The Will to Believe" and in his "Varieties of Religious Experience." Now tacitly, now in the open, he here reveals the pleasure and the stimulation he derives from accepting wonderful ideas, such as getting in tune with the infinite, tapping deep, secret reservoirs of energy by the Yogi method, and the like. Surely if acceptance keys one up so beautifully, it cannot be wicked to believe, even when full proof is not at hand. Noble ideas about Man and Destiny give one a fine stir. Let us judge them by this rather than by the icy ways of logic.

[1] "Life and Confessions," page 367.

In a word, Hall believed things that weren't true as a result of colossal energy that grabbed, gulped, and digested everything regardless of consequences. But James inclined to accept only those unproved or unprovable ideas which soothed or stimulated him, and largely because he sorely needed such stimulation. His health was far from right. He had to conserve his forces to the utmost and he was always seeking some way of increasing them. Thus it came to pass that the vital equilibrium asserted itself as ruler of his intellect more than once, giving to his speculations on the border-line subjects of science a wistful and altogether charming gullibility which contributed much to making him popular among the semi-intelligent and the pious. The trait cannot be reconciled with the sterner scientific interests and methods of the man, especially in his early maturity. The two phases were never cleanly integrated in him.

Hall went after facts of human nature pretty much as Roosevelt went after lions and the River of Doubt. He was, above all, a strenuous collector, and whatever flew into his trap he bore home in triumph, whether it happened to be a bird of paradise, a dead cat, or a teddy-bear. In books like "Adolescence" and "Senescence," you see the operation of this trait most clearly: you never quite know what you are going to meet on the next page, and when you come upon it, you cannot be sure whether it is fact, fable, or something Hall once read in a newspaper. Deliberately and with clear consciousness of both its mag-

nificence and its futility, Hall sallied forth to devour the universe, to digest it, and to convert it into human understanding. In this gorgeous adventure, he did more, saw more, tried more, and enjoyed more than any other man of the nineteenth century, in my opinion. If you wish to realize faintly what he accomplished, read the eighteen pages of his listed writings in the appendix of his autobiography; and then read his own confessions of his innumerable plunges into prize fights, dancing (including the sternly tabooed naughty kinds), visits to the underworlds of Paris, Berlin, New York and San Francisco, fights with gunmen, days spent blindfold in an asylum for the blind, "just to know how it felt to be blind," other days spent with deaf mutes, paupers, policemen, park bench loafers, and above all with the freaks of the sideshows at circuses, who interested him exceptionally; studious hours in morgues inspecting both the corpses and those who came to look upon them; secret sessions with bomb throwers and lesser radicals, feverish hours at wild revival meetings, and so on without end, into a green old age at whose culmination he was able to say: "I never so ardently wanted to accomplish something really worth while in the world as now or felt so strongly that I can do it, if I only have the time and strength." This, in one and the same breath, is a confession of intellectual failure and an exhibition of vital power and happiness which we all must envy. Hall did far too much ever to have done anything well—except

live happily. His triumphs were all triumphs of self-realization. Worthless to the rest of the world, they were his own rarest treasure. Loving life passionately, he lived it in the same grand manner. An insatiable hunger for experiences was supported by rare opportunities to seek them and still rarer bodily energy to live through them.

THE PERFECT PRISCILLA

Would you behold a high order of happy living? Then consider this Priscilla Pembell, the perfect trained nurse. Many a sick man and sick woman have declared that she is "a girl in a million"; and so she is, not only as a bedside guardian but also as a model of one of the most efficient, all around satisfactory types of humanity. She is very slow to be upset, is disturbed only locally, comes back with a quick bound to normal, and always aims squarely at the heart of the trouble, whatever it may be. After having watched Priscilla and having heard a dozen hospital inmates testify about her, I am not at all surprised that an invalid millionaire married her as soon as the doctors gave him a clean bill of health.

As she knows I have tested her and gathered observations, she will be wholly unperturbed by this account, which she will be shrewd enough to recognize at once. Her point of view, her attitudes and her temperament are wholly medical, in the best sense of the word. And she looks upon herself as upon

the rest of the world. I know few better self-analyzers and self-diagnosticians.

Her high resistance to disturbance is not a matter of sheer insensitivity. She can smell bad food and has a natural repugnance toward most other things which many people dislike and rebel against. But her sensory and affective reactions here are mild and entirely localized, never diffuse. She has never felt distressed nor faint at the sight of blood, wounds, or loathsome diseases. Odors of drugs which cause nausea in some persons leave her serene. She suffers little if compelled to miss her usual hours of sleep. She can change from day to night shift on hospital duty, or from straight-away sleeping to intermittent cat naps, and still arise as fresh as a hot bun.

So too in her physical endurance. Although slight of frame and of medium stature, she seems never to weary, however strenuous the labor may be. Before she married, she was attached to a hospital in a town where she was able to live in her own cottage and maintain, among other things, a large vegetable garden and a small automobile. She had charge of one floor in a ward well filled with patients. She had to put in ten hours a day managing the nurses. Yet she would go home, make all repairs on her car, drive it herself, do her own home cooking, and hoe carrots and potatoes until dark set in—all as blithely as a flapper lights a cigarette. Even now, in her late forties, she outwalks and outworks nine out of ten women above the peasant level.

Her high resistance to upset is at its best, however, in her emotional life. Here she is truly amazing; and unfortunately half of the story cannot be told without causing innocent parties embarrassment. For its theme is her handling of cranky invalids, tyrannical superintendents, shell-shocked soldiers, wild lovers, and two rascally relatives who tried to make her support them in idleness. Her normal attitude is one of calm cheer and few words. Nothing short of insult, danger or mad jest seems ever to move her out of that state; and even then, these disturbers have to be extreme. She takes nothing personally. She sees all mortals as medical cases, sometimes as psychological specimens. Hence, to some persons she appears to be as cold and distant as a Greenland herring. But those who so regard her are themselves people who take everything personally and want to be praised, admired, and loudly envied.

This characteristic is, I am convinced, in no small measure one aspect of her sharp localization of emotional responses and appetitive tensions. Long before she had read any psychology, she used to describe her hunger as a tightness at the upper end of the stomach and her curiosity about strange things as "a twitching of my finger tips as they try to touch and handle the object." Rage, fear, erotic excitement, and other larger responses she does not localize with such conscious clarity, but nevertheless she feels each as some sort of local disturbance. And her self-consciousness is of the same order: "just a lot of little

places that tickle and itch and jerk and quiver." So far as I can ascertain, she lacks all awareness and all conviction of there being anything in her make-up other than several billion cells.

She has never had a moral struggle, never a religious conviction, never a "sense of sin," never a fear of death, never a desire to live forever. A most abnormal personality! But abnormal in the direction of superiority. No wonder that sick men and weaklings lean on her, cling to her for advice and help in the hour of trouble! But with these traits go inevitably a lack of ambition, a disregard for what other people may say about her, certain marked limitations of sympathy, and an occasional slowness in becoming properly aroused over the minor ills of life. In her professional work as nurse these traits never appeared; she was ever the perfect caretaker of stricken bodies. But in her private life, they have restricted and even injured her in a small way.

Her rich husband is annoyed because she will not lift a finger to shine in society. And, I suspect also, he is deeply disillusioned over his bargain in matrimony; for he intended to marry a trained nurse and then found himself with a complete woman on his hands who has not the slightest intention of filling hot water bottles, reading clinical thermometers, and stroking a sick man's fevered brow all of her life long, to the exclusion of everything else. Enjoying travel, books, a garden and companions, Priscilla now has them all; and still takes care of her husband,

who isn't half so sick as he thinks he is. Always doing just the right thing at the right time, and never doing any more, she probably vexes him more than he has ever admitted by her calm efficiency and her steadfast refusal to succumb to sentiment. Were he more of an egocentric, he would have shot her or left her long ago. Luckily he has a fund of common sense and good nature to draw on.

Dared I go into the business of prophesying, one of my first forecasts would be that Priscilla will celebrate her hundredth birthday in due season and eat her fill of the birthday cake. And I shall instruct my heirs and assigns to send her, on that day, a birthday card inscribed with Landor's lines to Ianthe:

"From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever."

BOOK III

THE ACCURSED

THERE is much truth in the old saying that "there is only one right way of doing a thing, but a thousand wrong ways." It can be applied to happiness and unhappiness with only a little inaccuracy, too.

To live happily you must bring into deft organization a multitude of things. You must eat well, sleep well, exercise well, love well, work well, and so on—all according to your own nature. Your ambitions must match your abilities, and your abilities must find a suitable time, place, and object for their exercise. Let any one of these many factors go wrong, and the entire scene may change in a twinkling from gaiety to gloom. Let two or three of them be botched, and the end may be utter misery.

This explains why it is so easy to marshal a dismal array of unhappy people and so hard to match them with a parade of the joyous. And it also makes clear the shockingly large number of accursed souls who never know even a minute's exaltation of spirit. The blessed can be readily listed and classified. But not the accursed! For any one of a thousand twists

of inner nature, any one of a million mischances in the environment may wreck a life.

My discourse on the accursed would have to present hundreds of pages of specimens, if it were to cover its subject as well as the few pages on the blessed have. For each well rounded and smoothly balanced happy man I might exhibit a thousand unhappy, one for each important disease, one for each physical defect, one for each nervous maladjustment, and one for each variety of bad luck. And the panorama would be so depressing that none would scan it.

I shall therefore shorten the account by presenting a few outstanding specimens which illustrate chiefly the two greatest causes of unhappiness, constitutional frailty of body and bad types of will, the latter often being the obscure result of ill health, deformities, and the like. Whoever surveys this field quickly learns that ill health is the gravest of all curses, as well as the commonest. Indeed I suspect it plays more havoc than all other causes combined. And it surely sets up psychic processes early in life which often induce monstrous cravings that the body can never satisfy. Thus in John Randolph, thus in Papini, thus in Woodrow Wilson. Only an intellect of the highest order can prevent this, as in Descartes, Kant, and Leopardi.

To these we now turn, starting with the latter.

LEOPARDI

Leopardi was cursed ancestrally with innumerable physical weaknesses. He was deformed and abominably high strung. His father was a wretched weakling and scholastic recluse who dwelt amid books while his wife earned a meagre living for the family. Cut off from the world by his father's attitude and his own deformity, the boy grew up in the parental library, mastering Greek and steeping himself in the Greek philosophy of life. The evil state of affairs in Italy depressed him; presumably all the more because he yearned to mingle with people and be one of them. His entire outlook became pessimistic, and this pessimism was aggravated by weak eyesight, deafness, insomnia, and relentless pain. Using exquisite classic forms, he gave utterance to "the cry of a body and soul in torment." And he summed up his own life and philosophy in these scathing words:

"All things else being vain, disgust of life represents all that is substantial and real in the life of man."

How meagre his fund of energy was is seen in the fact that, though he lived to the age of thirty-nine, he produced only forty-one poems, many of which were fragments. Disregard quality for the moment, and you will see that this amount is less than the output of many a fourth-rate poet in one year.

The exquisite qualities of Leopardi's verses flow from his highest intellect. His nervous system was endowed with the most delicate and subtle controls

and associations, as is made evident in the music of every word he set down no less than in the sculptured darkness of his thoughts. Few are the men who can order their ideas firmly while suffering bodily torment. They can only moan and toss. But this Leopardi achieved a self-control, at least in brief moments, that was divine. Had he received from his ancestors even a tithe of normal energy, his output would surely have been both large and magnificent.

Look next at two far greater geniuses who, plagued with decrepit bodies, never knew happiness. And, as you scan their records, observe how their interests were directed by their frailties. Their minds and wills enabled them to rise above the black despair of Leopardi. But they never lifted either man for an instant into the fair realm of joy.

KANT AND DESCARTES

Immanuel Kant was singularly frail of body and deficient in that free energy which enables those who are fortunate enough to possess it to toil long and hard without fatigue and to endure rebuffs and discouragements with a brave smile and a fresh attack. Luckily we have indisputable evidence about his personality. Ludwig Borowski, one of Kant's first pupils and later a close friend for many years, had the foresight to write what he called "A Sketch of a Future Reliable Biography of the Prussian Sage, Immanuel Kant"; and he had the still more remarkable

good sense to show it to Kant himself and to persuade the philosopher to correct and supplement it. To prove himself a worthy brother of Boswell, Borowski then published the Sketch with all of Kant's amendments paralleled with Borowski's original text. The result is a short but most illuminating picture of an undersized, weak-chested, slightly deformed body carrying around a magnificent brain which, early in life, asserted its dominance over its inferior frame and, by sheer foresight, analysis, and learning, managed to avoid most of the ills which befall the weak and the sickly.

Decidedly short and a mere bag of skin and bones, Kant carried his right shoulder considerably higher than his left. All his life long he suffered from a dull pain at the top of his stomach. His skin sensitivity was marked; even a slight perspiration upset him—presumably bringing on a cold in the head, if we may infer this from the well known habit he formed of walking always with his mouth shut, thereby making impossible all conversation while on his daily stroll. His nervous system was also somewhat hypersensitive, especially toward sounds. Noises disturbed him profoundly. Several times he felt compelled to change his place of residence because of them. Although his digestion was fundamentally sound, it appears to have been rather slow and to have been so thoroughly subordinate to his mental processes that it was easily upset by the mere act of thinking about serious matters while he ate. He often remarked that

he had never felt wholly well in his life. When asked what he would do if he had his life to live over, he declared: "I would never live my life over again at any price." How meagre his fund of free energy was may be guessed from the fact that the only exercise he took through his long career was a short daily walk.

No man ever planned each tiniest detail of his life with more intelligence or more stern self-control than did Kant. He checked every impulse to overexert his puny body. He gave up the position of assistant curator of the Royal Library because the petty labor of the job exhausted him. He shunned all political activities which might have bettered his chances of academic promotion. So quietly did he live, during his early years of teaching that he did not even know the name of the *Oberkurator* of the Prussian universities. This gentleman was the one on whom Kant's tenure of office depended!

For a season or two the young philosopher seems to have been attracted to the clergy. But, after trying his hand at a few sermons in a nearby country church, he gave up the notion. This cannot be explained, as it sometimes is, by a rival's winning a post which Kant is supposed to have sought; for, had Kant truly wished to go into the ministry, he would have persisted in his search for a parish. But he did not; and one of his close friends certainly guessed rightly when he said that the swarm of petty labors and worries which are a minister's lot would have exhausted Kant, as Kant himself was shrewd enough to perceive.

After he had become world-famous, Kant received invitations to many of the greatest universities, as well as highly profitable offers to deliver occasional lectures in far places. He rejected every such temptation, as from the devil. He dreaded strange foods, strange climates, strange responsibilities, and contacts with strange men and women. Having adjusted himself neatly to the environment of Königsberg, he refused to take a chance with changes. He even refrained from travelling for pleasure. The longest journey he took in his whole long life was to the country estate of his friend, General von Lossow, about forty miles from Kant's birthplace. In a day or two poor Kant became so homesick in those strange and remote regions that he hurried home, never again to venture far afield.

He frequently confessed that he craved to live without emotions. He considered all of them, pleasant and unpleasant alike, as disturbers of the peace and enemies of clear thinking and true happiness. So far did he progress toward his ideal of cold contentment that he had virtually no dealings with his closest relatives, not out of hostility toward them but solely out of an achieved indifference which, be it noted, did not prevent him from lending them money and bequeathing his entire estate to them. He never mourned over the death of a close friend. When one of his most intimate associates died, Kant remarked calmly: *"Man muss die Toten bei den Toten ruhen lassen."* "Let the dead rest with the dead!"

How could such a man ever have married? Of course Kant did not. But he seems to have seriously considered two ladies. By his own admission in Borowsky's biography, however, he pondered over each fair problem so long that one lady moved far away while the other accepted a prompter suitor. We may be sure that this was lucky for all concerned. Kant never mourned his lost opportunities.

He looked upon economic independence as one of the most highly desirable of all human achievements; hence he was as thrifty as only a Scotch-blooded Prussian could be. Never earning much money, he died leaving a considerable estate, as fortunes went in those days. Having little energy to spend on his work, he conserved it with marvelous skill by reducing his life to a severe regimen of cautious, slow eating, absolutely regular sleeping, mathematically precise hours of gentle perambulating, and sedulous avoidance of worries and excitements.

Here we have, then, a perfect specimen of a superb intelligence linked with lamentably inferior energy and health. Skill alone made Kant triumph. Vitality never helped him. And his imperfect body was ever his own worst enemy. Intellectual skill never made him healthy, it only delivered him from the worst evils of poor health; for, though he never patronized physicians, he was never seriously ill.

René Descartes, whom I should rate as a much grander and more fruitful intellect than Kant, resembles the latter most astonishingly in his funda-

mental pattern of personality. His fund of free energy was ever low, and his health was poor from infancy to the day of his all too early death at the age of fifty-four. In his behavior we readily observe all the surest marks of the impotent invalid with a marvelous central nervous system which, using only a trickle of energy, is able to revolutionize mathematics and amaze the philosophers. Undersized, undersexed, feeble of voice as of frame, exhausted by efforts which would not be noticed by a normal man, this genius had to sleep ten or twelve hours every night, had to dwell as a recluse in hidden places, to avoid the visits of well meaning friends and admirers, whose social calls wore him out. It was his rule to lie abed all morning—after the ten or twelve hours of slumber. And to his friend, the Princess Elizabeth, he wrote:

> "The principle which I have always observed in my studies and which I believe has helped me most to gain what knowledge I have has been never to spend beyond a very few hours daily in thoughts which occupy the imagination, *and a very few hours yearly* in those which occupy the understanding, and to give all the rest of my time to the relaxation of the senses and the repose of the mind."

A few hours yearly to the exercise of the understanding! Was there ever fairer testimony to the powers of sheer intellect unsupported by the "pep and punch" of our supersalesmen?

"The conservation of health has always been the principal end of my studies," he declared. And he told his friend, Mersenne, that he was then seeking for some "medical theory based on infallible demonstrations." Physiology was his grand passion. And, next to that, human nature as it can be directly observed. But lack of vigor halted him in such inquiries more than once and caused him to retreat into the less strenuous realms of theoretical physics, mathematics, and metaphysics.

While both Kant and Descartes were accursed, neither sunk far into unhappiness. For they were blessed with marvelous intellects which aided them in managing themselves so as to minimize the evils of ill health. If you have ever doubted the value of intelligence in the pursuit of happiness, contrast these two great men to a completely accursed one, John Randolph.

JOHN RANDOLPH

In the pseudo-statesman of early America, John Randolph, we have a specimen of tragic unhappiness caused by constitutional disorder. He is one of the most illuminating figures in our entire gallery, as well as being one whose analysis has baffled several of his more recent biographers. His was an exceedingly weak unbalance between free energy and skill. His energy was hypernormal through his mature years; and it is these alone which we shall consider,

inasmuch as a profound disintegration befell him toward the close of his life, and led to insanity. There is no evidence that his primary sensitivities were other than normal. His secondary sensitivities, on the other hand, were nearly all pathologically fast and violent. His speed and ferocity in repartee were terrifying to friend and foe alike. Fantasy worked in lightning flashes. He was weasel-like in picking up a new point in a debate and elaborating upon it extemporaneously. And, like many other badly integrated people, his memory was preternaturally alert. So too with his emotional reactions. They came with such rapidity that Randolph could exercise no control over them; and this, more than any other single factor save one, wrecked his career. He had no inhibiting mechanisms adequate to thwart free expression of his feelings, and when he reacted, his entire body reacted. All upsets ran riot through his entire system.

As for his time-pattern of energy discharge, it is the least certain of all his basic traits. But three facts stand out beyond dispute. First is the frequent outbursts of high activity in politics and business, immediately followed by sick spells in which he assured everybody that he was dying and bade the world farewell. And again his periods of profound depression, misery and aboulia, concerning which last Randolph wrote to a friend: "I often mount my horse and sit down upon him ten or fifteen minutes, wishing to go somewhere, but not knowing where to ride,

for I would escape anywhere from the incubus that weighs me down, body and soul; but the fiend follows me *ex croupa.*" Finally, his terrific explosions of temper and general vindictiveness which ran on with such unrestraint that it seems highly improbable that Randolph could have had the power left to do very much after each such squandering of his forces.

The man was overwhelmingly of the motor type. That is, his vital energies were chiefly consumed in some of the motor tracts, rather than in the cerebral and the autonomic. His higher mental functions were distinctly inferior and inactive. On this point the records all agree to a nicety. It has not been recognized, however, that this inordinate trend toward motor activities must have had not a little to do with the vegetative defects of his body. He was sexually defective and suffered from chronic indigestion that induced unmistakable organic feelings, such as depressions of a vague sort which, as time went on, found their object in the universe at large. All off-focus, you see. His extraordinary emaciation points to faulty metabolism over large regions, while his excessively long arms and legs strongly suggest some obscure heightening of the activities of the anterior pituitary.

His motor trend assumed three marked forms: verbalism, sadism and exhibitionism. His speech centers tended to monopolize his days. He was always talking, even when he had nothing to say—a painfully familiar peculiarity of most eminent orators. He was

always spoiling for a fight, in Congress and out of it; and he was enormously stimulated by conflicts and clashes. He revelled in tormenting, goading, teasing, insulting, and infuriating people, even those who had never done him any injury or opposed their wills to his. Never did a man outside of an asylum abandon himself more drunkenly to vituperation and wanton aggressions of language than this demagogue. Finally, he loved to pose before a crowd, even when he knew the crowd detested him. And, like nearly all poseurs, he was destitute of humor.

We now come to the central defect in this strange man, his pathologically weak integrative powers. It impresses me that his biographers have underestimated their degree of abnormality; and I suspect that it has been, in some cases, due to an inability to distinguish sharply between secondary sensitivities and integration. Gamaliel Bradford, in "Damaged Souls," dwells upon the man's "rich spiritual resources"; but every fact he cites from Randolph's life turns out to be drawn from the field of secondary sensitivities. He loved music, for example; he read much, drew nice distinctions in the use of words, and had a retentive memory. Call these spiritual resources, if you like. The truth is they are primitive endowments rather than subtle ones. And they have nothing to do with that supreme human gift, the tendency to organize, to correlate, to analyze, and to understand the flux of experience. This tendency appears scarcely at all in Randolph's entire career. He

was a man without intelligence, in fact almost a moron; but a near-moron whose limitations were largely concealed from uncritical observers by other flamboyant traits.

The more we inspect the workings of his mind, the more amazing does his lack of genuine intelligence become. He was incapable of any sustained mental effort, a dabbler, an utterly irrational reader of hodgepodge, and ridiculously inconsistent. He would advocate a measure in Congress on one day and assail it with maniacal fury the next. In his orations he showed himself totally unable to stick to any point, however simple it might be. And he simply did not know what logic was. His verbalism often became insane, partly because he was illogical and partly because of his abnormally swift secondary sensitivities, especially in verbal associations and free fantasy. Over and over again he did what the monomaniac does; he would commit himself to some proposition on the floor of the House without realizing its implications and then, when opposed by argument and fact, push on to those implications, oblivious to their preposterous nature. See his debates on state's rights for an abundance of illustrations. The noblest heritage he could have left his country would probably have been his brain—for histological analysis of the structure of its cortex. It would have been found wanting in more ways than one.

His business affairs went from bad to worse largely because he could not think, foresee, plan and

control himself. And his aboulia must have been aggravated by this same lack, though not primarily caused by it but rather by sheer exhaustion. Naturally a man who cannot plan his own attitudes and conduct is likely to be embarrassed in his decisions. He does not know what he wants.

There were two traits which dominated the man, and, in their competing, contrived to thwart him. One was his marked egotistic exhibitionism, his passion to shine as a statesman and to rule people. The other was his savage love of a fight—or, more precisely, his sadistic bent. These did not divide the field between themselves. They behaved more like twin suns in a badly-organized nebula of high temperature. So close together did they lie in the field of Randolph's vital equilibrium that they acted upon his general behavior like one central body. That is, when he strove to shine as a statesman, he did so by the unfortunate technique of the hoodlum and brawler. Toward the end of his life, when a morbid regression set in that changed his personality profoundly, he developed a mania for land-owning; but this lies beyond the present picture. During his prime, all of his social and business relations were poisoned by his sadistic tongue.

As to the stability of his equilibrium, it was at least normal. The mere fact that he sat in Congress for thirty years completely proves this; and so too does the tenacity with which he clung to his plantation, a precious inheritance, and increased its size through-

out maturity and old age. This too in the face of the unpleasant business details and frequent reverses due largely to his unintelligence. The twin suns held the nebula firmly.

Taking all these characteristics into careful consideration, I cannot agree at all with Bradford's conclusion that in Randolph "we have one more example of a rich and powerful and much endowed spirit endlessly and uselessly tormenting itself. . . ." Or with his moral, drawn from Landor's dialogue, which he says applies to Randolph: "(Randolph was one of) those who from want of practice cannot manage their thoughts, who have few to select from, and who, because of their sloth or their weakness, do not roll away the heaviest from before them." The appalling lack of integrative tendencies in Randolph proves that the man was not "a much-endowed spirit," as civilized man measures endowment. Take away those associative mechanisms which enable us to inhibit the impulses of the muscles, those which analyze wholes into their parts, those which weave a multitude of scattered experiences into broadly useful insights and programs of social action; and what have you left?

Finally, it was neither weakness of will nor sloth nor a mere defect of early education that made Randolph the lamentable weakling that he was. He was unable to manage his thoughts for the same reason that a cripple is unable to win a foot-race. No amount of careful discipline during his boyhood could have

compensated for the inherited bankruptcy of his cortex. Every neuron in it released all of its available energy at once and indiscriminately through all the motor tracts. And not a thousand years of training could have changed that physiological defect for the better. But perhaps some modern chemicals might.

I have set him over against Kant and Descartes for a reason. The contrast cannot be perfect, inasmuch as each of the three men suffered under different physical frailties and ailments. But take it as far as it will take you. Kant and Descartes were endowed with magnificent minds and used these deliberately and always to escape or to soften the evils of the flesh. Randolph, lacking the mind, sank into wretchedness.

All of which suggests that, while intelligence cannot of itself guarantee happiness, it may serve to this end effectively. And, other things being equal, the intelligent man has a better chance of living happily than has the unintelligent one. If, however, intelligence happens to be linked with a set of wild cravings, it may accomplish little. And if, with such a set, it be itself feeble, then we behold an unhappy creature like Papini.

GIOVANNI PAPINI

Immense energy sometimes wells up in a body hampered by many ailments, far too weak to handle

its rush, and deficient in many sorts of skill. The control a man exercises over his free energies varies directly with the complexity of his nervous organization, which will here be called his integrative pattern. The more trends he has and the more closely these are knit into smooth systems of coördinated behavior, the more thoroughly will he employ his vital forces. In a poorly organized nervous system, the wastage of energy is appalling; just as in a badly designed gas engine. He whom the gods have cursed with such poor equipment will fritter away his powers in foolish strenuosities until, worn out by the loss and the fruitlessness of it all, he retires to some far simpler level of conduct in an environment free from all temptation to squander his waning powers.

The specimen best illustrating this combination of inferior health, superior free energies, and extraordinary limitations of skill is Giovanni Papini, one time pseudo-philosopher and lately famous for his regression to primitive Christianity. He is one of the most instructive personalities to study, first because he once possessed an almost superhuman power of self-analysis and frankness, and secondly because he has published this self-analysis in a remarkable book which, taken in conjunction with what I have been able to collect about him from other persons, furnishes matchless material.[1]

[1] The book, "Un Uomo Finito," has been translated by Virginia Pope, under the title of "The Failure," New York, 1924. All my quotations are from this volume.

I use the man here as an example of high energy linked with wretched health and faulty integrative action. All his eccentricities can be traced back to this life pattern. He would make more entertaining reading, I am sure, if he were to be described as an aggressive egotist. But such a picture would hide the deepest flaw in his nature. For poor Papini is a man blessed with several magnificent traits which have, with one exception, all failed to follow through because he was constitutionally unable to harness them together.

It is the tragedy of his strange career that, when his physical and psychic energies were at high tide and running wild, his intellectual skill and his social skill were pitifully weak. His aspirations, well down into his adult years, were infantile, as he himself confesses. And the methods he chose to realize those childish egotisms were singularly inept.

"My life," he says, "has been a succession of vast ambitions and hasty renunciations." [1] These he recounts with brilliant fidelity in his autobiography, which, to me at least, is the most pathetic document in all literature. And he clearly perceives that he has been dominated from the beginning by two mighty desires. The first was glory. "I was born with the disease of greatness in my brain," he confesses.

> "I confess: what I wanted—the reasons for wanting it mattered little—was that all eyes

[1] Page 35.

should be on me, at least for a moment; and that all lips should be speaking my name.

"Founder of a school, leader of a faction, prophet of a religion, discoverer of theories or of extraordinary intellects, captain of a party, redeemer of souls, author of a best seller, master of a salon—anything, no matter what, so long as I was first, foremost, greatest, in Something!

"To give my name to an idea or to a group of men; to disclose a new, unexpected, incredible truth; to be recognized, judged by people, to have my chapter in the histories or my paragraph in the encyclopedias; to have a field of my own, to stand for something that everybody must know.

"No matter why, no matter how—but on no account should I be thrust aside, relegated to a second or a third row among interesting men, curious men, merely cultivated and intelligent. Something crazy, something foolish—never mind; so long as I was the lunatic of that lunacy, the fool of that folly!" [1]

His second mania was certitude, which meant unshakable insight into the nature of man and his world. To this end he read, as a child, every book he could get; and long before he had assimilated anything, he began to write an encyclopedia, which was to include a complete history of the world. Little by

[1] Page 165.

little he reduced the scope of this, and finally was utterly overwhelmed by even the narrowed torrent of facts. But this did not weaken his passion:

> "All I wanted was to know, know, know—know *everything*. (Everything! The watchword of my perpetual undoing!) Even at that age, I was one of those men who have no use for a little or a half. Everything or nothing! And I have always wanted everything. . . . Completeness and totality, leaving nothing to be desired thereafter!" [1]

Well below these two traits but still of high importance must be put his amazing aggressiveness, which usually showed itself in the familiar rage reactions. He did all things with a fine fury. Things he disapproved of he attacked with a lunge and a snarl. People whose views he rejected he belabored scathingly. And never more so than when his too high hopes went aglimmering.

In a well integrated personality like Martin Luther or Roosevelt, rage is used as steam in an engine. It becomes a motive power. In a poorly organized man, it becomes dynamite blasting the mechanism into bits. And like dynamite, it goes off with a terrific bang, all its might squandered in an instant. Then ensue lethargy, a blank mind, weakness, despair. In its pathological form, the energy runs ab-

[1] Page 19.

solutely wild; and the result is the manic-depressive, whose wretched life is divided between incredible exaltations and ecstasies over wild schemes, on the one hand, and crushing, bitter inanition, on the other. Between this extreme and a Roosevelt, every degree of energy control is to be found; with Papini perilously close to the uncontrolled type.

Attempting too much at every try, he was doomed to failure after failure. Failure induced fury. First he bared his fangs at life itself. It was all a futility. When eighteen he planned a mighty "Anthology of Nothingness" in which he would sing the praises of universal suicide and "an unpeopled world whirling in space." For the next ten years he abandoned himself to kicking, scratching and yowling against all things, including God. When twenty-one he started his eccentric publication, "Leonardo," which the ever goodhearted William James assured me at the time was destined to become a mighty force in the world's philosophy. "Leonardo" became, in fact, a sort of Cloaca Maxima of Metaphysics and the lyric catharsis. Into it Papini and his juvenile band poured the most incredible stream of undigested and vituperative rubbish. Clever words there were aplenty, but not a thought. Only sound and fury—and more fury than sound. Rightly did Papini himself call his own contributions *"stroncature"* or *"slashings."* I recall trying to get some enlightenment from them, in my foolish days, when I imagined that whatever was put forth as philosophical must at least be profound. And

great was my bewilderment. It all seemed nonsense or else caterwauling. And history has shown that it was what it seemed.

In 1911 Papini reached the height of his blind rages when he put forth a book entitled "The Memoirs of God," a work which our noble and pure-minded censors would have suppressed in manuscript. In it the author indicts the Almighty as a negligent, slovenly, corrupt, and immoral wretch unfit to be an alderman, let alone run the Universe. The production stirred up a row even in Italy, where censors are more liberal than here. And when some people reproached him, he retorted with a line which he uses in his autobiography:

> "I write just to get the stuff off my mind—as a cesspool drains off its superfluous sewage . . . Yes, to get the muck off my mind! Notice: I do not say 'to liberate my spirit' as does your long-haired hero and eponym, your philistine of philistines, Wolfgang von Goethe. . . ." [1]

And, by way of more serious defense:

> "The natural attitude of my mind is one of protest. The instinctive posture of my body is one of attack. My favorite form of speech is invective and insult. Every love song turns on my lips into a refrain of revolt. . . ." [2]

[1] Page 313.
[2] Page 315.

What fanned this sputuous rage? Nothing, at bottom, but the long, cruel line of thwarted endeavors, of course. And these endeavors, why thwarted? Because, seeking to know the truth, he strove immodestly to learn too much too quickly; and, striving to "be first, foremost, greatest in Something," he could neither knit the forces within him nor deal with people around him with the intelligence of a head waiter. Knowledge, certitude, power, fame, and battle—these concepts Papini has always understood; but even today, as his every act and word prove, he understands what intelligence is only as you and I understand what the dark side of the moon is. We have never seen the place and never shall, but from what astronomers tell us about the moon, we can make a fair guess about it. Intelligence, the capacity to bind together, to connect, to organize, never dwelt in the chromosomes that became Papini. He has never analyzed, inferred, or experimented on the intellectual level. He has only read, absorbed, and reacted emotionally.

Indeed he understands this. For he says:

> "I am steeped in other people's theories. I am stuffed with other people's books, articles, phrases, images. I am a product of others, whereas I would like to be a genius and *myself*.
>
> "This uncertainty is a torment to me. I would like to know what I really am and to what ex-

tent the things I have done are mine. I would like to give to others after having stolen from them. I would like to add to the civilization that has been my sustenance. But . . . I am singing in a chorus and cannot distinguish the sound of my own voice.

"I wish I were a spider drawing the threads of my work from my own insides. . . . I would like to be indebted to myself and to myself alone." [1]

The contrast with Goethe is perfect at this point, and it explains in part Papini's ferocious hatred of the man. In his Conversations with Eckermann, Goethe remarks:

"People are always talking about originality, but what does that mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to act on us, and this goes on to the end. *And, after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength, and will?* If I could give an account of all I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor. . . . I by no means owe my works to my wisdom alone, but to a thousand things and persons around me that provided me with material."

These are the words of a man who could see clearly, and, seeing, put one and one together and

[1] Pages 262–263.

make two. Poor Papini never could put one and one together, even when he chanced to see both. Hence his egotism remained, down to his conversion, unqualified by any common sense, a childish craving, and hence impressive only to other child minds.

While I have no intention to write a life of Papini here, I cannot resist a word or two on his change of heart in recent years. For this event illustrates several of my present contentions so neatly that it seems made to order.

To get at the forces behind the change, we must recall what we saw happening in other personalities who had defective outer adjustments. Some of them, when desperately anxious to accomplish something in their relations with people, first worked themselves up into a rage; the extra power helped them more or less and in time became a recognized mechanism to be turned on and off, as needed. Now this developed in Papini with extreme violence, not only because his integrative action is weak in the higher levels of organization but even more because he was born with a frail constitution that made poor health unavoidable. He gives us evidence aplenty for believing that his circulatory system, his digestion, and some of his endocrine functions were all wrong from the beginning. At the age of seven, he says he was "a weazened, bleached, misshapen ghost." [1] In his poverty-stricken home, people called him a toad; and toad he was, cold, still, solitary, a most inhuman tot. As a

[1] Page 8.

baby, he had the face of an old man.[1] For many years his woefully defective eyes have threatened to go blind. And not the least of his constitutional defects has been that neural instability which caused all his free energies to leak away in the form of rage explosions.

Inferiority was pounded into him from the start, by other children and adults. But, being of the rage type, he was not crushed; on the contrary he rebelled and hated everybody. Having no power to cope with circumstances and humanity, he did what innumerable others have done, sought his solutions in the "life of the spirit," that is to say in purely mental adjustments which, at times, found expression, not in deeds of the larger order but merely in words, words, words. The weakling's substitute for action!

To sustain himself at a literary pitch, he had to keep enraged. This was easy during his best years, namely the twenties. For then, while the metabolism of the body is not so fast as in childhood, it is distinctly high and is doubtless supported on the mental side by the novelty of life and its irresponsibilities. But when Papini reached thirty, his physique began betraying him, as the chronology shows only too well. In that year he reached his height of audacity and vituperation. Then the "Memoirs of God" came from his vitriolic pen. *And in the very next year he wrote his terrible confession of utter failure.*

Let us reflect on this a little. In the average man,

[1] Page 8.

the decline of metabolic rate sets in around the thirty-fifth year, after which it shows a steady but slight annual drop. Persons having a defective inheritance that affects their basal metabolism, as in Papini's case, often slow down in their production and consumption of energy some years earlier. Now one of the first signs of lowered general vitality is likely to be a loss of self-confidence. This will sometimes be followed by a painful self-analysis, to see what has happened and how things may be remedied. In a preternatural egotist, a quick drop in power, even if slight, will almost certainly induce a violent inner shock. (Usually the protective mechanisms of a seasoned egotist will conceal the shock from the public for a long time.)

All his life long such mental processes as he carried on had been sustained by the heat of rage. His striving for knowledge was fed with fury, and his wish for fame was a terrible fire. If the fire dwindles to a glow, what then? As surely as the laws of energy pervade the universe, just so surely must those mental processes slow down and all but stop. Now in Papini this began when he was thirty-one; and only two years later the world war came. Some day his biographer will tell us how that cataclysm staggered the egotist in him; how it revealed to Papini, as to thousands of lesser self-centered persons all over the world their own cosmic insignificance. Enough here to say that those years shattered him and his poorly organized philosophy of life.

Friends of his in Florence tell me that Papini

bellowed ferociously for war from the day the Germans marched on Paris. He scolded Italy for every minute she delayed flinging her cohorts against the Teutons, whom Papini hated as only a totally inefficient man can hate completely efficient machinemen. Note here, as with D'Annunzio, that *the war was an abnormally violent stimulus and thus succeeded in arousing reactions in him which no ordinary event could.* Hence he loved it, for it preserved his old vital equilibrium. But he loved it only as long as it served to sustain his fury *on the mental level alone.* For this we have complete proof in his conduct when Italy entered the war, some ten months after he began clamoring for it.

Of course, everybody asked Papini what he was going to do, now that war was declared. And, in spite of his frailties of body, he had to do something. He could not sit back and watch the legions passing northward. So, like everybody else, he tried to do his bit. And now comes the most revealing item in the man's nature, as told me by those who have watched him all his life, often at his very elbow. The loathsomeness of real war nauseated the poor fellow. Bloated corpses, festering wounds, the stench of littered trenches and the blood-caked earth struck him cold. A little of the horror was, no doubt, that deep timidity of a physically inferior frame; but most of it was the horror of utter bewilderment in a completely egocentric spirit. This man whose entire outlook since infancy had been centered on himself,

on his own exaltation, on personal glory, on complete emancipation from even the ideas and lore of other men beheld millions of other men coolly marching into the hot faces of the guns; beheld them throwing their lives away like small change on a sailors' holiday; beheld them proving by deed their infinite contempt for that narrow, purblind egotism which he had always preached and tried to practise. It was all beyond his understanding. The world was not what he had supposed it. Men were not as he had fancied them. And to this disillusionment came the final stroke: Papini saw now, projected into the cosmos on a stellar scale, the outworking of rage and hate. He saw the logic of his own past life. He saw the poison of his own mentality spilled out upon the nations. What he had been able merely to think and say, all Europe was now doing. But he himself could not carry it out. The herd whom he had despised were more consistent Papinis than Papini.

So he turned against war. He came to hate its hates as only one can who has become enraged at himself for his own follies. Proclaiming his new hate, he incurred the enmity of the war-mad Italians. And in short order he became despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Everybody deserted him during the war. Some hooted at him, others laughed at the one-time militant thunderer who now squeaked like a mouse in a trap. Nobody would publish his effusions or give him employment. So he sank into deep poverty and even-

tually had to leave Florence to seek humble lodgings in a remote peasant village at the headwaters of the Tiber.

From this point on, his regression to primitive faith is clear enough. It might have been predicted by almost any intelligent person who was close to the man. Papini had passed the peak of his spontaneous energy. His rage reactions were abating and had only been revived for a few months by the accident of the world war. As soon as that stimulus ceased to inflame him, he found himself a man whose entire pattern of life had been destroyed. Infinitely more than in the days when he wrote his autobiography of failure, he was now a man done for. But how rebuild his life?

He lacked the right habits of clear thinking and faithful observation needed to reëducate himself. And the inner energy to develop new habits failed him utterly. The years had drained him. Hence he was forced back upon some ready-made philosophy of life. It must be one which justified his one remaining power, the power to hate hate, to war verbally on war. It must be one which consoled the mutilated ego. And it must be one which justified his flight from the world. And obviously it must be one which exalted the spirit far above the flesh.

Here we have the underlying mechanism which manufactured Papini's "Life of Christ." Intimate friends of the author have told me that in this peculiar volume the author unwittingly reveals the

identification of himself with Christ. This is what we should expect. For it is only by such an identification that the greedy ego of Papini could ever be appeased. The author's frank surrender of all critical and historical intelligence surpasses belief. It is almost as complete as Bruce Barton's, though of wholly different pattern. He refuses to consider any possible errors or inner contradictions in the Bible texts. But is this not what we ought to expect of a man who has never been able to think? And must it not console him to find a way of life in which all thinking is tabu?

Since "The Life of Christ" Papini has put forth instalments of his "Polemic Dictionary." A casual glance at this reveals a feeble, stereotyped rage reaction, a mere perseveration of a juvenile habit. All form, no life. Again it shows the wretched integration of the man's nervous system; for, if he were consistent in his new Christianity, with its exaltation of simple, unquestioning love, he would not waste his time and energy on cheap satire and vindictive buffoonery. He would either live as Vincent Van Gogh did, or else hie himself to a monastery.

Such consistency is beyond the powers of this profoundly unhappy man. Instead, he has married a simple peasant woman and has retired to a peasant village, where he can be the superior citizen without effort. He is growing fat and feeling much better than of old, though he still suffers from depressions, I am told. He hates cities, for there he encounters

abler men who smile at him and his ill-fashioned thoughts. And there is one thing which Papini cannot endure; he cannot forget nor forgive anybody who laughs at him or cracks a joke at his expense.

The best thing I have lately learned about him is that he is deeply ashamed of the shoddy appeal and method of his "Life of Christ" and craves to escape from the contempt the book earned for him in the minds of intelligent people. This suggests that the accursed is being delivered of his curse, in some small measure at least.

CHOPIN

Pity those who do not know what they want. And pity their next of kin, the people who cannot organize their wishes. The former are in misery, while the latter are torn to tatters by the free-for-all fight in which every slightest whim gets in the way of the deep and abiding aspirations. Both suffer from some obscure defect of central nervous pattern over which the healers of today have no control. And both are denied that inner peace that ensues when all the impulses are brought to a state of relative rest.

Chopin, the great composer, was cursed with both of these defects in alternation; so we cite him as an all too perfect specimen of imperfection. And as we do so, let us notice his general characteristics, all of which surely link up with this profound weakness.

Misery was built into his frame. Delicate to the point of fragility, he was hypersensitive in almost every respect. Ears, eyes, skin, blood, and muscles

all responded to slight stimuli; and so too did his emotional apparatus. Too easily pleased, too easily displeased; too easily excited, too easily depressed; too easily deceived, too easily disillusioned; too easily exhausted and infected: such was the frail design. That he lived into adulthood is marvel enough; and that he ever created music of everlasting beauty is almost miraculous.

In him we see a general unbalance between central nervous system and physique. All his closest friends agreed that his immense fantasy and his wild emotions tore his body to tatters. And this gross inequality within him was aggravated by poverty. When he ought to have been quietly dreaming music, he had to give five music lessons a day to plodding students. And when he did find time to devote his thin energies to creating, his excitement and concentration rose to such a pitch that he soon collapsed.

George Sand, that robustious he-woman who took charge of this she-man's affairs and saved him from himself, testified that Chopin was wont to shut himself up in his room for days at a stretch, weeping, walking up and down, breaking his pens, repeating and altering a bar of music a hundred times, writing it down and then erasing it, and commencing on the next day with a minute and desperate perseverance. He was never satisfied with the music he wrote. He didn't know what he wanted; or, if he sometimes did, a host of unwanted ideas crowded in upon his littered mind.

He was forever begging friends to decide matters for him. "Shall I go to Paris?" he wrote to an admirer. "Shall I return home? Shall I stay here? Shall I kill myself? Shall I not write to you any more?" So too with his fleeting fancies for women. Again let George Sand be witness. He was unable, so she says, to sustain interest in any woman very long. He usually lost his heart to five or six women simultaneously and then was rent asunder by the effort to make a choice among them. In the course of a single evening party, he would wildly make love to three women and forget them as soon as he had turned his back.

Feeble will rooted in his feeble body. He lacked physical power to follow through with any desire. Hence also his odd submissiveness, which so often showed up as a contradiction of his fastidiousness and his petulance. In the larger matters of life he opposed nobody, sought to manage nothing, shunned all discussions, and remained colorless as well as silent. A protective mechanism, this. He had to conserve his strength and avoid excitement. For when he became angry, he would choke, turn green, and appear to be on the verge of a fit.

He lacked Beethoven's godly gift of giant power which lifted him above his stricken body as an airplane soars above fog. So the music of Chopin is defeat transformed to song, while the music of Beethoven is victory on a battlefield where the dying victors outnumber the dead of the vanquished. The

curse that lay on Chopin might have been softened, had he grown up in luxury and leisure, shielded from all vexations. But even then he would have been a tragic figure.

It is useful to set Chopin over against Immanuel Kant, by way of drawing a lesson. Kant was a frail little deformed lump of flesh, quite as frail as Chopin in many respects. Low in energies, he found life a bitter struggle and repeatedly declared that he found no joy in it and would, under no conditions, be willing to live it over again. Nevertheless he never suffered as Chopin did. For he knew what he wanted; and, knowing, was able to organize his affairs so that every impulse marched in step to the commands of an inexorable will. Kant's career is famous for its excess of method, system, routine and rigor. Chopin's is famous for irregularity, disorder, confusion, laxity, chaos and bitter misery. Kant got ten thousand times more out of life than Chopin did, thanks almost entirely to what we call self-control. The two histories support the ancient doctrine that, in some sense and manner, most happiness is founded on some kind of self-control.

But just what this consists of is not easy to say. What is manifestly self-control in one person is no less manifestly the lack of it in another.

WOODROW WILSON

Woodrow Wilson was the unhappiest of men. He remained to the end unable to satisfy either of his

two strongest urges. He was blocked both by his own traits in the three worlds in which he necessarily sought self-realization, the world of law, the academic realm, and politics. Of the many obstacles to happiness the worst were physiological and in the main a changeless part of his nature. They thwarted him doubly in that he always strove, in his pride, to conceal them, with the result that nobody except a few intimates knew under what handicaps of the flesh he labored. And seemingly these friends have not fully measured his structural defects. Or, if they have, they have concealed them from the world. For none of Wilson's biographers has, so far as I can ascertain, been aware of all his bodily frailties.

The first—and perhaps most poisonous—virus of his unhappiness was a constitutional infirmity which he struggled to hide and did hide with such cunning that the world has never suspected it. I cannot disclose it here simply because of the circumstances under which it was confidentially disclosed to me. Enough to say that it was of a sort that caused a slight but almost continuous discomfort and at times a serious nervous upset, from childhood to the day of his death. It prevented the little boy from playing football, baseball, and all other strenuous games. And it probably was a factor in causing his terrible headaches, his still more terrible temper, his ghastly dyspepsia, and his nightmares.

The second flaw in his physique was simple muscular frailty, which, being inconcealable, early became

known to all his friends. He often had to rest for two hours in the middle of the day, even when he was doing nothing more strenuous than lecturing to Princeton students. In later years he had to avoid meetings and social affairs for his energy's sake. The third flaw was bad eyesight, which necessitated his wearing glasses from boyhood onward. This may have contributed somewhat to the fourth and fifth defects, the headaches and the indigestion which, in later years, shattered him. While in the White House, the poor devil consumed headache powders in such quantity that they brought on sundry symptoms of Bright's Disease. And he used a stomach pump almost daily.

Now look at his mental pattern. Here we find no flaws comparable to any of the five defects of body. The worst one can say of it is what he himself said with deep earnestness: "I have a single-track mind with no sidings." To which I must add that it was a single-track mind laid on an abominably poor roadbed. He was always a slow and painful thinker—more painful than painstaking. He lacked all scientific curiosity as well as creative imagination. He could argue with words and phrases more skilfully than he could infer facts from other facts. And he was not even a moderately good observer of either people or things. In short, a mediocre intellect, as is proved by his academic record, which Harry Elmer Barnes has investigated.[1] In his graduating class at

[1] See American Mercury, I: 479 ff.

Princeton he ranked thirty-eighth from the top in a total of 106 students. This puts him into the median 50%. When we consider the modest standards of scholarship in Princeton back in those days, we are safe in agreeing with Barnes' assertion that Wilson's mind was distinctly below that of the average American university professor and not for an instant to be compared with the intellect of Taft or even with that of Roosevelt. If you seek further evidence, read his textbooks "The State" and "Congressional Government." Both plain pedestrian jobs—conscientious and unoriginal, routine and dull. On the whole, the sort of tomes which hundreds of plodding assistant professors grind out every year in the hope of earning promotion thereby. (I speak with a trace of feeling because, more than twenty years ago, I tutored some of Wilson's own students in his courses, which they had flunked.)

Now, as a rule, superior intelligences tend to underestimate themselves—probably because they perceive the baffling number and complexity of things. Mediocre intelligences, on the other hand, incline to overrate themselves because they do not grasp the rich chaos of this alleged cosmos and hence imagine things to be vastly simpler than they are. Woodrow Wilson followed this statistical trend all too closely. All his observant intimates have chipped in morsels of evidence going to show that he labored all his life long under the honeyed delusion that he possessed a first-class mind.

This error was nourished by his one superior mental trait, his linguistic abilities. He always did surpass his fellows in manipulating words. And, like many other phrase-makers, he thought he was thinking as well as he phrased. As a youth he loved elocution and oratory. As a man he used to assure his Princeton associates that the day was coming when American politics would again be dominated by great orators. And many years before he entered the slimy arena of politics, he began practising the lines of Demosthenes daily before breakfast. (This by his own statement to a group of historians who were visiting him.)

Unfortunately for Wilson and more so for the world, this linguistic trait came to dominate his mental behavior, and chiefly by default. Not that he was a genius with words. Far from it. He will never be ranked even as a near-genius. But he was ruled by the power of his own words simply because they were stronger than his intelligence and best suited to the needs of his inferior physique. The meaning of this last remark will be made clear in a moment. First a word about his emotional make-up.

Here we must distinguish carefully between Wilson, the boy, and Wilson, the academe; and again between Wilson, the college president, and Wilson, the statesman. For his physique deteriorated as he grew up, and each bodily change brought with it changes in his emotional responses. We must also bear in mind the subtle changes wrought by his progressive

frustrations, which in turn were largely brought about by his five physical frailties. From first to last he manifested the hot temper that is usual in masterful personalities. As he grew older, more dyspeptic and unhappier, his rages became more frequent as well as uglier. So too did his singular joylessness. To Colonel House he used to complain that he found no pleasure in success. The hour of victory found him cold. Then too, he was hypersensitive toward opponents and critics. He shrank from them. He grew silent. And in his privacy he brooded endlessly. Ten years after he had gone down to defeat in the bitter struggle against the Princeton alumni, he was having horrid nightmares in which Dean West and other foes assailed him afresh. What better proof that every rebuff lived forever in his mind? His mind never mastered his feelings.

Now, this combination of an evil temper with hypersensitivity to criticism resulted in the worst disaster that could befall any man. As he grew older, frailer, sicker, and more utterly thwarted, Wilson quarreled with every friend in quick succession. This not only lost him the friends but gained for him many critics. In the long run it worked his ruin, for in politics a man needs friends far more than he needs brains or cash.

Here, in all too bald outline, is the pattern of his personality save for the most important factor, his dominant urge. This is the machine, but what of the power that drove it? There can never be any doubt

about it; all his life through, Woodrow Wilson fiercely craved the two things which he was by nature grossly unfitted to attain. He hungered for many friends, and he yearned even more keenly for the power to manage men and affairs. His first severe nervous breakdown came in 1896 as the climax of his first painful realization of his dominant appetite. "I'm tired of a *talking* profession. I want to do *something*," he used to say when he was a professor. And he was forever bewailing his loneliness, and his difficulty in attracting friends. To himself his lack of social sense and skill in dealing with people as human beings was almost as conspicuous as it was to everybody else.

It is normal to hunger for the good things we lack. Nobody craves what he has. But happiness comes only if we have the ability *and* the opportunity to get what we want. If, having the ability, we never find a fair chance to seize the thing desired, we may still console ourselves by putting all the blame for our thwarting upon Fate. Not so, though, if the opportunity comes rushing upon us, with open arms, and we find ourselves incompetent to seize it. Then we know we have failed because we ourselves are failures. This was the bitter end of Woodrow Wilson's heart hunger.

He himself failed first in one way when he vainly tried to practise law. He failed again in a wholly different way when he became a professor. He failed a third time when he became president of Princeton. And he failed a fourth time, in a still different manner, as President of the United States. Three times

a golden opportunity was handed to him by events over which he had little or no control. Three times he seized it, only to discover that he himself could not measure up to it. And his last opportunity was the rarest and the most magnificent ever offered to mortal man.

Whoever aspires to manage men and affairs must be endowed, above all things, with superb energy. He must in this respect resemble all the strenuous statesmen such as Washington, Bismarck, Gladstone, Clemenceau, Bryan, Roosevelt, Lenin, Mussolini, and Lloyd George. Huge engines, all of them! Able to work twenty-four hours at a stretch, debate against twenty adversaries in as many minutes, lead parades, marshall armies, travel by boat, train, auto, plane, horse or foot in any weather, and through it all remain enthusiastic and fresh.

What could the half-invalid, Wilson, do in this game of giants? Wilson the puny, with his stomach pump and his headache powders? Wilson the weakling, who had to take a nap after three morning lectures! Was there ever a wider chasm between wish and power?

Whoever dreams of winning many friends must himself be friendly to a fault. Like William Jennings Bryan, he must be indifferent to insults and jibes as well as quick in forgiving and forgetting disagreements and quarrels. Like Roosevelt, he must boil with enthusiasm over everybody he likes and must defend them ferociously. Like Al Smith, he must thrill when-

ever he kisses a baby or goes back to meet the neighbors in his old street where he grew up. To laugh with men, to cry with women, to play with children, to be the life of the party—this is the recipe for wholesale friendships. A recipe which poor Wilson never could learn. Wilson, cursed with moodiness and silences, with suspicions and sudden hatreds. Wilson, who always turned his conversation into a curt lecture or a sermon. Wilson, who would listen in total silence for half an hour, while a friend reported something to him, and would then stalk stiffly out of the room without so much as a thank-you-kindly. Wilson, the mediocre intellect, that imagined itself a thing of quality and looked down upon most people.

The one career in which he succeeded moderately interested him half-heartedly, and his success there was not brilliant enough to compensate for his defeats elsewhere. He could lecture well. He could write well, after a fashion. But his heart was not in either task. For addressing college boys does not create friends nor bring great power. Nor does writing textbooks. Not until he reached the White House did he find adequate use for his gift of words. Then they became, more or less, a means to the ends of winning friends and the mastery of world affairs. Probably the praise and admiration which his war messages won brought him closer to happiness than anything else in his whole life. But his subsequent failures in dealing with stronger, tougher, and less scrupulous statesmen neutralized his transient literary fame.

In spite of himself, he was driven over and over away from the outer world of busy people and their difficult affairs; driven steadily back into the domain of ideas and words. He failed in the practice of law, obviously because of physical frailty, his slow, single-track mind, and his inability to deal affably and effectively with all sorts and conditions of men. Can you imagine him listening with patient understanding to a client's interminable recital of grievances? Can you imagine him thinking fast enough and accurately enough to vanquish an adversary? Can you imagine him taking into shrewd consideration the thousand and one details in the strategy of jollying a jury and impressing the judge?

A mediocre mind grasps few things. When it attacks complex problems, it usually pursues one of three courses. First, if the matter is exceedingly intricate, it may give it up at the outset and justify its surrender in any convenient way. Secondly, it may divide and conquer, by the trick of selecting the easiest aspect of the problem and pretending that it is the whole problem. This is the way most people go through the motions of "solving" the prohibition question—for example, by declaring that it is nothing more than the question of personal liberty. Thirdly, the mediocre mind may artificially simplify the entire problem and quickly find a deft solution which, alas, never works. This is by far the commonest method. With it ordinary men "solve" the immortality of the soul, the problems of marriage, the outlawry of war,

and such trifles. With it Woodrow Wilson attacked the little matter of reorganizing world government and world politics.

Instead of coming to grips with all the detestable realities, he magnificently ignored them. And never more insultingly than with his immense staff of experts whom his advisers—not he!—marched all the way to Paris. If ever he made use of their knowledge, they are unaware of the time and place. For Wilson never was able to seek advice or information of other people. Thus did he add several cubits to the stature of his ignorance. How then did he deal with the war, the armistice, the peace terms, and the post-war reconstruction? Solely through the medium of glittering generalities which expressed an abstract idealism. Brotherhood, World Unity, Justice, Democracy, the Right—with these weapons from the elocutionist's arsenal he sallied forth to vanquish a war-racked world which was crowded with more disillusioned men and women then ever before in human history.

It is not my present concern to write the life of Wilson, still less to attack or defend his policies. I wish only to exhibit the forces within him that destroyed his vital balance and finally slew him. Think whatever you will of his program for world reform, the fact remains that it never had a ghost of a chance in the world of 1918. It was a web of gossamer phrases which, far from impressing Europe, as the American Government-controlled press mendaciously maintained, caused first bewilderment, then laughter

among the intelligent classes of the Old World.

Was Wilson right, and the world wrong? That has nothing to do with our problem of Wilson's happiness. We can be sure of the one crucial fact: Wilson had the most marvelous opportunity mortal ever had to rise to the dizzy post of World Manager, and to win friends by the hundred millions; he not only failed to make the most of it, but converted into enemies millions of men who had been worshipping him as a Messiah. He was not merely weak in gaining power, he was infinitely weaker still in agreeing to the Treaty of Versailles, which repudiated in fact every principle he had been advocating in his fancy. Not satisfied with defeat and flight, he lingered to eat dirt.

In a twinkling he sank from godhood to something meaner than the clay of which the feet of gods are made. So at least in the judgment of millions. But if those who came to despise him could have understood the imperfect frame of flesh which had attempted to remodel a degraded Europe into a Utopia, they would have turned from scorn to pity. And perhaps they would have amended our Constitution so as to bar physical weaklings from the Presidency. Wilson died a man of sorrows and unacquainted with either contentment or happiness. And so must die every other man who craves things which his body cannot attain.

BOOK IV

HAPPY—MORE OR LESS

YOU are now to look upon a long array of rather ordinary people who miss alike the heights of happiness and the depths of misery. They are neither blessed nor accursed. They inhabit the Vale of Mediocrity, where nothing is very good and nothing very bad, and where life has many flavors. You will see some who are fairly happy as a result of passably good harmony of wish, equipment and energy. And you will see many more who live a little unhappily most of the time. Their imperfections are due chiefly to three things: sometimes to an unfortunate combination of wishes, growing out of native traits; sometimes to a peculiarity of physique or mentality which is inadequate to fulfill one or more of the important wishes; and sometimes to an insufficient volume or irregular flow of energy. Keep these defects well in mind as you scan their records.

And please do not be irritated by the unequal array of happy and unhappy specimens. The latter far outnumber the former in these pages simply because they outnumber them in real life. Furthermore we have more to learn from the unhappy as a result of their revealing themselves more amply than the happy

do. The world doubtless contains many a glowing life whose currents all flow serenely down the years; but how shall we see or hear such? A purr is never so loud as a shriek. A well ordered nature is usually quiet and inconspicuous, being at peace with the world and with itself. It does not get onto the newspaper's front page. It does not rush to doctors for advice and pills. It never flings itself upon the operating table to have something excised. So it rarely comes to the attention of the clinical observer. A life that is a song belongs to the choir invisible.

THE HAPPINESS OF A WELL-ORDERED LIFE

Any man who can organize all his urges so that they find an outlet in his environment and can, at the same time, protect himself there against his weaknesses is sure to achieve as much happiness as his nature permits. Let me submit the short history of a small-town diplomat, and imitation statesman whose entire life, now nearing its end, has been thus organized and correspondingly happy.

Lemuel Leames, when about thirty years old, began to find the life of a travelling salesman too arduous. He had for a long time been succeeding fairly well in an important wholesale line, but his health was being slightly undermined by many long trips, especially in the summer, whose heat he did not well endure. His problem was to find some congenial occupation which might be carried on in a region where

the summers were not too hot. He went into one of the pleasant lake regions of the East, studied the people and their needs, and eventually found his chance. It was in a small but thriving town with a number of old families who were going to seed rapidly.

Our hero opened a shop there and began to sell at retail the same commodities which he had been handling wholesale on the road. His trade connections were excellent, he knew the goods, and he received liberal credit. Quickly he became established. As his commodities were of a sort used in the building trade, and as the bulk of the business open to him in the town came from a few large factories and from the municipality, he made moves to get into the good graces of these institutions. To do this, he went into local politics. He soon learned that the factories were preying on the town in all the good old ways; having their properties assessed too low, bribing the aldermen to except them from taxation in return for their putting up new works, and so on. Leames played their game in the grand manner, quite overshadowing the old-school politicians in his zeal to help local industries.

His business boomed. He got all the fat orders henceforth. And ere long he had wormed his way into the best families and had married the only daughter of a large landowner who was woefully landpoor. Whether Leames ever discovered that his wife was almost feeble-minded is still a matter of local de-

bate. Some aver that he married her because he knew her pygmy intellect and saw that he would have no trouble running her and her affairs. Others maintain that he is too innocent of the higher perspicacity to understand Mrs. Leames' blank smirk and her inane conversation. Be that as it may, the fact stands out luminously that Leames adjusted his life magnificently to this marital relation. He immediately took up the real estate business as a side line to his major one, his one aim being avowedly to increase the value of his wife's prospective holdings by pushing the sale of lots in and near them.

Shortly after marriage his health fell off perceptibly. He had been putting on weight and now he showed all the marks of arterial hypertension. Little by little he lapsed into what seemed a mere vegetative existence. He would sit around his house day in and day out, dawdling over the newspapers, calling up his office occasionally, smoking, gossiping with his political cronies, and incidentally eating altogether too much for his own welfare. As a matter of fact, this was not the bovine loafing of a Walt Whitman nor the swinish nihilism of a village idler. It was precisely the right thing for the man to do, in his state of health. By doing it, he has managed to live on in fairly good health hard on toward the seventies.

To fill in his workless days, he developed a hobby —again a sensible move. He took up fishing, partly because there was a fine trout brook in his wife's property and partly because the other local politi-

cians and business men went in for that sport. During the fishing season, he would invite the prominent citizens, manufacturers and politicians to his favorite trout pool; and there he would sit around all day with them, debating flies and rods or betimes the parlous state of the nation and the need of a sturdier brand of statesmen. Out of fishing season he filled his lawn and home with these same friends and there continued the same discussions. Thus he steadily built up a political following.

As a result of ill health, his business fell off more or less through lack of personal attention. But it kept going passably, thanks to the few strong personal contacts Leames maintained at home and at his brook. As he told me, he pondered over his future and reached the conclusion that he must make a living in some way which would not require the severe regularities of attention and effort needful in ordinary businesses. He decided that a career of politics, judiciously blended with real estate would serve his purpose. So into politics he flung himself.

He financed his venture by the sale of a few cheap lots and devoted forthwith an entire year to touring his end of the state, meeting politicians, attending rallies, serving on committees, and—on one dread occasion—making speeches. This last experience reveals the shrewd self-control and foresight of the man. He delivered three addresses in one week before rural crowds and then sealed his lips forever against all public pronunciamentos.

"I haven't got anything to say except bunk," he admitted to his intimates. "And I don't say that well. I know I sound as if my mouth was full of oatmeal. The fellows half way back in the hall didn't hear me —and I guess it's a good thing they didn't. I'm going to stick to silent politics."

At the time, some construed this to mean that he intended to run for office. But it soon developed that Leames was too sagacious to be led into that trap. He was in politics for profit and ease. He adhered sternly to the benevolent program of helping aspirants to win high office and asking nothing for his pains. In the past quarter-century he has toiled ardently through every campaign, has distributed handbills, talked with voters, contributed modest sums to campaign chests, and done a deal of dull routine for county committees. The committees, of course, furnish him comfortable transportation—a fine automobile of late—and give him an allowance for entertainment, which is his long suit always.

In return for all this, he gets fat contracts for supplies from those whom he has labored to elect. To be sure, he does not get the fattest; but he does not want them, for they mean hard work. His one avowed wish is to continue in lazy comfort, to fish, to have his friends hang around his house day and night, and to see his wife's acres increase in value so that, when he does need a few thousand dollars extra for a big campaign contribution, he can raise it on a real estate mortgage.

His is a highly integrative nature. He never reckons with only one or two things at a time. He literally takes everything into consideration. And usually he devises a plan of action which shows amazing skill in weaving his interests and meeting the situations at hand. Let me give one illustration of this.

Some years ago, in the same season, he found unusually few trout in his brook. At the same time, he was in need of funds. Business was in a bad slump, and no election was in sight for many months. Leames pondered. And here is the result. He persuaded some of his front lawn cronies that the State Fish and Game Commissioner was a man of rare ability and ought to be encouraged to run for some more important office. Wouldn't it be a good idea to bring him over and break the news to him? No sooner said than done. Some of the gang invited the Commissioner over. They told him their high opinion of him and held up glittering political prospects. "The Senatorship? Well, why not? Or at least the Governorship. Anyhow please think it over and come back next week; and be sure to bring along several of your friends."

Back came the Commissioner, with several friends. The party went down to the trout brook, the better to avoid eavesdroppers. While they fished there, they talked and talked. But they caught no fish. Whereupon nature took her course and caused the Commissioner to declare that he would instantly send a

truck load of trout from the State Fishery and stock the brook.

"We'll have more fish than any dozen men can catch then," said Leames. "I think we ought to organize a little fishing club and put a small shack right here. We can get together here and talk politics—you know, away from the other crowd."

Dues were levied on the spot. Ten dollars from each man, and fifteen men. With the proceeds, Leames paid off his most urgent bills and then went ahead to erect the shack as per contract. The trout came. So did the political suckers. Out of it came a year of wonderful fishing, a new top-line candidate, and a year later a fine big contract from the county.

Lemuel's entire career has been thus neatly managed. Clear foresight, frank recognition of facts, a willingness to compromise for the sake of getting results, and more than average understanding of simple human nature are all linked up with a firm determination to make the most of his powers and to protect his weaknesses. An ordinary man lacking every special superiority, Lemuel has risen far above the rank and file by his general superiority in integrating all the forces within him. His soul is captain of a thousand and one mediocre traits. But the captain is not at all mediocre.

A WELL-ORDERED DOUBLE LIFE

One of the most fascinating kinds of high integration is the "double life" in which there is no trace of

"dual personality." What happens is this. The person finds himself in an environment hostile to his own nature. For some reason he cannot leave and cannot make it over to suit himself. Compromise must be resorted to. But the effort to compromise is thwarted by the stubborness of something or somebody. After every amicable effort in that direction has failed, nothing is left but some evasive adaptation. Some parts of the personality elude the restrictions of the environment, while other less important parts accept the inevitable and yield to it.

This mechanism differs from that of the divided existence of the secret roué. The latter makes no organized effort to evolve a friendly and intelligent compromise with his social surroundings. If he is married, he does not discuss his wishes for the bright lights of Broadway with his wife and family. On the contrary, he shuns a genuine adjustment, sometimes through lack of moral courage and sometimes because he knows it will hurt his business. Secrecy and lying are necessary to his way of life. Not so, however, with the double adjustment I now refer to. Here is a case to prove it.

Jenny Graves is a woman of sound health but with a slight tendency to fatigue neuroses, all of which pass quickly. She has high esthetic sensitivities, with the usual mental detachment and love of quiet contemplation that go with the genuine esthete. Her craving for knowledge always has been strong. She shows a distinct philosophic bent without strong creative intel-

ligence. Her mind in these aspects is decidedly submissive and receptive. This lack of creativeness appears in her almost complete lack of free fantasy. She cannot conjure up imaginary characters, situations, or scenes. This weakness invades her dream life and results in a curious barren, stiff, and fragmentary series of meaningless flashes, almost all of which are plainly projections of her one strongest unsatisfied wish, which is to travel the world over. (She has almost never been away from her Missouri village; and her few flights have only whetted her appetite for wandering.) A record of dreams, kept over a period of several months, showed nothing more than blank pictures of herself on a camel in Egypt, travelling in a rickshaw across Japan, sailing up a Chinese river, wandering the streets of London, and so on. Nothing ever happened in these dream flashes; nobody else was present, and nothing was ever said. It was merely a collection of photographs. Free association tests are likewise insignificant.

Psychoanalysis has revealed nothing about her that is not otherwise obvious. For, as she grew up without any social censor in a family where sexual laxity was open and freely discussed, there were never any infantile inhibitions. Her mother and father were frequently promiscuous in their love affairs. Both were brutal to the child, so she hated them both quite frankly.

She is powerfully anti-social; but it is clear that, even with happier home life in childhood, she would

never have been a society lady. She is a complete extravert. Her gift of observation and description is rare; if she had to, she could become a scientific observer. She notices minute behavior in people and animals. Usually she interprets such behavior at face value. She does not impose a theory of her own upon it. In her personal reactions she develops rage toward stupid acts, toward hypocrisy, and toward cruelty.

This last aversion grows out of her intensely developed sympathetic imagination. Here we have her strongest single trait and the one around which the better half of her personality is clearly organized. She "feels with" every person she observes, so much so indeed that this empathy often distresses her acutely. Pleasures, pains, doubts, worries, theories, suspicions, every mental activity that can be expressed in overt behavior reaches her and reproduces itself in her. While this makes her hate cruelty and detest hypocrisy, it also leads her to shun people as a mass; for they work her up too deeply and, as it were, rob her of her own life by infiltrating their own into her consciousness. At the same time, empathy always shows her the other fellow's point of view; and she invariably reckons with it when working out a program. It also robs her of the ordinary unimaginative female's curiosity about the characters and private affairs of other people. Her own strongest wish is to be left alone.

Now watch the unusual integration of these traits under harsh external conditions.

She grew up on a poverty-stricken Missouri farm, arose at four o'clock to milk cows, drudged fifteen hours a day in and out of the house, and fell asleep in complete exhaustion. Down to her marriage this was her background. Of early education she received hardly a taste. She did not go to school more than a quarter of the time, on account of the pressure of farm work. As we shall later see, it was this mental deprivation that enormously stimulated her in later life. The starved mind, once given opportunity, fought to gorge itself. The second important fact out of her girlhood centers around her parents, their sordid affairs and quarrels, and their treatment of her, the oldest child.

The father was a licentious, brawling fellow destitute of all virtues and abilities save that of looking out for himself in a pinch. His wife was a weak-willed creature, always complaining, savagely jealous but without the ability to fight the wiles of other women who lured her husband. And she took out her jealous rages on her children. The father was no less churlish toward the youngsters. He suppressed them to the utmost, denied them everything, and punished them on the slightest pretext. Finally he ran away with one of his many flames and was never heard of again.

The suppressions imposed on the girl in these years were general. She was prevented from doing everything except the day's work. She was not allowed to read, save in bed before dropping off to sleep. She

was not allowed to go to parties, to have girls or boys visit her, to dress herself up prettily for church of a Sunday. But in all this there was nothing Puritanical. Virtue, holiness, church mandates had nothing to do with it; the irreligious parents were simply brutal. And the girl's later reactions had nothing of the common kickback of the minister's son in them.

She married very young, flinging herself into the arms of the first youth who made romantic advances. And she was, even at the time, conscious that her impulsiveness was largely a drive to escape home surroundings.

She had assumed that her husband was a great man. He ran a small but sure clothing store, owned a fine horse and buggy, and dressed in nobby city clothes. She had dreamed of fine society, books, travel, and all the rest. She had tremendous ambitions toward knowledge and art. Like millions of other women, she fancied that marriage would deliver her from all that had irked her in maidenhood. Like millions of other women, she found that she had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. The new environment was even worse than her old home. Housework, a horde of the husband's elderly relatives, all hostile toward her, and a village environment in Missouri of 1895 that was cruelly narrow and spiteful. The young bride craved books, knowledge, worldly wisdom, conversation with intelligent people. And she found corner grocers, village bad boys, degenerate livery stable loiterers, sewing society gossips, and all the rest of

the rest of the human dregs which settle in the backwaters of civilization.

After her first child was born, she saw, with a clarity that hurt, the dilemma of her existence; either she must stay on in the village that stifled her or she must flee once and for all. If she stayed, she must give up her own strongest desires. If she fled, she must take her child with her into an exile of friendless poverty and hard work. She knew nobody in the larger world and she had no training for any position save that of a farm toiler, which was, of course, out of the question. The hardships her child would undergo, if she left home with him, could be only a degree worse than those which he and she would suffer if they stayed on in their appointed place. So, being a woman whose head ruled her heart and, too, a woman of powerful integrative capacities, she decided to stay on and to make extraordinary efforts to find her escape in literature, philosophy and art.

She would master one of the arts to the point of earning a livelihood with it. Then she would take her child to some more wholesome environment. Out of fairness to her husband, she would take him along too; for the poor chap meant well by her and was not to blame for the low state of Missouri civilization. So she tackled painting first, that being her preference and seemingly the easiest road to commercial independence at home. She went in for birthday and holiday cards, for crayon enlargements made from photographs sent to her by mail.

This scheme failed. She received too little for her products. But many years later she discovered that the firm which bought them had sold them at enormous prices, for they had unmistakable quality. Next she considered school teaching; but she found it impossible to leave home for her own education. Funds were lacking, her child needed her, and her husband was opposed to such a wild venture. He assured her that he was making money enough for them to get along comfortably. To this she had no reply, for she understood him well enough to realize his utter inability to appreciate her own outlook on life and her desires.

Next she tried decorating chinaware, and as part of her training in this work made an intensive study of Oriental technique and products. Here again she became quite proficient but not commercially successful; for she had no way of selling her vases and dishes to advantage. More money was lost, more precious time, and a little of her courage. And the village gossiped about the queer ways of Ed's wife.

For more than ten years she struggled toward financial and personal independence vainly. During this time, she incurred the enmity of the leading ladies of the village, who soon sensed her superiority and resented it as only half-wits can. This hurt her husband's feelings and also made him worry over his business, which depended on the good will of the town. He expostulated with her, and then matters came to a head.

Gently she explained to him the entire situation, as far as she thought he could understand it. She told him that she must, sooner or later, lead her own life under conditions that were suited to her; and above all she could not endure the thought of letting her children grow up in the narrow little backwater of that remote, crude hog-and-hominy county. He declared that the town was good enough for him, and that anyhow he could not move away, for that would mean starting all over again. She knew that he was telling the truth, and she had not the heart to force him to change his whole life. Her sympathetic imagination stood in the way of such a course. She lived over his own point of view and his wishes, as the argument ran on. Finally she laid her plan before him.

She would take her children away to school and, while there, do any work she could to help support them. The town would not gossip long over this move, for it knew how she had her heart set on giving her children the best opportunities. Every summer she would come home and resume the old routine of housework. And she would, in that season, do whatever her husband wished in the way of mixing with the villagers, being nice to old ladies, giving dinners to his best customers, and so on. In return, he was to allow her to live her own life during the school terms—and no questions asked.

Shocked at first, as any small-town mind would have been, the husband finally consented to a trial year. It worked out beautifully. He found that she

was better disposed toward him at a distance than in his physical presence. He found that she was able to make a tidy sum at her work that went far toward covering the heavy expenses of the children's schooling. Her own nature expanded rapidly in the large city, and her abilities, long suppressed, leaped into fresh form. After almost ten years of this, she is now a happy woman who has realized her ambitions without a breach and without scandal. She lives her life precisely as she chooses, except for four months every year when she returns to the seedy farm village and swelters through the Middle Western dog days, renewing acquaintances and going on picnics and furbishing up her home. The gossips have long since stopped chattering about her, for they can find no scandal. And the novelty of her double life has worn off.

She has organized both existences with complete smoothness. Most interesting is her steady, never pugnacious and never petulant conversion of her husband to her own point of view and to the utmost liberality toward her way of life. This came out when, in the third year of her winter absence, her husband became enamored of a village belle. At first the wife was tempted to write freely of the affair to him and assure him that it made no difference to her. But again her knack of penetrating his mind came to her rescue. She intuited that half of the fun he was getting out of the episode lay in its naughtiness. If she assured him that it was not naughty, if, as she had

planned, she joked lightly about it, his pleasure would be dampened. That was the last thing she wished to have happen; for the happier he was, the surer was her own position. So she held her peace until the liaison had run its course and ended in a fierce quarrel. Then it leaked into the village gossip, and other people began slandering her husband, who, being entirely a creature of the herd, was stricken by hostility. At this crisis she wrote him a merry letter telling him that she had heard all the gossip, and that she did not mind it in the least, and that the lady in the case was a young harpy, and that it made no difference to her what her spouse had done, so long as he had drunk a little more deeply of the sweets of life.

She convinced him that she had known about the affair from its beginning and was rather glad of it. The simple fellow was bewildered, of course; but in the end he understood his wife's position better than ever before. And now there is not a chance in a million that her own dual career will ever be jeopardized by him.

Here, then, is probably the highest success that is possible under the circumstances. How much happiness results? The answer is significant. I believe my frequent observations of her square with her own statements on this point.

Ever since she knew she had achieved this double life, she has been amazingly serene. Everybody who meets her notices this. She speaks of it freely. But she is seldom happy, and simply because the labors

of her new life use up her energies. Now and then, however, she finds a chance to rest for a few days at a stretch; and then she quickly becomes quite happy. In short, fatigue is her only obstacle to a more enduring state of exaltation.

Of many, many other thousands who have won everything except leisure, this must also be true.

THE HAPPY GOURMAND

Here is an enduring happiness achieved by a man who has always been dominated by his cravings for food and drink, sheer swallowing and digesting. His nature is fairly complex, and, to many of his friends, has completely hidden the mainspring of his activity.

Beverly Bayne comes from robustious stock on both sides. His father was a self-made man in the best sense of the word. Starting penniless, and without any schooling, the father became a millionaire cotton mill operator, a scholar, and a gentleman. He was tremendously aggressive in business, in social contacts, and in his home life. He ruled his large family with a rod of iron and drove an oldest son to run away from home and cause him much trouble. His wife and the other children remained under the old gentleman's thumb; and, so far as Bayne was concerned, it was always a willing slavery. Bayne admired his father enormously and did his best to win his approval. But that best fell far short of what his father dreamed of in a son; so there was a good deal

of fault finding. Nevertheless, Bayne stood by his father through thick and thin; and when the latter retired from business, it was this younger son who stepped in and managed affairs.

Bayne soon found that a hard, driving business was not at all to his liking. Out of respect for and fear of his father, he exerted himself to the utmost; and kept things going passably for some years. Through it all, though, his vegetative nature asserted itself in a variety of significant ways. He used his business position as a means to give large dinners and drinking parties. It was, so he said, a good way to please one's customers. Before long he became financially interested in some saloons and restaurants, at each of which he visited regularly and was served most sumptuously.

His father objected to this Epicurean business method. He insisted that, if Bayne did not care to throw himself more energetically into textile manufacturing, he must at least become the company attorney. That meant studying law. Bayne tried this with a few grumblings; but he detested the law and all its makers. He came to hate everything institutional and compulsory, the State, the Church, Business and Society. It did not appear to him that this fury was born of his vegetative impulses, which were all being interfered with. What he wanted to do was to sit down to a magnificent dinner at six o'clock sharp, open with five or six cocktails, proceed to a dozen fat oysters, and so forth, alternating viands

with rare wines, until one o'clock. The idea of appearing at court around ten in the morning nauseated him. Noon was the right time for a Southern gentleman to arise. If you recalled to his mind that his adored father always arose around six and had finished a respectable day's work before ten, Bayne would say, "Well, Dad was a genius. I'm just ordinary and don't want to be anything else."

In his father's last years clashes grew between the men to a point at which Bayne was utterly cowed. His father had threatened to disinherit him if he persisted in his gluttony and alcoholic orgies. And Bayne dreaded the thought of poverty as only a gourmand can who sees in it an end of all good meals. He had at that time a clear ideal before him—but he did not reveal it until the hour came when it might be realized. That hour came when his father died, leaving him a modest fortune on the income of which he was able to marry and settle down in a comfortable, unpretentious way.

Free at last from paternal domination, Bayne revealed his own nature. He forsook work. He made no pretense of having a business. He bought a pleasant house in the country, where living expenses were relatively low; and he stocked it to the eaves with food, drink and books. The books deceived everybody, himself included, for some time. The impression went abroad that he was settling down to a literary career; and he aided and abetted the rumor. But here is

his daily program, faithfully followed for almost a quarter-century.

Out of bed between ten and eleven of the morning, except in hot weather. Breakfast of several luscious fruits, porridge, much toast, four or five cups of coffee, and endless butter, the same followed by a cordial, God save the mark! Then half an hour over the morning papers, by this time nearly stale. Then to the library, a charming, sun-drenched room overlooking a tiny garden and pool. Here two or three hours of reading, chiefly in books of travel and European novels, mostly of the older sort. Then to jot down such notes on this reading as he may be moved to indite. Then with the cook to survey the household's supply of food and drink for the evening's dinner, the one supreme event of each day.

This done, and a visit to a few friends ensues, during which perfunctory observations are made on the parlous state of the world, the lamentable corruption of our press and politics, and the general futility of all human endeavors other than eating and drinking. In short, the Omar Khayyam line of talk but without the Fitzgeraldian tang. Luncheon, and something more than a square meal, the menu of which may be omitted here. Then several letters to the newspapers, all in the Omar Khayyam vein; and a few epistles to friends telling of his own literary progress and pains. The balance of the afternoon is given up to his seemingly superior passion, a strenuous cam-

paign against all sumptuary laws, all prohibition fanatics, and all other political restraints including laws against traitors, conscientious objectors, and the like. I say it is a strenuous campaign; that is, strenuous for Bayne. It consists chiefly in sitting on committees, writing reports, calling editors with prepared "copy," and scheming how to defeat the Eighteenth Amendment.

Six o'clock and the day's glory arrives. Friends arrive, and dinner begins. Bayne's heart and soul are in the meal, and it shows his devotion. His wine is never a degree too warm nor too cold. His courses are as good as they are numerous. And they are served with the delicious languor of a Roman emperor's banquet, so that one has a chance to grow hungry midway in the feast. The conversation, I regret to add, is mostly vegetative or else the same old echoing of "a jug of wine, a loaf of bread alone in the wilderness." It is not even glamored by allusions to "thou beside me." For here we come on an important revelation—the romantic interest died out of Bayne when he was about twenty-eight years old. And it has never revived even languidly or in disguise. This is all the more significant when we take into account the extreme liberalism of Bayne and his father in sex matters. There has never been the slightest repression in such affairs. Bayne's married life has been thoroughly satisfactory for himself, but not for his wife, who has complained to her own parents and other intimates that her husband is cold. Bayne

always speaks with the utmost freedom of sex, never boasts of his own romantic adventures, and has never shown even a feeble interest in any woman since he married. He has become a thorough vegetable.

It is important to notice the part which alcohol plays in his personal adjustments. This throws light, not on him alone, but on millions of people. He is virtually beyond all intoxication. His capacity for liquor is staggering. I have seen him, not once but dozens of times, make away with a quart of whisky in an evening and remain as clear-headed as he ever is. What the liquor does for him, though, is to add a pleasant emotional tone to everything and to whip his languorous wit into life. Without liquor in him, he is a dull fellow; excessively dull, in fact. When he has imbibed a little, his conversation improves markedly. His memory leaps to life, and he begins recalling amusing episodes from his own experiences and from his extensive reading. He even waxes eloquent and declaims at length on weighty subjects. In short, his vegetative reactions under alcohol do not disorganize his higher cortical functions but, on the contrary, stimulate them. From this and many other cases which I have studied, I am inclined to believe that this often happens in persons who are fundamentally vegetative, while the reverse is the rule in those who are fundamentally cortical. Here we have one of the deepest roots of the everlasting controversy over the use and abuse of alcohol.

Bayne is a lovable soul. Nobody dislikes him, and

many are fond of him in a mild manner. He always listens to the opinions of others with deference and interest, even when he hears the much-detested anti-liberalism lauded. He rarely exhibits temper, no matter what the provocation. Fat, jovial, hail-fellow-well-met, he has crossed the half-century line with more happiness than is the lot of the man who thinks too much.

I hope it is clear what his interest in books does in his life. They are, on the one hand, a tribute to his father, who was himself a tremendous student and fired with the dream that his son would be a still greater one; and, on the other hand, they feed his inert mind with material on which he can draw reminiscently when aroused by liquor. Lacking all mental spontaneity, he enjoys the soft passivity of reading and still more the flashes of remembered wit and thunderous line which alcohol draws from his efflorescent cortex.

Beverly has integrated his native trends fully as well as Lemuel Leames. As the world crudely gauges success, of course, he is a failure. But this has nothing to do with the matter. He has made the most of what he is. And he has worked quite as hard as Leames to arrange his outward affairs so as to fulfill his inner nature.

Probably you have already been comparing Bayne with our old friend, Timothy Tubb, the blessed vegetable. And you may have wondered why I placed Timothy among the blessed, but not Bayne. My

reason is clear and simple. Timothy never had a struggle in finding his soul's salvation, for his soul is located exclusively in his alimentary canal; and there has always been food aplenty on hand. Bayne, on the contrary, went through a long and painful series of inner and outer adaptations before he was able to be himself. And—what is perhaps even more to the point—no small part of his final adjustment reveals marks of the fight he waged. His library and his literary gestures—what are they but battle scars? Or, if not scars, then habits fetched home from battlefields where he fought unwillingly for many a year.

Bayne has found himself. Tubb never has, for he was never lost, strayed nor stolen. The difference is far from trivial.

SLOW-BUT-SURE

My next specimen demonstrates the mild sort of success and happiness that can be attained by a slow mind in a slow body. While reading about it, note well how *low* energy, if in a *simple pattern* that is *tightly integrated* and if brought to a state of *dynamic equilibrium* by proper selection of its environment, has high efficiency. A man who can work only a few hours a day at his chosen task may achieve much, relative to the power he discharges, if he has a strongly accentuated preference in work and is so sensitive in his balancing adjustments that he seeks or creates for himself surroundings in which he is

able to give himself up wholeheartedly and without outside interferences to his chosen work.

Here is a flawless specimen whose history is known to me over a period of eighteen years. Lemuel Beers, as a boy in New Orleans, was as sluggish and as hostile to any form of hard work as a hookworm victim. His health, however, was excellent save for a slight tendency to catch bad colds and to shake them off with difficulty. His parents were very poor, so the boy received virtually no education at all. When thirteen, he went to work in a steamship company's office. There, for many years, he devoted himself to the unromantic task of checking off bunches of bananas and crates of pineapples as they arrived from the Southlands. On a salary that never exceeded nineteen dollars a week, he managed to save a little, all with one clear purpose. Some day he was going to turn his back on all jobs, all bananas, and all pineapples, forever, amen. He was going to write stories, novels, maybe even plays. . . .

He admitted to me, long ago, that, as he grew into his twenties, he fell to daydreaming over this career, to the detriment of the banana and pineapple trade. Little by little he devised a life program. He would save up a thousand dollars, then retire to the cheapest backwoods village he could find and proceed to write for newspapers and magazines. He foresaw that he would probably have to toil a year or longer before he could earn enough to make ends meet. To accelerate fame and fortune, he undertook practising lit-

erature after the day's work. But he lacked the requisite energy. His mind refused to function. His eyelids became leaden. And so to bed.

Eventually the thousand dollars were amassed. He left New Orleans, got a free ride on a freight train to California and there found a one-room shack in a mountain village. To conserve his resources to the utmost, he descended into the plains now and then to pick grapes and figs and oranges. The rest of his time he wrote.

But now he made an unpleasant discovery. He turned out copy very slowly. From records in his diaries it appears that he never produced more than two or three hundred words a day, when working at fiction or heavy articles. After a few months of persistent plugging, he finished a few manuscripts and sent them forth to editors. They all came back, of course. Out they went to other editors, and back went Lemuel to hammer out fresh tales.

Then followed five or six years of anguishing trial and error. Lemuel tried all sorts of literary work until at length he discovered one narrow field in which he could sell four or five stories a year to magazines which paid well. As might be expected, his subject was largely autobiographical; for his cultural background was too poor to support critical writing on affairs in general while his creative imagination was much too slow and cramped to make a good romantic author out of him.

For nearly ten years now, Lemuel has been sin-

gularly happy. He lives in a garret, eats as most garret dwellers eat, and produces fewer marketable words in a week than a common newspaper reporter does in a day. He is serene, well pleased with himself, desires no further improvement in his lot, and sincerely holds himself up as a model for all aspiring authors to copy. During the winter, when he suffers terribly from colds and the grippe, he goes to Florida and lives in a shack on the edge of some tiny village, taking large boxes of canned food with him to save money.

I have carefully examined him as to his ambitions and his outlook on life. The only thing he would like to do on a grander scale is to travel. He is now planning to finance a trip to Europe by writing advertisements for a steamship company and taking a second-class passage ticket in payment for the job. I dare say he will succeed brilliantly at this venture. He regards all financial aspirations as poisonous. Men who try to amass a fortune are simply fools. As for fame, it all depends. Literary fame is worth while. So is fame in the sciences and the techniques of human welfare such as medicine and surgery and social work. All else is dust and ashes.

He has thoroughly rationalized his own slowness of creation. His favorite motto is: "Rome was not built in a day," and its two variants: "Make haste slowly," and "Haste makes waste." The true artist, he argues, is the man who weighs every least word,

phrase, and shade of meaning, who ponders long, and toils with patience through to the deeps of life and art.

He has always been erotically subnormal, very languid in all his natural postures and movements, fond only of walking as an exercise, enormously stimulated by congenial company and conversation, and as a result apt to waste much time visiting his friends, many of whom have learned to glance anxiously at their watches after the first half-hour and complain of pressing engagements. Lemuel never loses his temper, when thus rebuffed. He understands his own weakness and takes his proper punishment.

His social and moral attitudes and practices are surprisingly conventional. Though he used to live and shine in Greenwich Village, he is no more of a Villager than Calvin Coolidge. He feels that every able-bodied citizen ought to earn his own living, ought to receive a fair wage and no more, ought to vote, ought to belong to some club and some church, ought to pay taxes, and ought to fight for his country when the war trumpets toot. The best writing he has ever done deals with the short and simple annals of the poor. He always presents his hero or his heroine as blessed with some simple and excellent trait, such as complete honesty, magnificent loyalty that never wavers, or a forgiving spirit. He invariably sets his characters in humble circumstances and makes them struggle as common folk struggle. In all this there is little

invention. He writes out of his own life, in the main; and he sees the simplicity of its patterns as well as the mildness of its appetites and ambitions.

If I could spare space here, I should like to describe fully Lemuel's careful daily program. He has not reduced his life to mechanical routine in the sense that he does the same thing every day. His life is just as full of variety as his slow energies and faintly subnormal physique permit. But he does keep books on himself. He budgets the time to be spent on writing, on visiting friends, on afternoon teas and on dinners. He watches his calories far more microscopically than his conscience. And in general he has made of his life something between a game and a business.

He is an inferior personality who, by sheer intelligence, has worked out a way of moderate happiness. He has consistently selected both his environment and his work to fit his native power and pattern. Slow to sicken, slow to anger, slow to frighten, slow to face troubles, slow to solve them, he succeeds nevertheless by virtue of keeping each disturbance within its proper bounds, by studying it objectively, and by devising ways and means of overcoming it.

FRAIL CONTENTMENT

If a man's ambitions can be modelled to fit his energies and frame, he can be happy. But superior intelligence may be required if drastic remodelling

must be done. Let the energies dwindle to a mere trickle, and the strivings must be correspondingly retracted. Now and then we encounter such a case in a man who has been shattered by disease, who recovers and who then has to recast his interest and activities. Let me cite the life of Phineas Wade as a model of high contentment won after all seemed lost.

In his boyhood Phineas was a keen intellect headed for a newspaper career. Studious and energetic, he had become, at the age of twenty, a partner in a small printing plant and was on the high road to modest success when a typhoid epidemic struck town. Doctors and nurses were lacking, medical supplies ran short, and Phineas was grossly neglected. He ran into a delirium that unsettled his mind. He developed a mild case of hysterical insanity (Kraepelin's type) and was incarcerated in an asylum for about two years, when he recovered completely, having shown not the slightest relapse in fifty years. His attack was marked by silly, befogged states and prankishness, with the clear consciousness that he was not quite right but that there was nothing to worry about. Apparently there were no convulsions, but there was brief and innocuous somnambulism. Luckily his suggestibility was high and uniform enough to enable a staff physician to cure him easily by giving him kindly orders and building up a fresh set of orderly habits.

On his return to the workaday world, he was about twenty-two, extremely emaciated, with almost no re-

serve of energy, and poor. He had to find work at once. This he did. Now notice how his previous mental trends began to reassert themselves in his new life pattern, in a weakened equilibrium.

His intellectual trend had been marked before the typhoid. How it might have developed, with complete health, we cannot conjecture. But it continued in two very weak forms throughout the man's long life. He had been fond of reading and study as a youth. Now he went back into the printing business and held a simple routine position without any heavy responsibilities. He managed to work not more than four days a week, on the average. And in the hot months he would arrange to stop for a month or two and rest. He told me once that he had worked not more than two hundred days a year in half a century.

He chose work in book publishing houses and managed to get a good deal of it. This was an attenuated form of literary interest, as he himself recognized. His free hours at home were devoted almost exclusively to reading. He has amazing eyesight. Not a day passes without his reading at least fifty pages of some classic and fifty more in the better magazines. All his savings are spent on fine books and fine clothes, but mostly on the former. Fifty years of steady but very much reduced work have given him a splendid library of three or four thousand volumes. This is his fortress, this his refuge from the world, this his compromise between flat surrender and the

life he would have lived if his energies had not been sapped before their prime.

Instinctively he has cut himself off from everything which might use up his subnormal powers. With society he will have nothing to do; he meets nobody save under necessity and he avoids conversation and argument so stubbornly that strangers think him a dolt—which he is not. His mind is so well integrated in its pattern that he builds up no artificial defense mechanisms to justify his anti-social life. He never attacks churches nor lodges nor dances; nor does he pretend that he must seclude himself because he is engaged in some profound research with his books. He is perfectly honest and sees the facts. Gadding wearies him. The effort to talk by the hour at a lodge meeting uses him up. He devotes his life to reading good books because he can sense the better world most economically and most satisfactorily through this channel.

The exhaustion which social encounters induce in him can be explained by his high suggestibility. He succumbs to every thought presented to him; enters richly into the ideas and emotions and tends, so far as is feasible, to behave in line with the thought. He is easily persuaded. Any book agent can sell him a book. Any employer can talk him into accepting lower wages; and, as he belongs to a labor union, he has embroiled himself with the latter on this account more than once. Unscrupulous men borrow money from him on the flimsiest pretext. And on one occasion a

clever tailor sold him three suits of the most expensive cloth—which he was unable to pay for in many months. Were he lacking in intelligence and the resolve to protect himself against such assaults, he would drift along, an utter weakling. But he is clever. He withdraws from the world of salesmen and gossips.

Though he might have retired years ago on a pension, he still works eight hours a day and reads never less than five. Then he writes in a journal a report on his day's browsing and retires. He has been ill enough to have a physician only once in fifty years. For more than twenty-five years he walked about ten miles a day, rain or shine, summer and winter. He now rides a bicycle about ten miles a day in good weather. He rises at four o'clock in the morning with mechanical regularity. In eating, sleeping, bathing, and all other basic habits he is absolutely regular and supremely normal. His mental outlook is unbrokenly serene. His religious faith is simple and untroubled. His few personal loyalties are deep and abiding, as he has been able to prove by deeds. A perfectly balanced life running on a mere trickle of power. A delicate watch whose faint tick is in tune and in time with its own universe!

FAST AND LOOSE: D'ANNUNZIO

A peculiar unhappiness and a no less peculiar ecstasy arise in bodies which can best be described physiologically as fast and loose. The phrase has no moral

meaning here whatsoever. It points to a definite and easily observed structure and function of the nervous system. The relation between power and pattern is the distinguishing mark here.

The pattern is highly complex, and the available energies very great. The complexity of pattern results in vast versatility—it may be of interest alone or of abilities or of both. A host of lusty impulses vie for mastery, and none will down. The rich flow of available energies, on the other hand, lends such power to these impulses that in swift succession they gain the ascendancy and spend themselves faster than the total behavior of the personality can be effectively organized to support them.

People in whom we find this design suffer from too short, too intense rhythms of activity—be it mental or muscular. The delays which are needed for cool reflection and sure planning never occur. The man leaps before he looks, acts before he thinks anything through, and feels before he quite knows what it is all about. And he leaps so hard that he jumps rivers, which perhaps ought to be dammed rather than jumped. His individual acts are tremendous; but they may be tremendous folly as well as tremendous successes. He lacks just one trait of high genius, and that is long-range vision and control. Such a near-genius is the fascinating D'Annunzio.

Our analysis is gravely obscured by the fact that his comic egotism has usually hidden his colossal swift energy. His amazing career is the tragi-comedy of

superabounding force running, not wild, but about half-wild. Like Roosevelt and Hall, this Italian novelist, esthete, aviator, trouble-maker, poseur, clown, and master of bombast has always been utterly miserable when doing nothing. It is not enough to be the center of attention; he must be the dynamic center, causing something to happen in a large, noisy, catastrophic way. Those who have sought to explain the man wholly in terms of his egotism have failed. Egotism does not explain his deepest nature. There are many egotists who can be wholly satisfied merely by being worshipped, by seeing their names and pictures in the newspapers, by being applauded when they enter a theater, and by having little boys run in swarms behind their automobiles. But not D'Annunzio! His opera bouffe history is an unbroken record of a man whose central interests were artistic (as Roosevelt's were practical-political and Hall's were intellectual) being urged on by fierce inner drives to do a thousand and one exciting, mad, perilous, ludicrous things, more for the sake of blowing off steam than for the sake of the things accomplished.

In the fine fury of his youth he once wrote three thousand lines of verse in seventeen days. And on another occasion he wrote fifty thousand words of a novel in five consecutive nights. He composes and dictates at such speed that his secretary cannot keep up with him, and when he was younger he used to write eighteen hours a day for weeks on end.

Like most other geniuses and near geniuses his

concentration is enormous. Nothing can disturb him, once he starts at a task. This alone is almost enough to explain the speed at which he learns totally new things. Italian officers declare that he mastered the technique of aviation in three days, though I must protest that this sounds dubious. We must believe, however, that he mastered it much faster than anybody else in Italy. Perhaps the most spectacular proof of his imperturbability while concentrating on a task is found in the fact that while he was blind in 1921 he wrote his novel, "Notturne." He was then a man of middle age, and we should have every right to expect that all of his habits would have been seriously disturbed by the loss of his sight. But D'Annunzio has remarked: "I have no habits." And in the sense that he meant it this is nearly true. His only habits seem to be those which facilitate those prodigious discharges of energy.

In each trait, his flow of energy was excessive and, in the larger sense, always disturbing his balance and limiting his abilities. For many years he was what the newspaper writers gaily call the hero of many love affairs, all hectic and not a few later exploited by himself as "good copy" for his stories. Here his instability—exhibited as ephemeral devotion—was beyond doubt more than ordinary fickleness; it was a Rooseveltian impatience with resting for more than a little while in any one place, beside any fair one, under the shadow of any altar. Since the day Ulysses set forth from home, this has been one of the surest

marks of the superstrenuous man, as well as the source of sundry excellent lyric laments indited by irate ladies.

So with his estheticism. Its immense energy has bewildered many of his admirers, who are prone to confuse act and content. The Prince of Snow Mountain has run the gamut of esthetic thrills. He has been an esthete in clothes, a super-dandy.

When D'Annunzio went to London a few years ago to race his prize greyhounds, he carried with him his usual wholesale supply of rouge pots and perfumes, and in addition to these 100 umbrellas, 72 silk shirts, 48 pairs of gloves, 150 cravats, and 25 pairs of shoes.

As he is the envy of the demimondaine in his adornments, so is he the joy of the florists, the extract manufacturers, and the antique dealers. He has been an esthete in flowers, even striving to create art forms out of odors. He has been an esthete in furniture, in dwellings, in paintings and sculpture, in antiques, in jewels. But above all he has been a linguistic esthete, which is a type too little recognized by psychologists. He has an extraordinary feeling for words, both as sounds and as push buttons which set agog all the little echoes of memory and feeling. And he has passed through almost every stage of taste in language, from the vivid scenic descriptions of his native Abruzzi, as in *Terra Vergine,* to the silly artificialities of obscure quotations from inconsequential Greek and Latin authors to whom he gave so much atten-

tion in those earlier years, when mastering the cultural background of Italy.

The silliness to which his emotional explosions carried him cannot be better illustrated than with the oft-told tale of Adolphus, the gold-fish. As Isadora Duncan tells it, here it is:

> At the Hotel Trianon D'Annunzio had a gold-fish which he loved. It was in a wonderful crystal bowl and D'Annunzio used to feed it and talk to it. The gold-fish would agitate its fins and open and shut its mouth as though to answer him.
>
> One day when I was staying at the Trianon, I said to the maître d'hotel:
>
> "Where is the gold-fish of D'Annunzio?"
>
> "Ah, madame, sorrowful story! D'Annunzio went to Italy and told us to take care of it. 'This gold-fish,' he said, 'is so near to my heart. It is a symbol of all my happiness!' And he kept telegraphing: *How is my beloved Adolphus?* One day Adolphus swam a little more slowly round the bowl and ceased to ask for D'Annunzio. I took it and threw it out of the window. But there came a telegram from D'Annunzio: *Feel Adolphus is not well.* I wired back: *Adolphus dead. Died last night.* D'Annunzio replied: *Bury him in the garden. Arrange his grave.* So I took a sardine and wrapped it in silver paper and buried it in the garden and I put up a cross: Here lies Adolphus! D'Annunzio returned:

" 'Where is the grave of my Adolphus?' "

"I showed him the grave in the garden and he brought many flowers to it and stood for a long time weeping tears upon it." [1]

As for his egotism, it is one of Nature's most entrancing spectacles. From his childhood onward, it has been conscious and deliberately cultivated as the basis of his philosophy.

D'Annunzio when fifteen years of age wrote a play which his tutors denounced as very wicked. "It is too deep for you," D'Annunzio retorted.

At a dinner D'Annunzio once declared: "I can solve any problem on earth, given a reasonable length of time." In London he besought a policeman to direct him to his destination and remarked: "I am D'Annunzio." The bobby did not understand. Whereupon our genius burst forth into oaths and commanded his secretary to present that ignorant clout with copies of all of his works.

A current of wit runs through all his conversation, even the most casual. Mixed with it are flickers of that delusion of grandeur which at once sustains him and is his bondage.

"My field is the universe," he is always saying.

Unlike most other colossal egotists the man has a sense of humor which he cleverly uses for self-exploitation. His humor, to be sure, is infantile at bottom. He loves practical jokes. Once in a duel he

[1] From Isadora Duncan: "My Life," page 260.

fired a cooky for a pop gun at his adversary. Again, to show his contempt for the Italian fox hunters who aped the English ways, he dressed up as Apollo and cut sundry capers in this rôle, all by way of making fox hunting appear ridiculous in Italy—which it truly is.

When elected deputy to the Roman Senate he made his appearance there in an ancient toga and delivered an impassioned speech on the death of Julius Caesar. As it turned out, the speech was so magnificent that it brought down the house.

In his youth and early maturity, his excess of energy made him a wild one feared by the holy fathers, mothers of marriageable girls, and credit men. Whatever was to his taste, that he did—and with a fanfare. For his savage assaults on certain holy ideas of the Roman Church, all his writings were placed on the *Index Expurgatorius,* which surely must have increased their sales. For his princely indifference to mere debts and bill collectors he was haled to court until, weary of the summons, he fled from Italy and took up residence in France. This so-called "exile" occurred just before the world war, and it is worthy of some attention because it throws light on the man's flux of energy and the effects of this upon his estheticism.

He was forty-seven years old in 1910, a middle-aged esthete who, having drunk deep of the wine of life, was more than a little weary. He retired to village solitude and composed a "Meditation on Death."

Openly he discussed suicide with his intimates. And, like so many other esthetes ancient and modern, he turned to religion as the final "thriller." He had done everything. There was nothing new under the sun. To dream of his own exit was the only joy left. The trapped tiger pacing his cage all day was happier than this poet. The tiger may seem a little weary, but we may be sure that it is not because of a loss of power. It is the eviller weariness of ennui, of suppressed impulses, of the sickening repetition of stale acts. In a word, "mental fatigue" raised to the *n*th power. D'Annunzio needed a change. The only one in sight was a trip to heaven. And then hell broke loose in 1914.

Here is no place to review the new freedom of D'Annunzio, Liberator of Fiume and all-around bad boy of the world war. His name is written across the pages of history now as the most brilliant nuisance that ever plagued the staid old diplomats. I wish only to emphasize here the burst of energy that swept up and down Italy in the form of this smallish, bald-headed, middle-aged gentleman who had found something new to do, just when he was wondering whether arsenic, a revolver, or a leap from the bridge at midnight would serve best as a means of severing relations with his body. The war brought him the undreamed chance to do, do, and do; shoot, fight, speak, run for office, wear uniforms, compose battle hymns and official reports, and sail to heaven in an airplane instead of with fluffy angel wings.

All this fitted in nicely with his estheticism. The esthete is the arch-conservative, of course; the pleasure of the moment is his one desire, hence he refrains from all active thinking because thinking means problems, worries, and change of view. Insofar as life has to have some larger meaning, then, the genuine esthete always tends to find it in the pleasant past. Normally the pleasant past is one which he idealized in childhood. D'Annunzio, as you know, idealized ancient Rome; and his most lasting achievements probably are those wonderful writings of his prior to 1900, in which he consistently and ably endeavored to revive the bygone splendors of Italy. Artistically and intellectually he lived in that colorful past, just because he was at core an esthete.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that the world war released a torrent of energy in the man? It made possible the repetition of the mighty deeds of those heroes whom D'Annunzio had ever worshipped. With arms and throat he now could realize what his fancy had at best conjured as a vanished joy. Is it, again, to be wondered at that, flinging himself into the war, this super-powered personality fairly went mad with the lust of doing? The indiscretion of Roosevelt pales into insignificance beside that of the Liberator of Fiume, who, like Garibaldi before him, cared not a whit for orders from headquarters but breezed from adventure to adventure, calling it patriotism when it was in truth nothing more than a tiger released from a cage whose floor had been worn smooth. More than

once he endangered the peace of Europe with his brainless escapades, and he has mixed the sublime word with the absurd deed as only a master of phrases and a political ignoramus can, when driven on by an inner power that works too fast and furiously for thought.

Has he ever been happy? Of course, in spurts. But between ecstasy and ecstasy how dull the lengthening hours! No life illustrates better than his the heavenwide difference between the momentary happiness of the man who lives in and for thrills and the profounder happiness of a well-organized, far-seeing and calm personality.

In one important respect the two varieties of happiness are alike. There is a fading of the sense of self. This occurs far more violently in the fleeting but intense ecstasy. Here the testimony of mystics and esthetes alike is clear, as well as overwhelming. In listening to his favorite music, the music lover is for the nonce carried beyond the bounds of time and space, disappearing in the formless sea of sounds whose orchestrated form goes utterly lost. Likewise in the religious ecstasy of the new convert or the mystic.

In the larger happiness of the well-adjusted personality the self does not vanish so completely, but—so to speak—it steps out of the line of direct vision. I mean that, just as the healthy man rarely is moved to think about his stomach, lungs, and liver, so the man who is both healthy and pleasantly active in work

and play attends almost exclusively to the objects of his toil and pleasure. As with his thoughts and acts, so with his emotions: they are focussed on the things and deeds of happiness, thus taking on a predominantly agreeable tone.

Conversely, the direct curse of the accursed is the self-centering of their thoughts. This is at its worst in thoroughly sick people. Not for a day can they escape their bodily pains. Unless they happen to be endowed with exceptionally powerful minds, they sink into a wretched brooding over their imperfections and eventually project these dark thoughts into their world. As will later be shown in more convincing specimens, probably most intense egotists and many egocentrics other than egotists have defective minds or bodies which cause them to think much about themselves.

D'Annunzio's egotism appears to me as the inevitable result of his imperfect personality. His hyperactive motor nerves have made it impossible for him to forget himself. He has ever been goaded on and on to action. Keen as his momentary delights have been, the gaps between them have been long and dull, measured by the fevered timepiece of his soul. Like the seconds of insomnia, they have been centuries of horror. And he has never been able to organize his activities into a smooth texture that closes up those gaps. So what could he do but keep himself in view constantly, as a means toward attaining the higher happiness?

This egocentricity has surely been reinforced oddly by the illusion of universal genius which his energy flux has caused. He is always saying to friends: "My field is the universe." And, on the motor side of life, this is strictly true. That is to say, he drives toward everything, he explodes in all directions equally, like any well constructed bomb. But the fragments of the bomb hit the targets of truth only accidentally. They are not rifle bullets, each well aimed by itself and propelled with the weapon's full power. This is why D'Annunzio is not a genius but only a near-genius. This too is why his happiness is of the inferior order of the esthete's, and not so good as that of a simple, low-energy esthete. In the deepest biological sense, his personality has an unfortunate pattern, in spite of its magnificent ingredients.

FASTER AND LOOSER: HORACE GREELEY

Reduce considerably the richness of D'Annunzio's trait system and augment ever so little his energy flow; the result is Horace Greeley. This most incredible of humans deserved an exhaustive *post mortem,* for it seems certain that he must have been equipped with a thyroid, an adrenal, a pituitary, and perhaps a language center the like of which have never been seen by physiologists.

D'Annunzio and Roosevelt presumably could not qualify in the same class with Greeley as human engines. It is fair to say that Greeley never exerted

himself in all his crazy career; he ran on and on, driven with giant power. One of the printers who employed him when he first came to New York testified that "Greeley accomplished by sheer industry more than any other compositor in my office, and often *more than double* by the week. Yet he would talk all the time." Both his mental and his motor reactions were abnormally fast and strong. And, like those of John Randolph, once initiated, they fairly swamped everything else. Let me cite one of a thousand episodes.

Greeley had been writing editorials on this particular day about currency reform—a subject on which he had intense opinions. He had an engagement to take tea with a group of society folk that afternoon, but so wrought was he over the currency and some fresh opinions he had evolved about it that he quite forgot to go to the hostess' house until the tea party was nearly over. Then he rushed thither, in a driving rain. Once inside, he pulled off his soaked boots and propped his blue woolen socks up before the open fire to dry. Forthwith he plunged into his opinions on currency reform—presumably at the very point he had last considered the matter while penning his editorial.

His hostess offered him tea. Greeley heeded her not at all.

"Take a cruller anyway," she replied, and held out a cake-basket full of the dainties. Then, as Parton tells the story:

"The expounder of the currency, dimly conscious that a large object was approaching him, puts forth his hands, still vehemently talking, and takes not a cruller but the cake-basket and deposits it in his lap. The company are inwardly convulsed, and some of the weaker members retire to the adjoining apartment, the expounder continuing his harangue unconscious of their emotion or its cause. Minutes elapse. His hands in their wandering through the air, come in contact with the topmost cake, which they take and break. He begins to eat; and eats and talks, talks and eats, till he has finished the cruller. Then he feels for another and eats that, and goes on slowly consuming the contents of the basket till the last crumb is gone. The company look on amazed, and the kind lady of the house fears for the consequences. She had heard that cheese is an antidote to indigestion. Taking the empty cake-basket from his lap she silently puts a plate of cheese in its place, hoping that instinct will guide his hand aright. The experiment succeeds. Gradually the blocks of white, new cheese disappear. She removes the plate. No ill consequences follow. Those who saw this sight are fixed in the belief that Mr. Greeley was not then, nor afterward, aware that on that evening he partook of sustenance." [1]

[1] Quoted by Francis Nicoll Zabriskie in his "Horace Greeley," page 354.

Now this superlative absorption in a subject and this tidal rush of power indicate an unusually wide reaction range into which the cortical cells discharge such a volume of energy and over such a long period that, contrary to the general rule, there ensues no quick exhaustion of power such as we see in John Randolph when he burst into excited speech. Greeley could not connect situation to situation; he could not adjust to leaving his editorial office and entering a drawing room. To this extent his integrative activity was defective. But, within the moment's stimulus, he reacted with an immense elaboration of thoughts and acts. In this last respect he resembles Huneker, except for the difference in the objects of interest. Where Huneker turned to esthetic things, Greeley turned invariably to social and political.

This difference throws light on another peculiarity that is closely related to the man's strange perseverations. It is a mind detached from practical affairs which can and usually does spontaneously enjoy esthetic objects; and this is the same detachment which, reinforced by a certain capacity for analysis and a certain freedom from the excesses of violent egotism, makes possible a keen sense of humor in its higher forms, notably philosophic comedy. This sense Huneker possessed to perfection, and Greeley lacked to the point of being himself ridiculous. He had no detachment. He lived entirely in the subject before him, just as he did when he debated the currency and devoured endless crullers.

It was this inferior integration, of course, which led him repeatedly to do things that were construed as childish, as lacking in self-control, as idiotically inconsistent. His emotional reactions, as well as his thinking, were always shaped inordinately by the immediate situation rather than by its wider aspects. Intensely focussed! All too narrowly focussed! When aroused, his speech was savage and unforgivably cruel, as Randolph's was. But, whereas Randolph took keen delight in watching his victims writhe, Greeley never even thought of them as a part of the situation. He was engrossed in the subject that stirred him; and his reaction was more like Roosevelt's, namely a plain explosion whose sheer force was easily mistaken for brutality. When Greeley scolded the politicians, it was like an elephant spanking a small boy. The punishment did not fit the criminal; it was gauged to the magnitudes of the elephantine world.

This same defect of integration appears in his naïveté and frankness. He always said precisely what he thought. He could not suppress himself. Forces beyond his control bubbled up and blew open all his safety valves. Likewise, whenever he wanted something, he set out immediately to get it. The result was too often disastrous; for sometimes the way to get things is to wait a year or two, and on other occasions the way to get them is to appear as if they meant nothing to you. The impetuosity of Greeley, which was his nemesis in politics, fairly shrieks at you in

his editorials and is oddly visible in his grotesquely illegible handwriting.

I am not one of those who believe that personality is revealed in one's script. But I do know, as everybody should, that certain muscular trends reveal themselves in the way a person handles pencil and pen. Great energy and weak inhibitions will come out in handwriting just as surely as certain face wrinkles go with some eye troubles like astigmatism. And Greeley's handwriting bears all the marks of a driving hand which could not pause to form any letter truly because of the tremendous drive behind it. The variability of his letter formations also betrays his low integrative processes. A man who forms his a's and b's differently with each new day has a badly organized set of muscles.

This same poorly controlled, overpowered motor behavior marked his gate and manner. He moved around as if always in a tremendous rush to get somewhere to finish some urgent task. He walked with what has been called "a breakdown gait"—that is, changing stride irregularly. He shuffled along in a queer, indescribable side-long manner. And he was notoriously unable to put on his own clothes in a sightly fashion. He was even known to appear at the Tribune office with his cravat knotted under his left ear.

Being wholly absorbed by the immediacies of each situation in which he became interested, and being robustious beyond the common measure of man,

Greeley was constitutionally incapable of taking philosophy and religion seriously. As he once confessed: "I am so taken with the things of this world that I have too little time to spend on the affairs of the other." Absolutely honest! And absolutely correct too! Like every other great journalist, he found more than enough in the affairs of the day and hour to arouse him, to fascinate him, and to keep him busy with pen and tongue. Here was such happiness as he could attain. Flash after flash, but no steady light! In his indifference to abstract ideas and metaphysical speculation, he may well be paralleled with Pulitzer.

His life was not dominated by any one interest. Each day brought its own fresh attraction and found him sensitized to it, eager to plunge into its novelties full force. But his speed ruined his judgment. His responses were off focus. He fell victim to a hundred political and social schemes. He became the laughing stock of the country at times; and, if one were to catalogue all the doctrines he advocated at various times, one might easily be persuaded that Greeley was a lunatic. Nevertheless behind all his vagaries, we find a moderately consistent and persistent tendency. It was not the passion for public office. Nor was it the craving to give orders to the whole universe. It was a deeper impulse, out of which these two drives in his nature subsequently grew. It was, I think, nothing more than the relentless efforts of his sheer mental energy to put the world in order. It was the same

force which ruled him minute by minute. He was irresistibly moved to solve every situation that arose in real life around him; and he was moved to this because he had power aplenty for the task. It was this inner pressure to "do something about it all" that led him through the most natural of channels to an editor's chair. This it was which moved him to formulate and to propound a remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to in the realms of politics and social relations. It was this vivid feeling of colossal energy within himself that convinced him that anything and everything might be done for humanity, and that Utopia was possible—and perhaps just around the corner! As Ripley has said, Greeley was always ready "to listen to any plan that promised to promote the material and spiritual welfare of society, from the construction of a plough to the establishment of a phalanstery."

But in all this he failed, and rather ignominiously, because he could not interrelate his impulses with his ideas and both of these with the affairs of the world. He was the perpetual victim of bright ideas, of revolutionary schemes, of swindlers, and of beggars. As fast as he made money, he lost it promoting preposterous inventions, financing crooked enterprises, listening to spiritualists, and lending to unscrupulous acquaintances. When thirty years old, he had failed seven times and had not a cent to his name. After founding and running the Tribune under his full control for about ten years, he retained only six shares

of its stock, the rest all having gone the way of fools' money. Profound and widespread his unhappiness!

Like Huneker, but in a different realm, Greeley was a meteoric shower; vivid, scattered, a sudden rush of fiery forces all quickly dispersed into nothingness against the cosmic night. Power he had and good will. But control failed, and with it every lasting success. For only those who build endure.

JAMES G. HUNEKER

What a beautiful substitute for happy living we find in James Huneker, who was the keenest, most sensitive, and most cultured journalist-critic America has yet produced! Famed for his astounding memory and his versatility, as for the sure swiftness of phrase and wit, he was never able to "follow through." He touched everything. He finished nothing. Everybody who knew him at all well recognized this failing in him, and he saw it even more clearly than most others did. Not once but a hundred times has he put it as bluntly as he has in his entertaining but typically incoherent autobiography.

> The acute sensitiveness, the instability of temperament, the alterations of timidity and rashness, the morbid exaltation and depression which were and still are, the stigmata of my personal "case"—as the psychiatrists put it—come from the Irish side of my house. To be sure, the

two months' shortage in normal gestation played the role of a dissolvent in my character. Every human is a colony of cells. His personality is not a unit, but an aggregation of units. Duple, triple, sextuple, personalities have been noted by psychologists in abnormal cases. Yet I firmly believe this dissociation is commoner than psychologists would have us believe. When President Woodrow Wilson spoke of his "single-track mind," he merely proved that by powerful concentration he was able to canalise one idea, to focus it, and thus dispose of it. This inhibitory power is not possessed by everyone. I, for example, have a polyphonic mind. *I enjoy the simultaneous flight of a half-dozen trains of ideas, which run on parallel tracks for a certain distance, then disappear, arriving nowhere.* This accounts for my half-mad worship of the Seven Arts; when I first read Walter Pater's suggestion that all the other arts aspire to the condition of music, I said: "That's it," and at once proceeded to write of painting in terms of tone, of literature as if it were only form and color, and of life as if it were a promenade of flavours.[1]

This is a singularly accurate self-appreciation, even to the conjecture that his defects root in his Irish inheritance. There is considerable evidence, which

1 "Steeplejack," James Gibbons Huneker, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1920, p. 22.

cannot be reviewed here, for the belief that Irish mentality is likely to be very strong in its primary sensitivities and weak in its integrative action; it can sense and feel much better than it can analyze and organize.

Huneker's inability to finish a piece of work in a constructive and consistent fashion was apparent even in petty things. Laura Spencer Portor has contributed some items on this point which possess a psychological significance far beyond anything she suspected when she recorded them in an article on "Living Next to Huneker." She testifies that every day, as soon as Huneker came to his room he sat down at his grand piano and played magnificently. By preference he began with Chopin's Revolutionary Sonata. But always, in the midst of it, he would stop and take to running off arpeggios of his own improvisation which soon melted over into delicious fragmentary rhapsodies and then died away into nothingness. She never heard him finish playing a major piece. What an astounding picture of flightiness, moodiness, and lack of a clear, single motive power! What a contrast to Beethoven, who toiled for five relentless years over his Mass and wore out the paper on which he scribbled his experimental phrases!

When strong integration over long time spans is lacking, its place is often taken by strong momentary integration; and one mark of this is strong literal memory. Huneker exemplifies this correlation only too well. He says of himself:

At school I first noted what I call my mechanical memory. I memorised as would a parrot. I repeated pages without knowing their meaning. The big technical phrases I gobetted as a dog does a bone. Terminology of any sort always appealed to me. I became proficient in phrases. With medical, or scientific terminology, it is the same, whether anatomy, geology, astronomy, or cookery, the technical verbalisms were easy to remember. My judgment centres were not much exercised, so that when I underwent regulation examinations at the Law School, or during the law course at the University I had no trouble in reeling off page after page, because I simply let my memory prompt and turn over in my mind each page as it was finished. *But put me to writing out opinions on a possible case, and my vaunted memory collapsed. Not taking the slightest interest, necessarily I had nothing to say.* Later in life I met pianists who could play hundreds of pieces. I have questioned them and in nine instances out of ten I found the same mechanical memory as mine. They saw the note-groups and the pages, but the musical idea, or its emotional expression, did not much concern them. Ideas were then not my shibboleth. I soon hated the law as only representing conventional usage, and musty precedent filled me with disgust. I had no need of reading the dictionary, the writer's keyboard, for the reason urged by

> Theophile Gautier, to increase one's vocabulary; I rather studied it for Walter Pater's reason; to know what words to avoid. So it is with music. The supreme virtuoso conquers because he understands and feels. His memory is filled by the larger designs, the greater emotional curves of a composition, and not merely by a succession of notes. But this obvious truth I was to discover years afterwards.[1]

Whoever has read much of Huneker must have been impressed by this amazing memory, which floods his pages with allusions, historical, geographical, personal, literary, critical until the mind reels and sinks engulfed in the vivid verbiage. It was, of course, this photographic memory, linked with a feeble capacity for analyzing, judging, rating, inferring and attaining a personal life pattern, which soon led the young Huneker to his one grand passion, the "exercise of the emotion of recognition," as Henry James has called it. This is the pleasure that springs from the mere act of recall.

> It was that memory of mine beginning to seek analogies. I hadn't then read Hegel; but when I did, his identification of opposites was an easy metaphysical morsel to swallow. I was always matching patterns—men, women, ideas, sounds, sights and smells.[2]

[1] "Steeplejack," pages 119–121.
[2] Loc. cit.

He hated efficiency in all its forms and roundly cursed it, little realizing as he did that every genius of the first rank, be it the stodgy genius of Walter Scott or the bourgeois genius of Thackeray, or the military genius of Napoleon or the transcendental musical genius of Beethoven, is invariably and inflexibly a monument of efficiency. The creative mind seldom is inefficient and even less often belittles efficiency. It is the poorly organized esthetic mind and the vegetative mind which attack that virtue.

Huneker's defective integration struck down into his muscular system in a manner that is rather hard to understand, in the light of his exquisite touch as a pianist. His handwriting was execrable and remained so to the end, in spite of his desperate efforts to improve it. And he was unable to master the typewriter. There was something about the mere brute mechanism of the contraption which either paralyzed his flow of thought or set up interfering processes in him. He detested the very notion of dictating his essays and news articles, probably because his memory was predominantly auditory-motor and so poorly organized that his spontaneous flow of thoughts would have sounded like nonsense to a secretary.

But the final and supreme evidence of the man's feeble integrative nature is now to come. I find it in his profound conviction that the Now is All. "I have," he has written, "never suffered from the time illusion. There is only the present." And all his life was a pretty consistent demonstration of this belief in prac-

tice. I am not going to discuss the Bergsonian metaphysics of this doctrine. Only the personal psychology of it interests me here. It is, I am sure, a rationalization of the two things which at bottom are phases of one and the same mental peculiarity: first, an enormously potent momentary integration which groups everything that is immediately given into one ephemeral, crude pattern, and secondly, a prodigious mechanical memory which carries from instant to instant a vast fringe of detail which resists thorough organization. Huneker lived in accord with that doctrine of time, and it is his life rather than his faith that reveals the man here.

His emotions, his thoughts, and his acts spattered fast in many directions at once. They spent themselves in the present. In moments of incipient creativeness, of relaxation, of labor, and of simple revery, Huneker was always the same at bottom; he followed through with nothing but made innumerable brilliant spurts to rise, to invent, to think through, to improve his lot, and what not. He had a mind far too good to be satisfied with these spurts, so he could never find high happiness. But he also had a temperament that made it easy for him to find jolly distraction in the helter-skelter, hand-to-mouth labors and pleasures of New York's newspaper world.

I said at first that Huneker's was a substitute for happy living. Let us add now that his substitute consisted of many happy moments, the inferior variety of happiness. He was, I feel sure, far happier than

D'Annunzio, whose esthetic pattern was the same but whose long spells between ecstasies were darkened and inflamed by his inordinate rush of energies. For one thing Huneker rose above boredom as D'Annunzio never could. He could scatter himself over a dozen entertainments at once, for he was spared the fatal fever of achievement which was ever D'Annunzio's plague. Finally he lacked that creative fantasy which lifted the Italian eccentric close to the ramparts of genius; and thus was he saved from the misery of great defeats.

BOOK V

DWELLERS IN LIMBO: JOYLESS ESCAPE FROM MISERY

NOW and then we come upon people who cannot be fairly described as either happy or unhappy and do not alternate between these extremes as so many normal persons do. They have attained a distinct adaptation to their world. Being unable to attain happiness, they have the knack of escaping unhappiness. Or, in rarer instances, by some quirk of nature they have been born in Limbo and never dream of migrating to Joyland or sinking hellward.

There are few of their kind, but still it will profit us to study them well inasmuch as some of their inner adjustments can be learned and put to use on occasions by ordinary folk. Again some of their adjustments are so dangerous for the normal man that he may well understand them for the sake of avoiding them the more scrupulously.

When a man finds happy living impossible, in the larger sense, because of something in his nature or something inescapable in his environment, he may pursue any one of six methods to avoid misery; these are the following:

1. Contentment, whose lower limit is resignation;
2. Distraction, whose lower limit is dissociation;
3. Apathy, whose lower limit is death;
4. Resignation;
5. Dissociation; and
6. Death.

With the single exception of death, each of these substitute adjustments may be—and usually is—selective and partial. That is, a man will work out a pattern of contentment toward certain more important matters but not toward others. He will seek distraction as an escape from certain modes of unhappiness but will continue undistracted in other situations. And so on. Hence most of the cases to be cited will be lopsided. They will show one of these behavior patterns in lusty form on one side of a nature and enfeebled on another, while wholly missing elsewhere. Rare indeed is the thoroughgoing resignation, distraction, dissociation or apathy. Rare the complete contentment, too.

CONTENTMENT

So far as my own observations go, contentment seems to be most conspicuously attained by people whose minds are markedly superior to the rest of their equipment. Through sheer intelligence they perceive and analyze their own limitations, accept these in a cool, objective fashion, and proceed to reorganize their lives in harmony with their endow-

ments. It is unsafe to assert that only people of high intelligence can ever be contented. It is nearer the truth to say that they present the most striking instances. At all events, those I have seen suggest this. The most contented people among my specimens happen to be men with excellent minds linked to sundry inferior bodily and temperamental traits. They are men who never could deal with large affairs, still less manage people. If such labors do not exhaust them physically, they either vex or terrify them. They seem to be at their best in dealing with scientific or technical matters in which they may proceed slowly, egged on by no social or commercial interests. Thus they escape the larger world without passing over into dream life. Library research and scientific collecting offer them precisely the right degree of contact with realities and the desired degree of escape from the more difficult and complex personal relations. Understanding their own handicaps, they fall a little short of happiness. Understanding their abilities, they are content. Here are two simple cases.

Grant Smith is a collector in the field of biology. Almost a dwarf and so gently energized that his voice and manner seem feebly effeminate, he has always displayed a slight shyness toward the world at large. His mind is extraordinarily acute. It is of an unusual sort, having an almost photographic memory in combination with a highly organized one and being at the same time analytical to a nicety. It is weakest on the side of free fantasy and experimenta-

tion. The testing of a wide range of hypotheses is somewhat distasteful to him; when compelled to do it, he works with visible uncertainty and reluctance. This is part and parcel of his strong dislike of theory and his powerful passion for "going out and getting the facts"—which, to him, means gathering specimens.

He is able to put in a five or six hour day at this work. But when the day is done, he is through with everything. He does not read or do anything else at all serious. He even shuns all conversation save the frothiest, but will leap at the chance to visit a cheap motion picture show or musical comedy. He sleeps nearly ten hours every night and says that he cannot vary his habits of eating and working without being quickly put out of sorts. While he has no marked interests outside of his work, he is not a fanatical enthusiast in it. He enjoys it and will always stick to it, but he has sufficient intelligence to see it in its relation to the cosmos.

Lewis Locke is a professional inventor whose life and works have interested me from the psychological point of view because he runs so true to the type. Over a period of some twenty years, indeed, he was the perfect "Poor Inventor" that you read about in story books. For a long time I watched him with incredulity; I could not believe that there was such a creature.

His health is slightly subnormal. Every year he loses a month or longer from nervous headaches and

bad colds. His primary sensitivities are pronouncedly slow. He always moves about the room as if he were on the point of physical collapse, and his bloodless face heightens the uncomfortable illusion. When he handles a tool or piece of metal, the same languor is apparent. His speech, except in commonplace conversation, is so slow that people sometimes have difficulty following it. His sentences will be broken by long silences, and at the most inopportune points. He will sit by the hour, immobile as a sunning lizard, pondering over a problem. And he often displays in grotesque form the absentmindedness of a genius.

He lacks all schooling above the grammar grades but has taught himself mathematics and engineering. His accuracy in calculations is said to be high, but he conspicuously lacks the ease and self-confidence of a college-trained engineer. He began active life as a mechanic in a factory where precision machinery was made, rose to foremanship, then gave this lucrative post up because he was pathetically unable to manage men. For a few months, so he tells me, he pottered about helplessly and then suddenly realized that he would rather experiment on some devices than do anything else. He had the good luck to find a place with a large corporation that was carrying on research for the perfecting of certain intricate types of machinery. And in this work he continued without interruption for a decade.

Though he perfected more than fifty patents in that time, some of which were proved of high com-

mercial value, his salary remained at eight dollars a day. He never asked for more and seemed uninterested in money, save now and then, when he fell ill and had to borrow to settle with his doctor. He respected no hours and feared no fatigue; he would come to work at ten o'clock in the morning, completely wrapped up in some idea, and he might remain at his desk until midnight. I suspect that he must have put in fully twelve hours a day through all those years. In part, this was due to the natural slowness of his reaction.

In any personal predicament, he became a child, helpless, frightened, and incoherent. Once one of his pet inventions was stolen by a fellow employee and put on the market before Locke knew of the theft. For weeks he went about in a daze, all but dumb, and unable to think. Yet the theft meant nothing to him financially; it was the company's loss and responsibility. And nobody blamed him for the mishap. He was simply unable to adjust to the event. Again he was deeply distressed when this same company went out of business, leaving him out of a job. His services were instantly claimed by another manufacturer at double the pay he had been receiving, for he now had a reputation altogether enviable. But even in the new post, with strange faces around, a different room, a larger desk, and other petty changes, Locke was uncomfortable. He fell more and more into the habit of working at home.

While in this new employment, I came to know

him well and discovered that he was misunderstanding even the most obvious human acts. For a while, I thought he was acutely suspicious; but it turned out that he was quite as prone to impute noble motives to a mean act as he was to see evil in a good one. Thus he was sometimes the dupe of a sly co-worker and sometimes unkind toward the well meaning. So far as I could discover by inquiry and observation, he was neither anti-social nor of an eccentric sex type; he was simply neutral toward people. His married life was colorlessly satisfactory. He had two children, both slightly subnormal as to general health but not sickly. He seemed to look upon them as "just folks"; that is he seemed neither to love them nor to dislike them.

His sense of humor was real but limited. I cannot, however, define its limitations sharply, as I have too little evidence. It would seem, though, that he could never detach himself from anything intimately connected with his work and see the comic aspect of that. And this, I would guess, might in part be explained by the fact that he had to take his work seriously because it was the one successful adjustment and hence a true life preserver.

His brief joy in achievement was a delight to behold. It was the ecstasy of a child who has built a beautiful house out of blocks. He fairly beamed, rubbed his hands, walked up and down, clapped people on their backs, chuckled and whistled, when he saw his mechanism working right. But this mood sel-

dom lasted long; he returned to his normal taciturnity and sluggishness as soon as congratulations were over. His attitude was plainly: "Well, that's done. Now on to the next!" His inability to derive pleasure from the memory of past triumphs is striking, and rather tragic.

A few years ago, one of his patents greatly increased his fortunes. He changed his mode of life, however, in only one respect. He bought a cheap automobile in which he takes his family for a ride every Sunday. His serenity, as he approaches middle life, increases. He is a well-balanced personality. He is contented. But he will never be happy. His feel for life is far too faint, too intermittent, and too close to a blue tinge. He cannot develop an attitude toward his own progress and successes because he forgets his yesterdays and presses on to the next task. He is abnormally extraverted. Absorbed too much in mechanical things, he loses touch with larger realities.

But he is much better off than the excessively introverted souls we have seen. And so usually with such objective people.

DYSPEPTIC RESIGNATION

There is one kind of resignation which is the better part of every happiness. It is being resigned to ourselves. And as a considerable fraction of ourselves is the alimentary canal, it, too, should be in-

cluded in the resignation, to take effect immediately. No intelligent man kicks against the pricks, nor will he rebel against his own stomach. The stomach is there to stay. Many a person of good mind has managed to lead a life free from misery and a little spangled with pleasure, even though he labors under some constitutional infirmity of the digestive tracts. His success is often due to two facts; first, he can control his affliction by regulating his diet, and secondly, even when this is only partly successful, his troubles may come at fairly long intervals. Certain of the milder auto-intoxications move in fairly long cycles. When they do, the sufferer may make something of his life if he will only use his wits. Here is the case of Will Tell, a scientist in a Western college, who, for all his handicaps, manages to live on the sunny side of Limbo.

Tell is now fifty-two. His native abilities are of the highest intellectual order. His emotional tone toward matters of serious thought is decidedly above the average, while the commoner esthetic emotions are below average. Color, form and sound arouse him but slightly. His sex life is slightly inferior, as is shown by a mild tendency to pornographic stories such as is displayed by the impotent. With him, sex interests ceased abruptly around the fortieth year.

His vegetative functions are peculiar. They explain almost everything in his personality which is not traceable to his cerebral powers. Certainly they must be blamed for his miscarried career. He has suf-

fered for more than thirty years from a mild chronic intestinal putrefaction whose violence increases now and then to the point of severe distress, but never to the point of incapacitating him. Ordinarily, if he watches his diet and exercises reasonably, the trouble can be put out of mind; but it is never wholly removed, and no physician has been able to prevent it from causing trouble at least twice a year. Fortunately, he takes fairly good care of himself and is not at all inclined to brood over his ailment; so he passes for an unusually healthy man. Unfortunately, though, the auto-intoxications set up by it cause an obscure chain of inner maladjustments which can be described only in the most inadequate way.

The surest statement about them is that they greatly retard all motor reactions. He sits all day, immobile by the hour, sunken in an easy chair, when the poison works. He insists that he does this for the purpose of thinking, and there is an inverse sense in which this is true enough. When compelled to rise, walk, lecture, or otherwise exert his body, his movements are heavy as well as clumsy. But after an hour of such exertion, the condition clears; and then he becomes lively and eager for a long walk or for golf.

Less certain is the precise influence of the poison on his mental processes. According to his own statements, he contemplates each aspect of the particular scientific problem in which he chances to be interested; he enjoys a variety of feelings toward each, now curiosity of the liveliest sort, now amazement

over a fact, now a noble rage over his inability to hit offhand on the solution. During this procedure he never jots down any notes. And, so far as I know, he reaches not even a partial conclusion more than once in a thousand times. It would seem then that his reflective processes are inhibited almost as completely as his muscular reactions are. But his emotional stream continues strong in the one direction it is able to take. He declares that usually his feelings towards his thoughts are "soft, fuzzy, and gently warm." This I take to mean that they lack high intensity.

For some twenty years he has concerned himself deeply with a set of extremely difficult scientific problems, the handling of which has necessitated careful work in mathematics, physics, physiology, and psychology. Their very difficulty has been an all too convenient excuse for slow progress. He has made extremely slow progress, going often an entire year without the slightest discernible advance. Three or four times he has keyed himself up to start a book on the subject, always after some of his associates have asked him how he was getting along with his researches. But soon the venture lagged, then perished in a fog of forgetfulness. The inside story of these failures discloses the personality. He has kindly given me his own and his wife's account of the disasters. They are unmistakably authentic.

The task he set for himself involved the constant checking up of an enormous mass of data, mostly of

a highly technical nature. When he began, it was in a moment of fine fettle and exaltation. He deliberately starved himself, to reduce his intestinal autointoxication to a minimum. On a diet of crackers and water, he managed to free his energies from their retarding poisons; and the result was a tremendous outburst of clear thinking and rapid writing. He would toil all night, sleep the morning through, and be hard at work after lunch. His one serious deficiency now was the ineptness of his writing habits. He spent too much time in the mechanical composition of his sentences. It irked him, but he could not escape; for he simply did not have the habits of free composition to fall back upon.

His emotions toward the work became incredibly vivid. A curious inner light seemed to flood all his ideas; he could describe it in no other way. Facts which had long puzzled him suddenly leaped into new connections with other facts and spelled out the answer to old enigmas. He would strip off his coat, his vest, and his shirt; spread blank sheets around his desk, laying a pencil on each one, so that he might jot down each fresh revelation as it dawned upon him and not trust to recalling it in its proper sequence in his book argument.

Under the pressure of this inner energy, his writing grew more and more careless, but the words came more freely. Great gaps appeared in the logical structure of his would-be book, for his unruly mind insisted on leaping hither and yon as it brought new

relations forth. (Another proof, by the way, that all this was no mere rationalizing process.) But while the strenuous season lasted, these gaps distressed him much less than his diet did. On he plunged, until it became impossible to sustain himself longer on crackers and water. He ate a square meal, gloating the while over his achievements. Then back to work and discomfiture!

The miracle had passed. He found himself in a comfortable drowse, contemplating his problem with those old feelings, "soft, fuzzy and gently warm." Try as he would, he could stir up nothing in the way of a new conclusion, a fresh hypothesis, a sudden insight. After an hour or two of this, he took a walk. This made him realize that he needed more exercise. So he got out his tennis racket, long neglected, and prepared for the courts. From now on his decline and fall were swift. He fled his book and all it stood for as if it were a pestilence. He threw himself into sports. He resumed his old and pleasant habits of club room conversation, chess, debates, and reading. After weeks of this, his wife tucked the manuscripts away in an old desk in the attic, where they still lie.

Now and then he enjoys an outburst of energy. But he has learned that it cannot last long; so he directs it to briefer enterprises. He prepares short articles for scientific journals, most of which are genuine contributions, even though of minor rank. But even now he is unable to plan his intellectual work, for he can never tell the hour when his mecha-

nisms will run properly. A hundred times he has tried to lash himself into the right condition by the diet of water and crackers. But this alone does not suffice. It is not simply a matter of ridding his system of the intestinal intoxications. It is also a matter of the right massing of ideas, issues, feelings, and attitudes. *In short, there must be a specific adjustment of drive to mechanism. Drive alone and mechanism alone will yield no results.*

On the side of his inner adjustments there is a grave hindrance to be found in the pleasure he derives from simple contemplation of the facts and theories he has already established. I have more than once been struck by the resemblance between this delight of his and the satisfaction which an artist takes in a finished painting. At times he speaks of his favorite subject in a tone and manner suggestive of a mild religious ecstasy. It is something more than a wish projection, this attitude is. It is the attitude of one who is completely detached from the object of love and at the same time conscious of his own inferiority with respect to it. The subject is too much for him. He can do little or nothing about it. But it is adorable!

Will Tell's happiness is lamentably limited both in frequency and intensity, as well as in the variety of its adequate stimuli. Intelligent enough to accept himself as he is, he derives all the joy he can out of his healthy moments and never broods over the larger failure of his splendid intellect. Most of his hours lie

in that indistinct territory between dim contentment and dark resignation.

SOCIAL DISTRACTION

By far the commonest distraction sought by colorless people is social, for man is so constituted that others of his kind stimulate him most powerfully. The stimulation is not always favorable in the practical sense, but it usually causes him to "forget his troubles" simply by focussing his attention upon what people around him are saying and doing. On nothing more subtle than this does the primary value of society depend. Misery loves company.

So profound is the average man's responsiveness to people around him that his ability to understand a lecture will vary considerably according to where he sits in the auditorium. If he sits in one of the two front rows, or at the extreme rear or along the side of the hall, he reacts weakly. He gets the most out of the talk, both intellectually and emotionally, if he sits somewhere between the fifth and tenth rows from the front and well in from the edge of the crowd.[1]

This phenomenon is no mystery. The man in whom there is no powerful dominant trend responds more or less to all the stimuli he receives; hence the more stimuli coming in, the steadier and stronger his re-

[1] See C. R. Griffith's studies of lecture classes and grades in "A Comment on the Psychology of the Audience." Psychological Monographs, 1921. No. 136.

actions. What has been called "the circular response" also plays a prominent part here. That is, the acts of one man in a crowd cause other men to do something, and these latter acts in turn influence that same man to do or say something more. This is the mechanism of the frenzy of a religious revival, in which the evangelist first moves his audience to tears, to cries, and to amens, and is himself further excited to oratory by these responses. It is also the generative factor in ordinary conversation; and it completely explains a familiar paradox, to wit, the occasional brilliancy in table talk of a man who otherwise is dull.

Ever since A. Mayer first investigated the differences between solitary work and classroom work by school children,[1] psychologists have been amassing evidence on the mental stimulation of groups. In classroom work, the dullest and slowest pupils are excited most and spurred on most effectively by seeing others around them toiling away at the same task. Conversely, the brightest and most alert pupils either improve very slightly or not at all under such conditions. As F. H. Allport has pointed out,[2] the effect here is like that of trying to pace a fast horse by a slower one. The slow is helped, the fast one hindered. This is why the most zealously social people are inferior in some respect.

1 See Archiv fuer die Gesammte Psychol. 1903. Vol. I, pages 276 et seq.

2 "Social Psychology." Boston, 1924. Page 279.

They need not be inferior intellectually. They may be inferior in their spontaneous activities and thus require the stimulus of a crowd to start them off. Or again, they may suffer from some constitutional unbalance which makes them wretched and which can be overcome by social distractions. History abounds in illustrious examples, none of them better than Samuel Johnson and Voltaire.

Samuel Johnson's physical misery was so acute that, as he told Sir Joshua Reynolds: "The great business of my life is to escape from myself." And he flung himself into any company that chanced to be most available. Solitude drove the poor man frantic, and he preserved his balance of mind usually by seeking the coffee house crowd and by immersing himself in prodigious literary labors.[1] Voltaire, who was fairly mad over society, gossip, dinners, teas, and group argument, suffered all through his amazingly long life from indigestion, weak eyes, deafness, heart trouble, and liver complaint—quite enough to kill a man of feebler will. And he said, in a thousand and one phrasings, that he had to fight and keep on going about, even though ill unto death, for if he ceased that, all would be over. "And there you have my history." Fascinated as he was by society, he mingled with people the better to work himself into a fine fury. A quarrel, a fight, and a feud he loved; for then he was all alive. He had to be stirred into potent action by human contacts. Here you have the key

[1] Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Aetat. 30.

to his insistent declaration: "I love everything and everybody." True, in a sense; he did love universally. But he loved as you might love a sweet medicine which keyed you up.

As a way of recovering one's balance after painful experiences, social loves are at their best. Here we have the basic function of the modern lodge and church. Each is avowedly "a shelter in time of storm." The lodge is an insurance organization, with sick benefits attached as a rule; and the good it does by way of cheering up its members when they have the blues, helping them when ill, and giving them a grand funeral with a parade and maybe a brass band, is exceedingly great. The ludicrous rituals and official appellations invented by the typical American lodge are merely a part of the necessity of keeping the organization intact and running from session to session without too much unpleasant emphasis on the real business.

Social activities, be they serious or frivolous, take one's mind off oneself and one's troubles. It is their sweet distraction that often drives the young widow into settlement work, the hard pressed business man into the tumultuous cabaret, and the bored gentleman who has nothing to do but spend his comfortable income into the fashionable club. For few people can endure themselves alone very long. Their own thoughts and interests fail to stimulate them enough, and they lack the concentration of mind to become absorbed in inanimate objects.

HERD CURE AND SARAH FRYE

Some people get a great deal more than mere stimulation out of contacts with other people. They are so highly suggestible that they take on new ways of life, at least for some weeks or months, and thus undergo a seeming transformation of personality. Much more passive than men like Johnson and Voltaire, they are dominated by the herd, and through surrender to its ways and thought are exalted. Sometimes this exaltation serves as a temporary cure for ailments, as in the case of Sarah Frye.

Sarah Frye is one of these chronic "joiners" and faddists so familiar to students of the crowd mind. Her autonomic system is markedly defective, but not gravely so, in its intestinal and sexual functions. Ever since adolescence she has suffered from very mild recurrent intestinal auto-intoxications which have caused faint headaches, lethargy, and worries. They have resisted every treatment, but they have never interferred seriously with her work. Her sex functions are weak. Though she is now thirty-five, she has never been interested in men, never talks of marriage, and shows no marked negative sex attitudes or trends. She is five feet high and weighs between eighty-five and ninety pounds. In her primary sensitivities, she is of the finicky sort; faintly unpleasant odors, sights, and sounds perturb her. Underdone meat nauseates her, and so does the mere

sight of greasy food. But she has no similar aversions to the discussions of sex matters.

Her mind is colorless. She is entirely destitute of abilities in every field of thinking. But her esthetic trend is average, and her inclination to contemplate is very strong. She takes childish delight in bright sunlight and lively motions, either in things or in people. Dances fascinate her, although she cannot partake in them without becoming swiftly exhausted and sour of stomach. She goes off on long walks in the summer, usually with several friends, and revels in the out-of-doors; but returns in a state of weariness from which she recovers slowly.

Her capacity for drawing wrong conclusions startles me. Logic means nothing in her life. She finds connections between propositions that have nothing to do with each other. She cannot analyze the simplest facts and is lamentably weak in her judgments about people. If left to her own resources, she makes wild guesses—which she likes to call intuitions. On the other hand, she throws herself into whatever she does with all her power and does her utmost to understand its whys and wherefores. And in all this she is an eager and willing learner. Her weakness here lies in her lack of critical sense; she will take and swallow whole almost any proposition if it is delivered to her with an air of authority.

She is most powerfully stimulated by the presence of other people; and so long as she does not try to

do something far beyond her powers, the result is pleasant and beneficial to her. Offhand I should estimate that her mental activity is at least doubled when in the company of people who treat her well. And, knowing this, she seeks such persons with a pertinacity worthy of a higher cause. This brings us to her "joining" mania.

She is always striving to straighten herself out below the diaphragm. She seeks new diets endlessly. In the ten years I have known her, she has successively flung herself into Fletcherism (prolonging mastication), fasting, vegetarianism, fruit diet, purging, and various kinds of physical exercise supposed to aid digestion. Being unable to find complete health in any of these, she has then gone in for mental cures. These all reveal the three phases of her personality.

Being uncritical, she tries anything that is strongly suggested to her. Hence she goes in for all sorts of methods and cults which do her no good and which she drops after a while. Being stimulated pleasantly by groups, she undertakes nothing except in some society or church; and, in that setting, she invariably gets, at first, a powerful reaction which she misconstrues as the first signs of a cure. Being defective on the side of *active* social adjustments, because these overtax both mind and muscle, she never assumes leadership in the cults, never does anything but listen to speakers and go through the rituals. She is entirely passive. And, above all, the cults she joins are always

those which emphasize mental and physical surrender.

For a while she was a Buddhist and praised the advantages of denying self and escaping from self. I must admit that the mental effects of the Nirvana doctrine were excellent for some months; but her intestinal auto-intoxication persisted, and reluctantly she forsook the great Gautama. She then turned to New Thought and strove to gild her cosmos with the Good. But she was not by nature a Pollyanna, for all Pollyannas are robust folk with high metabolic rate. She knew too well that everything could not be good, while her breath was bad. Thence she proceeded to Christian Science, which lasted nearly a year; thence to Rawson's Right Thinking; thence to the Theosophists at Point Loma, where she had a delightful time and almost got well, thanks to the California sun and a fruit diet. Next she discovered that it was the sun and oranges and prunes that were helping her, and not Theosophy; so she forsook the cult and flung herself into a Sun Cure that flourished on the rim of the desert. This, combined with the rest cure, did wonders for her; but the solitudes of sand depressed her in time, and so did the small, anemic congregation. The stimulus of the crowd was lacking. So she returned to the cities. And now she is trying more cults in which inanition and company are carefully blended.

She has never been happy, so far as I can discover. But on the whole she has dodged melancholy and de-

spair quite successfully by burying herself in the midst of noisy herds.

Here we find, closely interlocking, feeble thought processes, high sensitivity to group stimulation, and general low energy in all levels. The vital equilibrium is chronically disturbed in the intestinal zone, hence persists in striving to remove the disturbance. Energy to remove it is derived largely from group stimulation. And the inferior mind selects groups in which no severe thinking and no aggressive social action are required. Its selection furthermore proceeds, not by analysis and inference, but by suggestion and esthetic impulse.

THE JOYFUL AGENT

As you have already seen, a man must have energies suited to his wishes, if he would be happy. Desires whose fulfillments call for sustained thinking must be supported by the psychic energies which carry on such thinking. Little as we know about their nature, it is self-evident that they exist, for thinking is a form of work, and all work is done by some kind of energy. This is purely a matter of definition, not of fact.

Every large employer is familiar with the man whose thinking falls short of the continuous effort of managing other workmen. It has been estimated that not more than seven or eight men out of every hundred succeed as foremen or superintendents. The

others fail less because of unintelligence than by reason of worries, confusion, and distress. To manage well a man must enjoy "freedom from load." This phrase is now used by vocational psychologists to designate ease of action.

Jonathan Judd exemplifies this type. Some years ago he came to me for aid in getting a position. At first I was unable to reconcile his record with his wishes. He was then the owner of a small but highly prosperous factory which was netting him twenty thousand dollars a year. He sought a position whose salary was six thousand and whose duties were, for a man of his executive experience, almost trivial. With some reluctance Jonathan made clear his peculiar position, which I subsequently confirmed through his physician, with his permission.

Judd had been fortunate enough to secure certain patent rights at a strategic moment. On these he had built up his manufacturing business. The business had succeeded in spite of him, such was the demand for the commodity and so large the profit. But the work had shattered his health. Prior to undertaking it, he had been in good health and endowed with average energy, apparently able to think or do whatever he chose to. He had been a travelling salesman and had dropped this work because, as he supposed, life on trains wore him out. The lines he had been selling were of the highest class and not severely competitive; nevertheless he had developed mild insomnia and a vague uneasiness that could, so he said, scarcely

be called worry, though it seemed to have the germ of worry in it.

No sooner had he started his factory than these afflictions became acute. The quick increase in his prosperity and the uniform success of the new business did not help at all. He took all of his office problems to bed with him. He brooded over each consequential act of the day. And it soon became apparent that he could not stand responsibility in any personal relations. He knew that dealing with buyers, agents, visitors, prospective employees, and others fatigued him; so, on his doctor's orders, he turned over all of this administrative work to his partner, a man of high ability and integrity.

Judd went into the factory and took charge of production. Here things went better with him; but after a year of it, the strain told on him. A botched job threw him into a panic or a rage, according to the circumstances. An error in a blue print ruined his dinner. A debate with a foreman over any trifle upset him. Being a man of superior perspicacity, he studied himself minutely and came to the correct conclusion that he was terror-stricken whenever he was forced to decide any matter which, if mishandled, might injure the business. He saw himself and his associates being impoverished by his own misjudgments, and this put him into a nervous tension that ended either in rage or in nauseous fear. Try as he would, he could not convince himself that this was silly.

When he told me this, I naturally inquired as to a possible early blunder or loss arising from some wrong decision, perhaps in childhood; but nothing emerged. And even if something had, it would only have proved what I am trying to show, namely that he was natively unfit for personal responsibilities, if not in one way then in another. Jonathan said that his doctor had ordered him to give up all managerial work and to take a position in which he would simply carry out orders.

The experiment worked amazingly. In his new post, he had nothing to decide except petty office trifles. And his superior was an old friend who had sympathized with him in his distress. Within three months Judd was transformed; fatter, serener, more efficient than ever before in his life, and determined never to leave his jolly job of underling. Insomnia gone, digestion right, he does his eight hours of routine, which consists merely of inspecting projects which the large engineering concern has under way and reporting on them to his superior. The report consists, in the main, of an elaborate form which Judd fills out with ease.

Here we have a personality much too strong to retract to "the life of the spirit" but not strong enough to endure the strain of constructive thinking and active adjustments to the outer world. So the balance is struck between these extremes. Somebody else does the thinking and planning; somebody else gives orders; and Judd carries them out as a passive

agent. While such a personality may suffer from general low energy, it is much more probable that the trouble is a defective *distribution* of energy or poor *integration.*

The more I study people, the stronger grows my conviction that the age-old emphasis on the gulf that separates master from slave is sound. The difference between the man who gives orders and him who takes orders may, in many cases, be slight. Not so, however, with the difference between him who spontaneously tends to give them and him who likes to obey.

Closely related to the joyful agent is the passionate slave. Whereas the agent lives at his best when left free to carry out orders issued by a superior, the slave loves the master as master and does not desire even that petty freedom which the agent enjoys as a subordinate with limited powers.

Here is a slave who, so far as I can see, is realizing her own nature genuinely. You will readily see the world of difference between her contentment and that of Jonathan Judd.

THE PASSIONATE SLAVE

Up to her marriage, Priscilla Peet was a humdrum stenographer. Her employer described her as accurate and faithful to a fault. "She loves to take orders and she hates to use her head," he said. Time proved that he had grazed the very core of her nature in that remark. Being rather pretty and affable,

as well as touched with a light conversational wit, she married early. Her husband was a clerk with a harsh temper and streaks of moodiness which she discovered, of course, only after the wedding bells had ceased. He swiftly gained the ascendancy over her, and, finding that she liked to be bossed, became a skilled tyrant. He enslaved her with all the familiar devices: hard luck stories, sickness—real or feigned—complaints about the expense of supporting her, and plain honest bullying. As he failed several times in small business ventures, he readily became an object of pity in her eyes; and pity, as has been alleged, is akin to love. For him she drudged, did the family wash, worked part time downtown, and aided him in his own work evenings—all this for eleven years. Then he struck a small fortune, largely through her help, and promptly left her for a gayer life. By this time, of course, she had become a typical wornout housewife in a four-room cottage on the edge of town, a little slatternly, a little dull.

Although her husband had an income of several hundred dollars a week, he would not give her a cent of it. For he hoped she would sue for divorce on the ground of non-support. Her own parents and other friends all urged her to take that step. Little by little, they accumulated evidence to show that the recreant husband was deep in affairs with two other women; and all this they recited to the deserted wife. But she would not yield to their urging. She declared she would remain loyal to George, no matter what he

did. Meanwhile her cash gave out, and she had to go to work again.

This so disgusted her parents and her best friends that they refused to help her. The scandal had spread through her home town and made it hard for her to meet people. So she left for a larger city in the West. And here let us look at her personality, before we trace its next adventures.

Slender, of high color, rather graceful in her movements in spite of her eleven years of kitchen slavery, and preëminently dainty of manner, she blushes too easily, stammers when opposed in argument, and shrinks from everything that smacks of self-assertion. Her active interests are few and far from strong. She dabbles at music, singing, verse, historical reading, and dancing. Of these the only one she does at all well is the last, according to those who know. Her will, in one way, is weak. She cannot say no, unless the request is monstrous. She will run errands for you, lend you money, write your letters, anything at all. If she runs an errand, she is likely to forget an important detail. If she writes your letters, she will get the date wrong or muddle some message. But she always corrects her mistakes with promptness and profuse apologies. She is a devoted churchgoer and worker in the vineyard, but she admits that she has no religion. She seems to find a fierce joy in advertising her own unimportance, and to her intimates she boasts of her worthlessness. But she always laughs lightly at her faults and herself.

Now for the comedy of her end—if end it be. After several years of self-support and dogged loyalty to her husband, she received a shock from him. He wrote her that he wanted to marry another woman, that she—his present legal wife—stood in the way of his happiness, that she was selfish and cruel, and that his poor old heart was breaking. The letter worked. She took her orders, when they came from him duly signed. She started divorce proceedings, just to be loyal to George. George wanted happiness; well, she would do what she could to help him. It was a pity he did not love her any more, but of that she could no long harbor a doubt.

The divorce was granted, and with it a liberal alimony. She no longer had to work. She was able to live in what seemed to her starved soul amazing luxury. In short order she became a pathetic, listless drifter. Though in reality she was not much more alone than she had been since leaving her old home, she felt more alone. The tie of loyalty to the husband had been broken, and with it went the one thing she needed for her comfort—something to serve. Soon she received two offers of marriage, both from men of means who assured her that she would always live in luxury and never have any responsibility. She had the unerring instinct to reject them both, greatly to her parents' dismay.

She rationalized her act as "loyalty to George." He had been her husband, to have and to hold till death did them part. Well, he had broken his vow,

but she would not break hers in spirit. She had helped him get the divorce because he asked for it; and that was serving him, wasn't it? To prove her faith, she wrote her ex-husband that she stood ready to marry him again whenever he said the word; and, if he grew poor, she would gladly scrub and sew and slave for him.

About two years later, he took her at her word. He lost his entire fortune speculating in Southwestern oil; his new gay wife deserted him in a huff, she not having bargained for poverty. This time, he got the divorce for desertion; and forthwith he repaired to his first wife, proposing that they make another try of it. Today, in a small Western town, the pair are struggling along shabbily in a rundown cottage not far from the negro quarters. Our heroine scrubs, cooks, mends, and grovels before her lord and master, who is gruffer than ever.

Our passionate slave knows only the joys of a masochist. Herein she differs profoundly from a mere agent and underling.

THE SOLDIER

Biologically lower than either the joyful agent or the passionate slave stands the soldier. I mean, of course, the genuine soldierly personality whose nature it is to obey orders, asking no questions. On command he stands still. On command he marches into the traps of death. On command he ceases to think.

On command he eats. On command he sleeps. His own will has ceased, but not in the way the will of the apathetic man has. Though closely related to the latter, the soldier's will pattern differs from it enough to mark it as a significant human type.

Throughout those soldiers who crave to stay in the ranks I have noticed a vague restlessness, a trend toward nomadism, a sharp dislike of shouldering responsibilities, and—less often—inordinately strong social responses. They appear to be men who need a stern master to keep them at peace with themselves, to assume their burdens of thought, and to keep them happy by keeping them busy. It is a mistake to suppose, as many casual observers do, that only morons can be perfect soldiers. The traits which fit the soldier for his uniform and subservience are, on the whole, not intellectual; they are temperamental and executive. You will find, so Army officers tell us, a considerable sprinkling of fairly superior minds among chronic recruits. They are often mildly psychasthenic: they break down under little worries and incline to harass themselves unduly over all sorts of daily problems. And they are intelligent enough to realize the folly and danger of their trying to stand on their own feet.

It is well known that all sorts of criminals seek refuge in army life. And it is generally assumed that their sole motive is escape from jail. I do not believe this theory. It fits some cases but not others. Many a man enlists in order to save himself from himself. He

finds that he is quarrelsome, vindictive, prone to misunderstanding even his friends, and ill suited to the rather standardized routine of common society. Realizing that he will eventually get into grave troubles if he goes on living in that environment, he saves himself by fleeing to the army camp. There he can surrender his own will with good grace and still find food and friends. A mighty power protects him against his own weaknesses. And this deliverance soothes and empowers him.

Unlike the passionate slave, he does not find intense joy in being ordered around and bullied. In fact, who grumbles more loudly than the true soldier over the way his superiors boss him about? Nor is he a joyful agent if he is called upon to perform tasks that require steady thinking and hard deals with other men. He is much closer to those apathetic personalities which we shall soon be surveying. His submission is almost complete, almost but not quite; and, like genuine submission, its feeling tones are faint or wholly lacking. He does not love to serve. Rather does he cast his burdens on General Headquarters and, by way of fair bargain, he dons the uniform and does his bit. He escapes deep unhappiness but does not gain happiness. He polishes his gun in the arsenal of Limbo.

THE SOLDIER OF THE LORD: CARDINAL NEWMAN

Those who, being unable to get along with common folk and incompetent in worldly affairs, must

flee society may depart in various directions. One man goes into the army and, by surrendering his will, salvages the rest of his personality, such as it is. Another slips away into the forest and becomes a hair-shirted hermit. A third creates his own world by inventing a cult, gathering to himself a handful of disciples and departing with them to some pleasant private spot where he may be lord of his own little universe, ever commanding, never bending the knee. A fourth becomes a soldier of the Lord, takes orders in some church, and immolates himself in a cell. This last one deserves special consideration here, for the type has played an important part in the development of recent cultures as well as in the fashioning of theories of personality and happiness. Some of the most influential writings on bliss, ecstasy, joy, happy living, virtue, character and personality have come from the pens of monks, nuns, and high church fathers. That the ordinary man, reading these, finds it hard to apply their precepts and still harder to verify their assertions, is not to be wondered at. Soldiers of the Lord live one life and speak one language; the ordinary man lives and speaks another. Their life pattern and his have little in common. And their happiness would be his wretchedness. This he should learn as a matter of self-protection. Otherwise he may strive to cast his nature in their mould and wreck both.

So let us look at a brilliant and strikingly contoured soldier of the Lord who missed both heaven and hell.

He is one of the leading citizens of Limbo, and well may Limbo be proud of him. He is Cardinal Newman, the dazzling convert to Rome whose "Apologia" ranks as perhaps the greatest of religious autobiographies. Here is not the place to tell the story of his life, which is much too rich and too long for light sketching. Let us analyze simply the heavier fibres of its warp and woof.

Newman's life was torn by emotions of high intensity. He never succeeded in mastering them, but he did achieve the next best thing; he intellectualized them and thereby robbed them of much power. Never happy, he did rise far above the evil that lurked in his partly divided nature.

He was dominated by two complementary traits which interlocked and coördinated admirably in many situations but often came into a serious clash. One was a craving to dominate with his intellect, the other was a mania to flee the horrors of doubt. And because the masterful reactions normally release floods of energy, he was immensely productive in writing and controversy.

But he was not masterful enough. Only half of him was a fighter. The other half was timid, gentle, soft, and weak. His closest friends and admirers agreed with Arthur Hutton's estimate that "Newman was feminine, both in his strength and his weakness." This comes out vividly in the intellectualized fears of the man, and less clearly in his intellectualized

love, which shone in him as a gentle, subdued friendliness that won everybody.

There is much in Newman's personality that can be appraised only by considering each of the many factors in the vital equilibrium. As we are now concerned only with a study of his substitute for happiness, I shall pass over many aspects of his life. To this extent my analysis is deliberately incomplete. What is omitted, however, does not negate anything here said.

As a child, Newman was under the spell of several fear reactions so marked that he himself later described them as his outstanding characteristic. In school he was excessively shy—afraid to deal with other boys, afraid to talk freely, afraid to stand up and fight. He also states that he was "very superstitious." Probably this means nothing more than that he was frightened by old wives' tales, panicky when left alone in the dark, and so on. His feminine trait comes out sharply too. His school records show that he was "distinguished by diligence and good conduct." In other words, he was submissive to authority, allowing himself to be led and guided. This acceptance of authority, of course, later becomes the supremely characteristic act of his life.

At the age of fifteen he surrendered utterly to the dogma of Calvinism, that grim, vengeful, overmasculine superstition. The psychology of this conversion is simple enough. Calvinism asserts complete

predestination. Predestination naturally means that we mortals cannot take the lead in anything and carve our own fortunes either here or in the hereafter. We are passive in God's hands. How natural then for a strongly feminized little boy with fear tendencies to find a deep spiritual relief in it! There is nothing to fear, little boy! God has settled everything from the beginning of time. And God is good, and gives "that sympathy which man cannot give."

When eighteen, Newman entered Lincoln's Inn and studied for honors there. But his fear reactions spoiled his scholarship. He developed intense anxieties over his work. When he came up for examination, he went to pieces and graduated with only third-class honors. His shyness persisted in spite of his efforts to overcome it. Some improvement seems to have been manifested after he became vice-principal at St. Alban's. But the basic trend was not altered in the least; only a character habit was superimposed upon it. He mastered certain social conventions in the way of talking and dealing with men.

Where now is the masterful trend? Has it not yet developed? Scarcely. It seems to have come into bloom only with physical maturity. The first indisputable evidence of rage, combat and aggression which I find in his life appears when he was twenty-six years old and a vicar of Saint Mary's. And it is a delightful psychological fragment! It reveals one of the most perfect of all coördinations between rage and fear. Rage leads to fighting, but fear leads to

concealment or flight. What did Newman, the fear-ruled youth, do? He was furious at the Non-Conformists in the Church Missionary Society, of which he was local secretary. With his feminine craving for being led and ruled, the very idea of non-conformity was loathsome to him. So he *circulated an anonymous letter* among the members of the Society explaining to them a clever trick whereby they might oust all wicked Non-Conformists from the organization. Could anything be more perfect as a psychological document? Newman attacks his foes. But not in the open. Oh, no! He is afraid to do that. So he hides, and from his ambush strikes! The anonymous letter often springs from just this combination of rage and fear.

His intellectual powers began to mature now. And there can be no doubt that they were both the cause and the effect of his increasing combativeness within the theological field. It must be kept in mind that Newman's rages and fears all moved within the world of ideas; though when he reflected, he sought constantly to "confine himself (around 1866) to work which could, he believed, be done without incurring risk of censure." To him, theological doctrines were the breath of life. Toward men as individuals he seems to have harbored no intense emotions. His personal relations were all marked by feminine gentleness and charm. All of which is another way of saying that his original dominant trait of fear drove his mind away from the world of men into the world of his own mind and emotions. Here compare him, if

you will, with another great man who resembles him singularly in many respects—Woodrow Wilson. His safest and best method of keeping in touch with people was by writing letters to them. And beautiful were the letters that he wrote. We must agree with his admirers that his correspondence is truly great literature. Linked with this inability to meet people face to face was a profound shyness which he never overcame, though he fought it from his boyhood onward. He was easily upset by unkind remarks, and even by legitimate criticism of his views of policies, especially when these were spoken to him. It was his misfortune to take everything personally. What surer guarantee of unhappiness?

When he did try to mix with people in a large way, his rage reactions spoiled everything that his anxieties did not. He failed as rector of the Catholic University at Dublin because he could not deal diplomatically with students and faculty. And his lack of diplomacy is indubitably the product of his curious intellectualizing instincts. He thought in terms of philosophical ideas. He was unable to think in terms of concrete situations, physical details, living people, negotiations, adjustments and compromises. His was a logic-chopping mind. It could not hew deep into the everyday realities. He tried to manage people as he might manage his inner speculations—and of course he failed. Failure stirred him to fury. And then he wrote with vitriol, but in retirement, far from the madding crowd. He writes in his journal, "Con-

fidence in any superiors whatever never can blossom again within me. I shall ever be suspicious that they or theirs have secret unkind thoughts of me. I am now in a state of quiescence. . . . I obey them as God's representatives, not from devotion to *them*."

Cardinal Newman lived in solitude in one house for forty years. This was one of many wise adjustments to his own nature, for he always had grave difficulty in dealing with people. Sooner or later he quarreled with almost everybody with whom he had to deal face to face—again like Woodrow Wilson. In spite of his intense desire to launch immense organizations and to be the leader of world-wide religious institutions, he was a singularly bad manager. Whenever he attempted to run church affairs, he made a mess of things.

In his intellectual evolution I find a remarkable influence of a highly intellectualized fear. Newman shut his eyes deliberately to every piece of scientific research in religious and secular fields. Though his entire life was spent in intellectual centers during the Golden Age of Science and Criticism, and though he lived to the age of eighty-nine in almost unbroken health and vigor, he would read nothing of the findings of other students in the fields of historical criticism, archaeology, natural science, or logic. It would be absurd to suggest that he neglected these because of intellectual incompetence; for the man was highly endowed in analysis and inference. His dread of the possibility of a complete mental upheaval, his

womanly horrors of having to walk alone in darkness without some kindly light to lead him amid the encircling gloom, and his fear of finding hard facts which would in any wise cause him to think less of his own cosmic importance—these were the powers which closed his eyes to the real workers of the nineteenth century. And he wrote, "When one ceases to hope, one ceases to fear." He believed intensely in the tremendous human significance of his own career—as most men do in whom rage reactions well up lustily. That is the normal fighting attitude and not to be scoffed at, as such. But when harnessed to fears, it becomes a handicap.

His egotism was astounding both in its strength and its honesty. When a friend gently advised him not to bother the Pope with so many personal letters, Newman replied naïvely, "All saints have had recourse to the Pope for advice and direction." In his famous "Apologia," he wrote thus of himself:

> I believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory. This belief helped me rest *in the thought of two and only two absolute and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my creator.*[1]

The last sentence is amazing. Not content with regarding himself as one of the two absolute entities

[1] "Apologia," page 4.

in the universe, Newman took pains to mention himself ahead of his creator. But we must bear in mind that here, as in nearly all inordinate egocentrics, what seems to be a preposterous exaggeration of self-importance is mostly an over-intense interest in a self which, being defective, demands care-free attention and attentive care. Just as a boy with a broken thumb coddles it, thinks about it, talks about and exhibits it to sympathetic friends, so did Newman devote himself to a public nursing of his torn ego. To him it was truly the central issue of the universe. And should it not have been?

The fear that rooted deep in his being seems to have gone back to a native sensitiveness. His sister said that his one weakness was his excessive reaction to blame and to unpopularity. It is easy to see how this fear integrated with his egocentric trend. He construed every slightest turn of fortune, good and ill alike, in an intensely personal fashion. He regarded himself as the object of disfavor or of divine punishment when things did not turn out to suit him; and when things went smoothly, he construed them invariably as signs of God's loving him. The swollen ego in him, poisoned by fear, was what drove him into the arms of Rome, as he himself clearly saw and frequently confessed. Thus he wrote, in praise of his new faith:

> And to feel yourself surrounded by all holy arms and defences, "the whole armour of God,"

and to know that when you die you will not be forgotten, that you will be sent out of the world with the holy unctions upon you, and will be followed with masses—what can one desire more than this?

He was a valiant fighter with the pen. But he fought in the dark with shadows of his own making. And he laid bare his soul when he chose as the motto to be engraved on his memorial tablet these words: "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem." So too he exposed to the world the thick darkness of an intellect blighted with fears, a sick soul craving to cease its unhappy struggles and let some stronger spirit lead it into peace and happiness, as when he wrote:

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

This Soldier of the Lord illustrates, perhaps more devastatingly than any other, the flagrant egotism of those who seek happiness by casting their burdens on the Lord. Pretending to serve the Lord, they really make the Lord serve them. He becomes the Valet Universal. He delivers all the goods of life, here and in the hereafter.

Newman missed happiness simply because his egocentric wish was insane. He was a babe crying for the moon. He craved the Impossible, and the Impossible mocked him with impossible laughter. But he, with his defective perceptions, heard the mockery as a promise of salvation and did his best to nourish his spirit on the promise. But he lingered on in Limbo because to the very end his craving was stronger than his faith.

The Buddhists remarked, centuries ago, that the Christian's search for happiness in God's heaven is a naïve piece of hungry egotism doomed to everlasting disappointment. Is it perhaps significant that Christianity was devised by a Jew and organized by Jews? Or that Cardinal Newman himself was almost certainly of Jewish origin? The egocentricity of the superior Jew is well known.

APATHY

Apathy is a variety of submission. It is indifference linked with inactivity. Or, more accurately, we should say that complete apathy is that combination. The apathetic man "takes things as they come." He "takes them lying down." He does not fight back. He does not run away. He does not struggle to force the environment to conform to his own will. And, lacking this tonic urge, he does little or nothing.

You find every degree and level of apathetic behavior from indifference to a buzzing fly up to the

profound numbed state of a man whose family has been burned to death in a tenement fire. In one person apathy is selective and intermittent, in another it is diffuse, general and continuous. Its mildest form is scarcely to be distinguished from inattention or from sluggishness. Its upper limit is a stupor that is almost death.

Let us look at several cases arranged in more or less progressive order. The first will be fairly normal varieties of selective apathy in which the individuals, by developing strong indifference and inactivity toward certain interests in life, attain what we may call specialized happiness, or at least specialized contentment, in certain restricted fields. What you think of such people all depends upon your angle of approach to them. From one point of view they appear quite happy, perhaps even blessed. From another they show up as unfortunate, if not accursed. This is because, for the sake of gaining one thing, they give up another. They are restricted personalities, with thick shells here and thin spots there.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

By way of contrast to Cardinal Newman, consider William Ellery Channing, the eminent Unitarian divine of the early nineteenth century. Channing is a far sounder human being than Cardinal Newman, without Newman's fear, without Newman's inferior analytical powers, and without Newman's bloated ego.

Both men lived inwardly rather than outwardly. Both had great difficulty in adjusting to men and affairs. Both were hypersensitive in certain ways. Both were absorbed in the moral issue of life. But where Newman groped in darkness and muddled his own thoughts, Channing advanced with lucid logic. Where Newman's ego made a fool of him, Channing's vastly superior personality managed itself with beautiful inner harmony.

Born in the secluded old aristocracy of Boston, he was a strikingly refined, delicate child. All his inherited traits were sharply marked. At college he developed ascetic habits, such as fasting, which brought on violent dyspepsia and weakened him for life. At twenty he was a "thin and pallid invalid." All through life he lacked social tact—even as Beethoven did and virtually all introverts do. This was his chief failure as a clergyman, as even his warmest admirers granted. He was totally unable to enter into and carry through a controversy; he tended to take both what he said and what was said to him as personal imputations. He could not detach propositions from the emotional halos that went with them. This squares with his unusually keen esthetic and moral sensitivities. He married a wealthy cousin but refused to use any of her money for himself, on the ground that clergymen were frequently accused of marrying for money. He penetrated clearly the monstrous Napoleon and his ambitions, both of which he assailed from the pulpit to great effect. He was one of the first to launch a

pacifist movement. He was a leader in the anti-slavery cause and wrote a book on it. But he disagreed with the Abolitionists because of their violences.

His trend toward the inner life grew on him with the years. His sermons never touched problems of the day and common duties. They dealt with universalities and theology. They moved in a realm of wan ideas. This sounds as if Channing lacked all social sense; but nothing could be further from the truth. He was a powerful social reformer; but his reforms worked through ideas alone. They were deductions from his reflections. Reduced to writing, they became potent largely because of his happy social position in an intellectual community. Being mentally and physically incapable of stump speaking and active politics and reform organization work, he worked with ideas and written words, beginning with fundamentals. And his clarity gave to his writings a weight which made him a power in the hurly-burly world he could not enter in the flesh.

Channing's "Symphony"—which has been quoted to death—reflects his personality:

> To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to study hard, to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiri-

tual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony.

There has never been a conciser and truer account of the intellectual life of an inwardly directed personality. Notice how each note in this Symphony rings the same two themes: "Shun outer affairs!" and "Grow from within, not from without!" Notice how the spiritual is the core of life. Notice too how the spiritual is to ripen, without pressure or urging or by taking thought, out of the simplest daily experiences.

Much surer was his self-understanding than Newman's. And firmer his self-control. He organized his life in harmony with his nature and, insofar as his nature permitted, he achieved a kind of happiness. Not the intense, unbroken happiness of a healthy body, but the gentle intermittent sort which alone is possible in a frail frame. The captain was better than his ship. He could not do all that he yearned to with the vessel, so he had the good sense to drive it gently across still waters.

Is not his selective apathy clear? In a social world that exalted wealth, he made himself indifferent to it, at least to some degree. Where much was made of respectability, he gave scant heed to it. Where intellectual striving and achievement were regarded as the proper career of well bred youths, he was content to think quietly and to live even more so. Doubtless he had many hours of near-happiness and

many more of something akin to contentment. If he dwelt in Limbo, surely his habitation was close to the boundaries of the Better Land.

GERTRUDE GALL

The apathetic reaction often develops in a crisis and there works so well that the person adopts it as a fixed general behavior. The effect is sometimes startling, as in Gertrude Gall.

Gertrude was a spoiled child, the only daughter of a wealthy theatrical producer and a former actress whose social ambitions and vanities absorbed her life. The father coddled her, the mother neglected her on the pleasant theory that little girls ought to grow up free and unhampered. The child was always at home behind the scenes, where all her father's employees fed her candy and flattered her. She grew up as unrestrained as the west wind, but with a kind of sagacity that saved her from any serious trouble. She always had her own way. From her mother she inherited a furious temper that flamed up when she was thwarted, and from her father she got a remarkable understanding of people. I have known few persons, trained or untrained, who came so close to seeing through people as she did, even when she was a slip of a thing. She had this as a native trend, for she would not read books or go to school or listen to lectures. She flitted about through the theater crowds, chatting, listening, eavesdropping, quarrel-

ing. And out of it all she fashioned her measuring rods of mankind.

Excellent health and sheer joy of life conspired to make her a complete individualist by the end of adolescence. She did not hate society, she merely saw nothing in it that amused her or helped her. She was sufficient unto herself, and she knew it. This happy state continued without a shadow until she was about twenty-five, when she began to develop a curious maternalism. She wanted children, but she did not care for marriage, as it meant a surrender of her freedom. Furthermore, while she liked men much more than women, she was not inclined to favor any one man. Her stage days had been happiest when in the company of boys and men, and she had shrewdly discounted the lure of wedlock by observing her own parents, who were not too well mated.

Now, the maternal trend is quite distinct from the ordinary sex impulses and appetites. It often occurs in complete separation from the latter, much to the surprise and embarrassment of those who hold certain conventional theories about love, marriage, and children. Gertrude, however, was not embarrassed; she was simply mad.

She knew that, in this case, for the first time in her pampered life she could not have her own sweet way without a tempest that might easily wreck her. Her mother would never tolerate illegitimate children, and her father would surely disown her, if only to save his face in certain business circles. For a while—

about a year—Gertrude tried to preserve her inner balance by hectic distractions, among which gay parties and much liquor stood out garishly. She made a try at acting, surreptitiously, in one of her father's minor road companies; she took a long trip to Europe and even went in for athletics, although she had neither the taste nor the physique for that sort of strenuosity. All to no avail. She must have children. They alone would satisfy.

So she married—and had no trouble about it, for she was vivacious, pert, rather pretty, clever in conversation—to a fault, at times—and financially ideal. The suitor she accepted was a solid citizen, a keen, up-and-coming business man somewhat older than herself but not seriously so. He was inordinately fond of his bride and began to humor her to her heart's content, even as her parents always had. She was madly joyous when her baby was coming and went into ecstasies over it from the day it was born. A month later, the little thing died.

Some women would have lapsed into hysterics. Others would have killed themselves. Others would have blamed the doctor or the nurse or the husband. Others would have gone to bed and stayed there in permanent invalidism. And others would have hurried to have another baby. Gertrude did nothing of the sort. She found her balance in the way of magnificent apathy. I call it magnificent because it was so complete, so consistent, so self-conscious, and so effective.

At first she was stunned—which is one form of apathy. As she came out of this condition, she set herself to the task of thinking the whole tragedy through. She talked it over with her physician, who advised her to have no more children, for excellent physiological reasons. Then she talked it over with her husband, who told her that he agreed with the physician. "But you can have anything else you like," he said.

"There is nothing else I want," she told him. "No! There is nothing I want. Nothing! Why should people want things? It only makes them unhappy. It is best to want nothing."

She had never heard of Buddha. Had anybody mentioned Nirvana, she would probably have thought it a new face powder. But she reached the way of self-negation by a natural instinct, just as thousands of other men and women have. For it is one of the Ways of Life that is forever being rediscovered. For nearly five years I have watched her follow this Way, and her steadfastness has amazed me. Without the least inmixture of religious or philosophical doctrines, she remained serenely indifferent toward all the joys of the flesh and the spirit for three years; and then some people discovered her, declared she was a saint in disguise, got her to talk to a group of religionists, who immediately proclaimed her as one of their own, and persuaded her to declare herself as such.

Her insensitivity to their sickish praise, which verges on idolatry at times, puts her miles high above

them all. And so too does her utter ignorance of their queer dogmas. They are all artificial. She alone is completely natural. Her own nervous system has built up its own insulators against outrageous fortune. She is neither sulky, nor moody, nor depressed, nor given to any complaint. If you did not know her history, you would never suspect that her inner life differed by a hair's breadth from that of any other woman. In common converse she is pleasant. She goes about her day's duties as any other housewife might. She even accedes to her mother's well-meant but foolish demands to "go into society." But, left to her own devices, she seeks nothing, expects nothing, and grieves over nothing. For a few months after her baby died, she cherished its tiny garments. But one day she thrust them all into the fire, saying, "It is foolish to keep them. The sooner forgotten, the better."

Whether this way of balance will continue indefinitely, nobody can say. And, so far as we are here concerned with it, that makes no difference. The equilibration has happened, it has worked well under a wide range of conditions, and that is all I have undertaken to show. It may be, of course, that under subsequent circumstances of middle life or of some change in bodily health, the indifference will break down. My guess is that it will pass over some day into a form of intellectual curiosity. At any rate, Gertrude has achieved an excellent substitute for

happiness under circumstances which make genuine happiness impossible.

DISGUST OF LIFE

Among superior intelligences profound apathy is sometimes brought on by nothing more than a series of experiences whose climax is disillusionment and a disgust of life itself. It would be inaccurate to say that the disillusioning alone causes the apathy. There must be a larger emotional upset which, we must suppose, results from a disturbance of the thinker's basic habits. A pattern of personality is shattered, and out of the ruin rises an enfeebled and restricted spirit. Tom Trapp exhibits this at its worst. As you contemplate him, notice how he differs from Gertrude Gall. She is more truly a selectively apathetic person than he; for she carries on with the commonplaces of social existence sweetly.

Tom Trapp lies closer to the borderline between health and madness. He cannot be fully reported here because the shock which upset him is known to too many readers. Enough to say that he was a rich youth pampered by both parents and left to go his own way, which was the primrose path at its steepest down-grades and its most perilous hairpin curves. When the war came, he ran into it with a whoop. It was the freshest bit of excitement in a long time. For some months he was the life of the party overseas.

Having all the social graces, money, political influence, and innumerable friends, he quickly rose to a high position. And in that he was suddenly called upon to do a piece of urgent spy work which, to him, was unspeakably repellent. It was, to his way of thinking, tricky, low, and filthy; and, in some measure, he was right in thinking so. But it was a necessary part of war. And understanding this, he did it. However, it completely disillusioned him about the war and about mankind. Without having suffered the slightest physical injury, he was shattered.

His apathy first showed itself in utter fearlessness toward war hazards. He was not brave in the strict sense, he had simply lost all interest in life. He was not seeking death, for his mood was far from bitter; he merely did not care whether school kept or not. He was convinced that the human race, in its entirety, was not worthy of respect or propagation, and that the individual was a little lower than the run of animals in his unbridled lusts. Tolstoi at his savagest never denounced his species more comprehensively than Trapp did. And Tolstoi never proved his beliefs half so thoroughly in his own practice as this man did every day for nearly a year, when he undertook commissions of the utmost hazard up and down the war front.

Among other things, he offered his services in many experiments with poison gases, hand grenades of unknown reliability, medicines, aircraft stunts, and novel tricks of espionage. Some high officials decided

he was crazy and had him inspected above the ears; but they found nothing to warrant a padded cell. He was not suicidal, for he turned down a thousand fair chances at death while executing his tasks. To his intimates he told the simple truth: he had lost all feeling toward himself, his fate, his future, and everything, and he was now watching himself go through the movements of living as he might watch an ant under a magnifying glass.

This last statement, which has frequently been made by other persons in an apathy-adjustment, indicates a violent dissociation of the central nervous system from the autonomic system, at least insofar as the usual emotional reactions go. But probably this dissociation has been made possible first of all by a profound autonomic change which reduces the usual emotional reactions through the endocrine system. As yet, unhappily, we know next to nothing about the minuter mechanisms here. All we see are the end-results.

No perceptible change has come over Trapp in these seven years. Since the war he has been living on his income, doing anything that seems at the moment interesting, but taking nothing seriously. That his emotional life has been undergoing a deep atrophy is becoming more evident every day in his declining interest in wine, woman, and song, even as devices for killing time. He has no occupation, no hobby, no pet misery, nothing but a singularly robustious body and five thousand a year. He has lately stopped denounc-

ing the human race. He finds there is no point in that; for, after all, the human race did not make itself, hence cannot be indicted for that supreme folly.

THE DEEP APATHY OF YOGA

Beyond the specialized insensitivity of Gertrude Gall lies the broader and deeper self-obliteration of Yoga. This must be studied here with care, for it is one of the oldest ways of life, sought by untold millions since the days before Buddha, and still pursued. Sometimes it is necessitated by inner weaknesses of personality. Again it is forced upon men by a brutish environment. And it is most successful of all when weaklings dwell in a harsh world from which escape is impossible. This is why India has always produced the greatest ascetics and philosophers of self-effacement. For its inhuman environment is packed with frail humanity.

Almost anywhere in the tropics, heat, humidity, and generally bad living conditions conspire to lower the human metabolism to the basal line of mere existence. India is the natural haunt of the devitalized personality. Her oppressive climate makes it all but impossible for a man to lower his body temperature after exercise; and it is deadly to a man inclined toward obesity, for the fat person must perspire relatively more than the lean man in order to cool off. Every form of muscular activity must

be slowed down for comfort as well as for health. *And this means that the emotional reactions must also be checked as far as possible, for they energize the entire body to a heightened activity.* Here we have the key to the Buddhist adjustment, both on its physical and its mental sides.

Before I explain this, let me warn you that the Buddhist *adjustment* must not be confused with the complete and organized system of Buddhistic *doctrine.* The former is life, the latter is theory; the former is practice, the latter preaching. In the suttas the "Noble Eightfold Path" is an ideal rationalization of a way of life which Gautama Buddha may have remotely approximated in the flesh. It is the complete denial of the metaphysical reality of all individuals and an assertion of the essential evil of the very process of individualization. The loftiness of its moral teachings and the profundity of many of its metaphysical analyses doomed it to practical failure; by the third century B. C., the pressure of natural life triumphed, compromises started, and steadily the primitive animism of the Hindu vanquished the acute and altogether too true Buddhist teaching of the unreality of spirit. The old gods came back, and today the thing called Buddhism in India would never be recognized by Gautama himself, any more than any modern Protestant or Catholic church would be recognized by Christ as having the remotest connection with himself. *But what has survived in*

common practice represents fairly well the essence of ancient practice: and this is a way of life which is an ideal adaptation for people of minimal energy.

The ancient Yoga technique of self-discipline and ecstatic meditation illustrates this. In our Western world, this often passes for the quintessence of Buddhism; but it is far from that. Indeed, Yoga was an ancient cult in the days of Gautama himself. It is prehistoric. Buddha found it flourishing and highly popular. He took it over into his philosophy but with the warning that it was of minor value and might easily be exaggerated.[1] In this he did not realize that the very antiquity and diffusion of Yoga pointed to its being a profound biological adaptation. He has vanished, he and his lofty philosophy; but Yoga goes on as it has through the millenia. And why?

Because it is a simple process of retracing one's energies in an environment where exertion is deadly. Its technique, as set forth in the Upanishads,[2] is simply a progressive withdrawal from outer activities. It is called "viveka," which here means separation. There are three kinds of separation: "kaya-viveka," or retirement to the solitude of the forest; "kitta-viveka," or separation of oneself from all idle thoughts; and "Nirvana," or the complete separation from mere self and hence absolute freedom. The wise

[1] See "Dialogues of the Buddha." Translated by Rhys Davids. Vol. I, page 84, etc.

[2] For details, see the "Yogavacaras Manual of Indian Mysticism." Edited by Rhys Davids. London, 1896.

man who follows Yoga gives up all objects of desire, beginning with loved ones and intercourse with them, and ending up with renunciation of his own self-love and desire to exist as a person. To achieve this final bliss of nonentity, the seeker withdraws from his fellow men, seats himself beneath a tree, and goes on doing nothing until there is nothing else to do.

He should not even rationalize his behavior. He ought to accept the profound doctrine of the Buddha: "Even in heavenly pleasures he finds no satisfaction; the disciple who is fully awakened delights only in the destruction of all desires." [1] He must hold that "all forms are unreal." He must accept the difficult truth of the Buddha that "he should not form any philosophical view in this world. Nor should he look upon any views other than his own as bad." [2] But what is neat logic may be a very poor adaptation to the world we live in. Few ascetics refrain from praise of asceticism.

Curiously enough, this technique of Yoga has been extolled by William James as one which "releases untapped reservoirs of energy." [3] This is, of course, a complete misunderstanding. When the practice succeeds, as it does with many people of the right sort, there is a tremendous suspension of those very activities which use nearly all of the bodily forces. The disciple forsakes wife and babe, as Buddha him-

1 Dhammapada. Chapter 14, page 187. And Chapter 20, page 279.
2 Atthakavagga. Chapter 5, pp. 796, 799.
3 The essay on "The Energies of Men." In "Memories and Studies." New York, 1911. Page 251, etc.

self did. He drops his trade or profession. He turns away from worldly pleasures. He even abandons conversation. He finally stops looking at objects, stops thinking about them, and inhibits his muscles as completely as he can. Is it any wonder that he has considerable energy on hand when he wishes to do something? Or that, if he wishes to do nothing, he is not overtaxed in that?

It has never been my good fortune to inspect specimens of this cult; but I am told by various persons who know them in India that they seem to be undersized, sickly, emaciated wretches. It is possible, of course, that some of them might seem well built and physically sound, yet gravely devitalized. This seems to be true of the few ascetics I have known who led lives more or less in accord with some doctrine like Yoga. And it is also true that such ascetics invariably set up the same defense mechanism; they all insist that it is only through stern self-denial that man can gain the deepest understanding and wisdom.[1] But from such observations of their behavior as I have been able to make, it is clear enough that they make a virtue of necessity, as does Joseph Wiggs.

Joseph Wiggs is an Englishman, now fifty years old. Up to the age of thirty-five, when I first met him, he was a prosperous salesman in a large London

[1] This doctrine and related views are carried to unusual length in the most recent literary defense of asceticism, by G. Hardman, in his "The Idealism of Asceticism." New York, 1924.

wholesale house. His physique was mildly below par in several respects. He was about twenty pounds under weight, suffered continually from colds which resisted all treatment save the rest cure in a warm climate; was distinctly high-strung, and succumbed to worries when things did not go right. He got along well with people, was affable, and made a good impression. Having saved money, he married and bought a small house in a suburb. Then business troubles developed, and his wife fell ill; expenses mounted, worries deepened, and finally matters came to a head. Worn out and coming down with a fresh cold, he was shuffling past a Salvation Army post one raw, foggy night, wondering how he would pay the doctor and meet the overdue instalment on his home. On a strange impulse, he entered the barracks. And from this point on, let him tell his own story, as closely as I can recall it.

I had never given religion or anything like that a thought before. Hadn't been against it or for it. And I'm sure that I went in simply because it was warm and bright inside, and the music was cheery. A man was talking about bringing all your troubles to Jesus. He was telling how he had found a new life by giving up everything and following Christ. He had been a business man, so he said, and he had been getting hard, calloused, in a bad rut. He had quit every-

thing and was happier than he had ever been.

Before I knew what was happening, I was walking up to him and saying "I'll try that myself." And the minute the words were out of my mouth, I suddenly felt better than I ever had before in all my days. The man said: "Do you love Jesus?" And I said: "I don't know yet. Give me time. I'll try."

I went home and told my wife, and she was furious. She said I'd lost my head and would lose the house and her. I laughed in her face and said: "I'd as soon lose both of you as not. I'm going to forsake all, forsake all, forsake all! It's the way of salvation."

She went home to her mother and made a lot of trouble. But I went ahead just the same. Resigned my post and asked for the meanest, lowest task in the Salvation Army. They didn't want to give me that, but I said that or nothing. I started by sweeping out the hall and running errands.

That's nearly ten years ago. And I'm as happy as ever. I put in a couple of hours a day at the barracks. Rest of the time, I read the Bible and think about it. That's all. And, queer thing about it all!—I'm not sure I've got religion the way the rest of the people have. I'm different. But I'm happy and I'm going on with it.

To this let me add that his asceticism is sincere, thoroughgoing and eminently successful, but religious only in the most superficial sense. I do not mean that he is a hypocrite. Far from it. He still says that he isn't religious like the rest, and I cannot believe that the rest have any doubts on the subject. He is a poor member to call on for religious talks. He does it when there is nobody else around to do it better, and he never scores a hit, in spite of his personal charm. He is reconciled with his wife, but they live apart, she earning her own living and he sending her an occasional five-pound note. At long intervals I see him and am always impressed by his serene health, his freedom from his old enemy, the colds, and his mildly ecstatic conviction that he has found the Way of Life. He has divested himself of all ambitions. He almost literally lives on bread, water, and meditations. The latter, so far as he has confided them to me, are nothing more than minor variations of a few old copy book maxims and biblical texts. His total physical exertion in the course of a day consists of a short walk to and from his Army work and about two hours of repose in a chair talking to the unfortunates who drift in begging food and shelter. He is, in the biological sense, a successful man. For he has adjusted his behavior to his power, and this has set him free.

He has not "released untapped reservoirs of energy." He has simply nozzled down his thin trickle

of muscular and nervous energy so that it serves him best.

CONSTITUTIONAL APATHY

Most people who become apathetic do so under some painful compulsion. The new way of life is not the best, it is a makeshift; and, could they only manage things better or have better luck, they would live far more happily. Here and there, however, we come upon a personality whose apathy is wholly native. He lacks the usual feelings and emotionalized attitudes in the same way that a blind man lacks some part of the organs of sight. And we normal onlookers are quite as incompetent to appreciate his outlook on life as he is to grasp ours. Of the sympathetic imagination which we possess there is not a trace in him. The sight of a suffering child fails to stir in him a hurt and a sorrow. He looks on an angry man with neither fear nor rage nor contempt.

There is good evidence, such as Hickson has assembled, to indicate that many of our most ruthless gunmen, high jackers, thugs, and swindlers are thus endowed by a sinister Nature. To kill an innocent bystander in cold blood is, to them, as casual an act as eating flapjacks. So Hickson is justified in calling them "the emotionally insane." Their intelligence is not at all diseased; they may even be brilliant minds. Nor does any defect of physique appear. Some segment of their nervous mechanisms, presumably in

the cerebellum and the thalamus, is far more simply constructed than the ordinary man's.

As we understand happiness and unhappiness, these freaks can never know them. They are neutrals in the eternal war of the emotions. And they often turn their neutrality to profit, just as other neutrals in other wars do. We shall gain nothing by studying them here. I mention them chiefly for the sake of the record. They prove how far downward the varieties of emotional experience range. And perhaps they make it easier for you to understand those human types in whom the feelings are but a faint flicker. All these are benumbed existences. And some of them closer to the normal make desperate efforts to bestir themselves. They become excitement hunters. And they may even slay and torture their victims, all in the hope of experiencing the pleasant thrills which the rest of us derive from innocent deeds.

THE DOPE OF DREAMS

By far the commonest and most nearly normal of all dissociations is simple dream life. Everybody dreams by night, and most of us dream a little by day. Many profoundly unhappy souls who can never be content with their lot or resigned to fate take refuge in the mild dissociations of prolonged waking revery. Little by little they acquire the pernicious art of spending much of their time in these realms of fan-

tasy. They even pay hard earned money to be kept in this condition.

You will find such unfortunates flocking to the fake psychologists, whose chief stock in trade is to maintain their clients in opulent self-deception. I once listened to a woman who makes more than $200,000 a year selling lies to these unfortunates. She heralded herself as an Emancipator of Struggling Souls. (And there were plenty of souls struggling to get front seats.)

"The truth shall make you free!" she cried. "Once you know how the Law works you can work and not get tired! You're getting ready to be liberated now! You belong to the thinking element of the community. You are sleeping giants, slumbering geniuses!"

The sleeping giants wanted to know how to keep from losing their hair, their teeth, their husbands and their faith. The slumbering geniuses asked plaintively how to cure deafness and rupture, infected kidneys and goitre, pyorrhea and constipation, by psychology and metaphysics. There is no such thing, she assured them, as a hopeless or incurable disease.

"Tell me," begged one listener, "how can I relax my mind and get some sleep?" Another asked how to have an imbecile child made normal. An old man with a long white beard inquired querulously: "Can I grow a new tooth by psychology?"

"Rationalize your mind!" she commands them. "Get a higher realization of the Universal and the Eternal! Apply the Law—together with a little slip-

pery elm, a third of a teaspoon of precipitated chalk once a day, salt water in the mornings, and whole wheat bread for dinner. Sixty years old? Getting a little wheezy? You can turn the years backward and be young again! Absolutely! Afraid to indulge in midnight suppers? How in the world does your stomach know whether it's midnight or morning unless you tell it?"

Even death is grandly set aside. "You are afraid to die?" she asks. "You do not need to die! There is no need to disintegrate or deteriorate. You can immortalize the cells of your body and banish death!"

"A thousand years from now I'll meet you," she said on the feverish closing night, "and I'll say, 'Remember back yonder in Seventy-second Street? There's lots happened since then.' Keep everlastingly on the job, my friends. Don't let any grass grow under your feet and remember this—you always may be what you might have been!"

She leaves them. Thunderous applause follows her.

What do they get out of it? Platitudes and lies! Such awful lies that the American Psychological Association and the Better Business Bureau denounce it as "fake psychology" and would suppress it. But these learned authorities have only considered one side of the question. They shudder at what she gives them but they do not ask "what do they get out of it?" They consider the seller but they ignore the buyer, and it's the buyer who fixes the price.

What does he get out of it? Much more than bunk!

He gets the courage to try again, the strength to keep on going, self-respect, stimulation, enthusiasm, conviction the thing can be done and the determination to do it! The fakir sprinkles stardust along dull paths; gilds the drabness, inferiorities, and inabilities of humdrum lives.

In the No-Man's-Land which lies between sanity and insanity you find all sorts and conditions of weakling spirits. Thousands there are who merely lack "pep and punch." Something is missing in their endocrine equipment—possibly nothing more than a hundredth of a milligram of thyroxin a year. They cannot get up steam alone. Alone they fail at everything. They require a hard prod from some benevolent bunk artist. Something in the way of a whoop or a hymn or a promise. Excitement lifts them to a higher level of emotion and accomplishment. How wonderful! What if it does last only a few days or weeks? One can take a fresh dose.

Others there are who have energy enough but lack dexterity to direct it to any end. They are fuzzy-wits. They can think nothing out for themselves, and it makes them miserable to go floundering through the days. How happy they become as soon as somebody tells them what to do next! We must remember that such imperfect souls are very much like little children, in that they crave direction for their activities and are not very particular as to which direction is chosen for them, so long as they can use up their energies there. Any coördination is infinitely

better than none at all. Any straight line surpasses a mere point.

Our eminent psychologists and moral leaders rise in mass to protest here. "Shall we tolerate this prostitution of a noble science?" they ask. "Can we allow fake psychologists to peddle bunk for a price—and grow rich at it? Is it not disgraceful to let scoundrels exploit the poor and the ignorant?"

Gentlemen! You forget that "truth" is a deadly poison to most mortals. Few educated people can face it, and still fewer can take it neat. A tincture of it is about the stiffest swig some of our distinguished scientists can swallow. (Witness the gentlemen who are still trying to reconcile thirteenth-century theologies and relativity!) The central nervous system of our species was not devised as a fact register nor as a fact digester. It serves a wholly different purpose, which is to enable people to get along in this wild, wild world so full of pangs and puzzles. The most urgent of all human needs is balance, which is, in one of its many aspects, simple sanity; in another, serenity; in another, happiness; and in another, a philosophy of life sufficiently smooth and convincing to the individual to serve as a headlight through the sloughs of despond.

Not even the most austere thinker faces and assimilates all the facts and nothing but facts. All of us struggle to harmonize our childhood beliefs and pleasant habits with the hard truths we later learn; and, that task done for better or for worse, we strive to

harmonize our theories with our practices. And the result is always the same; never the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. For man does not live by truth alone. And he who is only half a man cannot stomach even half-truths. He must live in dreams or compromises or else die. And probably a living fiction is better than a dead truth-seeker. Anyhow, most dreamers think so!

I think it safe to say that most happiness thus far in the history of the race has been founded more or less upon the self-deceptions of dream life. What the psychiatrists call "autistic thinking" must, of course, be counted as the extreme form of dream life, if my assertion is to stand. So too must all of the milder dissociations, and possibly also the graver varieties such as occur in hysteria.

All this means is that the conditions of living have been so cruel, while people of inadequate energy, mind, or emotional stability have been allowed to breed their own kind, that a healthy adaptation to realities has been impossible for millions. The deepest drive in life is to go on living; indeed, this is little more than a way of defining life, which is, so far as anybody can see, nothing more than the persistence of a pattern of forces for seventy or eighty years. Poorly equipped humans can attain the relative rest that underlies happiness only by fleeing or ignoring many things too hard to conquer or to accept.

Here belong all the happinesses of the religiously minded, save a few. In the strictest biological sense

they are either victims of bad luck in their environment, or mental defectives, or emotional defectives, or physical defectives—or, at worst, a combination of these. No completely healthy intelligent person who has not suffered some misfortune can ever be truly religious. He can, of course, practice certain habits derived from his early training; and he may insist that these prove his religiosity. But they have absolutely nothing to do with the matter.

Every profound religion has recognized that the genuinely religious person is one who surrenders either his personal will or his intelligence or his worldly goods and pleasant circumstances. "Not my will but thine be done!" Thus Jesus. Thus Buddha. Thus Mohammed. "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." "Forsake all, and follow me." We live by faith, and not by reason: the truths of religion cannot be understood by the intellect; they are revealed only to the eye of faith. And so on, through all the doctrines of Orient and Occident alike. And they are correct statements about and for the truly religious.

It is no accident but rather the result of profound reflection that Jesus and Buddha alike taught that happy living in the natural environment of man is impossible, and that man is foolish to strive for or to expect even mild happiness in this world of business and love and war. So far as these two thinkers could observe, they argued accurately too; for the world in which they lived was an abominable place unfit

for swine. It was a place of ignorance, superstition, brutishness, pestilence, and dark uncertainties. Droughts, famines, and unheralded wars of revenge and conquest crowded the days with suffering and the nights with horror. And the race was composed largely of imbeciles, lepers, whores, fakirs, power-mad kings, robbers, morons, sly priests, soothsayers, and simple fools, all living in a world of tiny neighborhoods each of which hated those next to it. Jesus and Buddha spoke wisely of that world: there could be little or no happiness in it.

So Jesus pretended that it was unreal, and that men must turn to another world for their happiness, the world of the Hereafter. Buddha pretended that it was unreal, too; but he tried to gain peace by killing all natural impulses in himself. Both surrendered their personal will. Both renounced comfort, friends, and family. Both invented a dream life as the only way of happiness.

Some such self-deception is still a vital necessity for millions of unfortunates, and probably will be for many generations to come, at least in the more degraded countries like China and India. But already we see unmistakable trends in the more advanced regions which point to the eventual disappearance of these old habits. And most of our religious leaders testify to it.

Only a few months ago, Cardinal O'Connell of Boston declared: "I used to think that it would be a fine thing to improve the condition of our poor Catho-

lics. But I was mistaken. The more prosperous and comfortable they become, the more they drift away from the church." Every Prostestant observer bears witness to the same fact among his own religionists. The decay of religiosity spreads fast, while church memberships keep up and even increase. And it has only one meaning to a psychologist: when natural healthy living becomes possible, religion becomes superfluous. The more we gain control over our surroundings and our own natures, through science, technique, and social organization, the more happily we can live without inventing fictions and shutting our eyes to facts.

In the whole world today, perhaps one person in a thousand has the good fortune to live in an environment which he can manage to his own ends and at the same time be thoroughly intelligent, healthy, and emotionally well-balanced. He alone has a first class chance of happy living on a sane basis. In another generation perhaps one man in a hundred will have this rare luck. A century hence maybe one man in twenty-five will. And thus the institutions, customs, and morals founded upon dream life will pass from the scene, not by reform, not by bloody revolution, but solely through their progressive uselessness.

BOOK VI

THE UNHAPPY

BAD WISH PATTERNS

THE two most important features to watch in any wish pattern are the dominant trend, if any, in it and the degree and quality of conflict among all the stronger trends in the pattern as a whole. In connection with both of these, you must attend most scrupulously to an aspect of all human behavior which most of us notice now and then in pronounced specimens and which physiologists are beginning to regard as a fundamental mark of personality. It is the tonic and phasic pattern of action. Under this name it is strange to you, no doubt. But you would recognize it, were I to speak of the stubborn, self-willed man or of the flabby, weak-willed child or of the cunning compromiser. Such personalities illustrate extreme variations of tonic and phasic behavior.

Every muscle in your body is continually being toned by a uniform tonic current from nerve centers. The rate and intensity of this current differs from man to man but, so it appears, remains ever the same in each man throughout his healthy years. It determines the vim and persistence of his every act,

from the most trivial lifting of a finger up to his most sustained and intricate execution of lifelong programs. A man with "pep" has a high tonic current, a man with none has a low one.

While this tonic action keeps all our muscles in readiness for special moves, another system of central cells emits two opposed kinds of currents which start the muscles in motion and stop them. The relative strength of these two currents varies greatly from person to person. The extremes of this variation appear in two opposite kinds of neurosis. In one kind the sufferer starts doing something with great ease but cannot stop doing it after he has begun it. And in the other kind he cannot start anything but can stop what has been started under special stimulation. The former develops in the man who, as he goes to bed, begins to think about some little task at his office which he forgot to perform before locking up for the night; once his attention focusses on it, he is unable to dismiss it and go to sleep, so he tosses and groans and works himself into a lather for hours—until, in despair he takes a sleeping potion. Hysterical obsessions are all of this pattern, too. So is the much rarer motor fixation which appears in the man who was recently held up and robbed in his own store: the gunmen commanded him to put up his hands, and of course he obeyed; but after the robbers departed, he could not put his hands down again!

The second neurosis is found in still rarer cases of hysterical blindness and deafness. The patient

wants to avoid seeing something or hearing something and succeeds in cutting off the sense organs. But he cannot switch them back into action. Probably some of the apathetic personalities we have been looking at have done something of the same sort with their emotions. They have been so deeply hurt by some experience that they strive to shake off their grief, anger or fear and manage to do so. But, once having done it, they find themselves unable to restore the function.

Now, I say, normal people lie between these extremes of neurosis. Some of us start our enterprises with great vigor and drive on so hard that we can stop only when restrained by heavy handicaps or obstacles. Others of us start with vim but suddenly relent, soften and peter out. Still others start weakly, gather force as we proceed, and finally get up a full head of steam. Then there are men who never drive thus at all but stop before they begin.

Now it is easy to observe that, other things being equal, a strong tonic drive is much more likely to sustain a course of willed action than a weak drive is; and a man feebly toned will probably be inclined to stop striving soon or in the face of relatively slight resistances. This, however, is a matter highly complicated by the precise nature of the willed end and the objects to be dealt with. So beware of easy generalizations, please! We know, for example, that phasic behavior—or adaptive conduct, if you prefer this phrase—may develop in any of three funda-

mental patterns, quite apart from the strength of the tonic currents which energize it. These we may most simply describe in terms of the broad end-result of the willed action, as follows:

1. *Mastery,* in which the man makes things conform to and satisfy his craving.

2. *Submission,* in which the man himself yields to circumstances, conforming his craving to the situation with which he deals.

3. *Compromise,* in which the man strikes a bargain with the situation, yielding here and having his way there, neither mastering altogether nor submitting wholly.

Every act of will must have one of these three outcomes. And as our success and failure are measured by results, we must analyze each act into *its final relation to the initial will* if we wish to understand happiness and contentment.

1. *The masterful adjustment.* In the main this is easy to observe and distinguish. In its simplest form it is any act in which an impulse associated with some craving is so directed and reinforced that it follows through to its own end phase *without essential changes in it.* The essential changes that do occur are all in the situation dealt with. You are hungry and get just the food you want, when and where you want it. You are disturbed in your slumbers by a yowling cat; so you shoot the cat and go to sleep in peace. You meet a tramp on a lonely road and are held up by him; you hit him on the jaw, stun him,

and go your way rejoicing. You develop an interest in higher mathematics; so you buy some books and take some lessons and master the subject. Always here you make something or somebody conform to your private wishes, your habits, your impulses.

Sometimes, however, the act seems to be of quite another pattern. On that lonely road, for instance, you meet a tramp much larger and brawnier than yourself, a terrible person with evil in his mien. You are not feeling in the mood for a fight with such an adversary; neither are you in a mood to surrender to him the large roll of bills you have the misfortune to be carrying. He demands your money or your life. You reply by a tremendous spurt and soon outstrip him. Now, what is this flight? Can we call it a masterful adjustment? So far as I know, only one psychologist has ever done this—namely, William M. Marston.[1] All others consider the act a kind of surrender, a submission, or at best a compromise. How can fleeing the foe be called mastery? On a purely linguistic basis, the question sounds fatal indeed. But when we analyze the events themselves, I think we shall find that Marston's interpretation is correct and the usual one wrong.

Let us say that your purpose in taking a walk through the lonely stretches is exercise. When the robber appears, to be sure, he thwarts this purpose in

[1] See his illuminating article in "American Journal of Psychology," Vol. 35, pp. 469–506. Especially page 474.

part. But with his demand you cease to be interested in mere exercise. You want to save your money. This becomes the largest impulse in you. You have no impulse to give battle, for you note your disadvantage in that. You realize that he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day. Being moved now to save both your own skin and your cash, you proceed to do so in the only way possible under the given circumstances. If then you run fast enough and dodge bullets and stones deftly enough, you have mastered the situation just as truly as if you had shot the robber. It is the end result that counts here, not the path you take to reach it; for this path must vary with every situation, but the result does not.

We shall therefore regard acts of flight from situations which cannot be directly mastered in the simpler manner as variations of the masterful adjustment. Further analysis will show that this leads us to a consistent view of the whole matter. The environment is the thing that undergoes the change here, though in an odd manner. The robber is put at a distance from his intended victim and thereby made harmless. The victim's impulse to save himself and his money is carried out unaltered.

In each individual instance, we shall ask whether the masterful adjustment sought is thwarted in part or in whole by some defect of integrative pattern, or some lack of power, with relation to the situation. This proves to be a vital issue, in many cases, because the degree of success or failure determines the kind

and intensity of the emotions accompanying the act. Of this, more in a moment.

2. *The submissive adjustment.* This, in its simplest form, is any act of adapting to a situation in which no impulses develop that tend to alter the situation; the only impulses here are those which may be directed toward facilitating the person in "taking things as they come." Because of this high passivity, all submissive acts resemble one another much more than all masterful acts can. In their smoothest forms, they exhibit the following three characteristics:

i—in their *autonomic* phase, they are marked by *apathy;*

ii—in their *motor* phase, they are marked by sluggishness or *inertia;* and

iii—in their *cortical* phase, they are marked by intellectual *indifference.*

Probably because of the exceedingly slight volume of energy required of cortical processes apart from their full motor discharges, the submissive man often displays a peculiar liveliness of mind which I would call simple contemplation. It is not the intensely curious mind of the creative scientists or the literary genius. Rather is it the mind of the philosopher, the innocent bystander who watches the cosmic comedy without the faintest impulse to be an actor or even a scene shifter in it. To be sure, it does not often attain this extreme or "pure" form; but it moves in that direction.

The mark of this contemplative mind is that it "takes things as they come," in a psychic way. It is, as the ancients noted, passive toward its objects—at least in its own natural tendencies. It is not moved to experiment with things, to perform elaborate analyses, mental or physical, nor to construct vast hypotheses. We shall look more narrowly at specimens of it shortly.

In the physiological sense, of course, there is no such thing as a passive adjustment, if by passivity we mean the opposite of activity. But there is a genuine passivity which is better called submission. We may describe it as behavior in which stimuli received are accepted *without any reactions in the direction of changing them at their sources.* A truly submissive personality is one who endures heat, cold, rain, snow, hunger, thirst, abuse, poverty, and all other things uncomplainingly even when a slight effort, a little burst of intelligence or muscle play might easily deliver him. He must genuinely prefer to take things as they come; he must not merely submit from lack of physical power or feeble wit to improve his lot.

3. *The compromise adjustment.* This is by far the most difficult one to describe comprehensively. And the reason for this is plain enough. It is of the very nature of compromise to make a different deal, so to speak, with every detail and on every occasion. It is, in the largest sense of the word, opportunism. Hence its end results exhibit a bewildering variety of pattern.

None the less, I think we can indicate a few common elements here, as well as a few important sub-patterns.

Common sense calls compromise a "give and take." This is quite correct. It is an adjustment to a situation in which we force some elements to conform to our impulses, yield submissively to other elements, and perhaps partly modify and partly accept some other elements. I suspect that a strict analysis would show that the overwhelming majority of situations in daily life are thus dealt with. Certainly this is the easy and natural way in three of the largest and pleasantest activities, namely (1) the erotic, (2) the mechanical-manipulative, and (3) the social. Virtually every act in love life is a true give and take in which neither party forces a will pattern completely on the other; each yields something, each gives something, and each gets something desired. In handling physical objects, after the fashion of inventors, experimenters, and manufacturers, the compromise with dead matter is not so obvious but it is there nevertheless. No man can work his absolute will on iron. The iron has a good deal to say about what can be done to it and with it. But here, to be sure, the spread of masterful action is much wider than in erotic and social relations. As for the latter, they are by all odds the most thoroughly compromising patterns of any. All business is bargaining, giving one man a discount and adding a little extra charge to another's bill, accepting easy terms in one deal and getting your pound of flesh in the next, pleasing your customers

and eyeing eaglishly the man from whom you buy your raw materials. So too in the pleasanter domestic and neighborhood affairs. You neither surrender abjectly to the herd, nor do you impose your inflexible will upon it, as a rule.

We are now ready to glance at one of the most important aspects of wish patterns, namely their appropriate fund of energy. Is it not clear that, just as in the realm of mechanics and engineering, so here in the human, *each kind of act demands inexorably a specific volume and flow of energy, failing which the act itself goes wrong?* Just as in factory employment, the job determines the kind of worker, so here the willed job determines the precise design of effort. This means that we must carefully inspect the relation between the tonic and phasic patterns in each individual case, so far as we can detect and gauge them.

We must ask, with respect to each will pattern we analyze, whether it calls for masterful behavior, or for submission, or for some cunning compromise. We must discover the level of energy it requires, the timing pattern of the energy, and the period over which energy must be spent in work, in order to carry the willed act to fruition. An astronomer who devotes years to discovering signs of life on the planet Mars must be submissive with his eyes, to a high degree, ingeniously compromising in the building of special instruments for observing Mars, socially clever perhaps in intriguing a millionaire into advancing funds

for these instruments, and able to spread his energies of eye and mind over a thousand and one nights in his observatory. Quite a different pattern from that of the general whose will is set on conquering a hostile nation! Or from that of a poet bent on writing the epic of Alaska!

Here then is what our task amounts to. *Each act of will presents a job to be done. And to ascertain how it can best be done is simply a job analysis. When this analysis has been completed, we must check it against the traits of him who would do the job. Then we can measure his probable success and happiness in it.*

Could I spend twenty-five more years on these studies, and could you readers be trusted to wade through a few hundred more cases, I might follow the most logical of all outlines in arrangement in presenting varieties of unhappy people. I would collect and report here three specimens of each unhappiness that is caused by each important physical defect, by each sort of bad nerves, and by each flawed pattern of brain. Of the three specimens of each of these varieties, one would be a person of strongly masterful drive; a second would be a markedly submissive nature, while a third would be some sort of compromising pattern. In this manner, you would be able to see how each of the three chief wish patterns could be thwarted by each kind of defect of mind or body.

A pretty panorama this! But life is too short. I shall accordingly simplify the whole business by re-

porting several striking personalities of the three wish patterns. As far as it is convenient I shall show you in each group the kind of disturbances and defeats caused by bad physique, bad nerves, and a bad mind.

UNHAPPY MASTERS

A will pattern may lack the bodily equipment to gain its end. Or it may lack the mental equipment. Or it may lack the requisite flow of nervous energies. Most unhappy people suffer only one of these defects. Now and then we come upon an unfortunate who lacks everything but the will itself. Such a one was Katherine Mansfield, whose literary ability has been grotesquely overrated chiefly because her personality has not been understood in terms of its own acts, assertions, and attitudes, but rather through the agreeable but befuddling praise from her intimates and worshippers.

A Wish in a Vacuum: Katherine Mansfield

Like many another writer of intense but narrow abilities, this woman was, through most of her productive period, an intermittent invalid, eventually succumbing to tuberculosis at the age of thirty-four. Her literary remains reveal many things begun and few finished; and of the latter a still smaller number done in a way that satisfied her.

Fortunately she left a fairly panoramic journal in

which she communed freely with herself. It is from these pages, rather than from her published stories, that we get the true contours of her personality. The death of her brother on the battlefield in 1915 shocked her and threw her back upon herself, as such shocks tend to do with all those whose inner adjustments are dominant. Here is a significant statement from her pen, written a year after the brother's death:

> Now, really what is it that I do want to write? . . . The plots of my stories leave me perfectly cold. Granted that these people exist and all the differences, complexities and resolutions are true to them—why should I write about them? They are not near me. All the false threads that bound me to them are cut away. Now—now I want to write recollections of my country (Australia). Yes, I want to write about my own country till I simply exhaust my store. Not only because it is a 'sacred debt' that I pay to my country because my brother and I were born there, but also because in my thought I range with him over all the remembered places. I am never far away from them. I long to renew them in writing.[1]

And a little further on, as she muses over the exact nature of her future writings:

[1] Journal, January 22, 1916.

> Then I want to write poetry. I feel always trembling on the brink of poetry. . . . But especially I want to write a long elegy of you . . . perhaps not in poetry. Nor perhaps in prose. Almost certainly in a kind of *special* prose. And lastly I want to keep a kind of *minute notebook,* to be published some day. That's all. No novels, no problem stories, nothing that is not simple, open.

Now we come to an odd psychological revelation, the meaning of which the woman, of course, could not penetrate. She writes:

> When I am not writing, I feel my brother calling me, and he is not happy. Only when I write or am in a state of writing—a state of "inspiration"—do I feel that he is calm.

Then follows a dream whose symbolism is quite easy and need not be cited here. Enough to say that it exhibits a dangerous erotic absorption in her dead brother, whom she unmistakably loved in more than a sisterly fashion.

Now let us look into these three passages, which are far from solitary outcries. Over and over again, they recur in substance. First, the doubt as to what she wants to write about. Secondly, a feeling that she does not know. Thirdly, a wish to keep a minute

notebook that will some day be published. Fourthly, a deep conviction that she must center her work somehow in her brother and their old home. Fifthly, a sense of being haunted by her dead brother and his unhappiness when she is not writing. Sixthly, when she does write at her best, she draws rather formless sketches of her own vivid and immediate impressions, emotions, and "stream of consciousness." And after having finished these, she was tormented with her own inability to say—even to herself—just what she had been trying to do and what artistic effect she had been aiming at.

The desire to write about her brother and Australia is palpably a simple persistence to remain entirely within the realm of her own experiences. We do not have to construe it as a sign of a deep incestuous urge, as some observers have done. It may be nothing more than a very mild regression to infantilism and, as is usual in such regressions, it grows out of her inability to adjust satisfactorily to workaday affairs and the people around her. This inability, in turn, is simply one phase of her dominant trend to make inner adjustments, to play mood against mood, to revel in feelings and memories, at the expense of intelligent integration.

The painful sense of being haunted by her brother when she is not writing and the pleasant feeling that he is happy when she is at her work reveals the extraordinarily juvenile quality of the woman's mind. The reality underneath these beliefs is not at all

mysterious. When her attention focuses on her stories and the writing of them, she is happy—or as happy as she can be—and inevitably she forgets for the nonce everything else. Being unable to analyze her own mental processes, she does not see that this happiness diffuses the entire content of her consciousness; it lacks control and direction, as it does in children and many adults of subnormal analytical capacity. Hence her brother—one of the chief objects in the background of her working mind—is tinged with her own happiness; and so she thinks that he is happy. Nor is this all. When she is idle, her mind can turn only backward—which is one way of turning inward; for one's memories are psychologically just a part of one's self. Her own sorrow over her brother's death now spreads over all her moods and thoughts; and, being unable to distinguish the objective from the subjective factors in her experience, she thinks her brother himself is unhappy. This is the regular process in unanalytical introspective minds. Katherine Mansfield has only given it unusually honest and naïve expression.

The only thing she ever experienced truly was her own inner life; and this she projected, with great effort, on paper. This inner life, when reduced to black and white, startled her by its fogginess, which those who love fog call "mysticism" or some such flattering name. For she seems to have had just enough intelligence of the higher sort to sense the inchoate and, in the larger sense, meaningless character of almost all

of her writing. Rarely, as in "The Fly," does she rise for an instant to a kind of lucidity that is splendid. Hers is a life which moves on the lower organic planes, the planes of the primitive emotions and the senses; and which therefore exhibits all the blood-warmth of such an existence. Even the motor phases of expression are subnormal, as is abundantly proved by the woman's repeated expressions of the agony which the effort to write set up in her, the difficulty with which she pulled herself to her work, and the broken first drafts and mass of unfinished stories which she left behind. Like Rossetti, she had not the slightest sense of the life of the world around her. But she writes endlessly of breakfast table conversations, flower beds, the stars, the drip of summer rain, and all those other lovely commonplaces which fill the hours of simple people. She would create no novels, no problem stories, nothing that is not utterly simple; and in that her instinct ran true. For to write even a mediocre novel requires much organized effort.

Over against this self-insight stands the adversary, her egotism, her passion for accomplishment which will attract the praise of the world. To be noticed, to be spoken well of, to be petted by the great, to have other people adjust themselves pleasantly to her (thereby sparing her the introvert's cruellest task, which is that of adjusting himself to other people and to the world,): this was the strong drive of the woman.

> My deepest desire is to be a writer, to have a body of work done—and there the work is, there the stories wait for me, grow tired, wilt, fade, because I will not come. When first they knock, how eager and fresh they are! And I hear and I acknowledge them, and still I go on sitting by the window, playing with the ball of wool. . . .[1]

This is a piece of self-revelation that goes far beyond the writer's intent. *It is the first emotional reaction to an idea which arouses the woman. All her enthusiasm is spent in that moment. She lacks the energy to "follow through" and—what is still more disastrous—she lacks the analytical power to discover what it is in the first "inspiration" that has artistic value and what it is that is dross.* If the idea flashes into her head fairly complete, she sets it down with excellent results, as in "The Fly." But if it comes as a fragment, a mere hint, or a wispy mood, she must follow one of two courses: either write it as it appears or else wrestle with it until she herself fails at the constructive task and loses the whole thing. This explains the large array of fragments which she left. Her instinct was to snatch at what came to her, for she knew she would lose everything if she sought to work over her "inspirations." Having set down the fragments, she was totally unable to complete most of them; and not a few which she did finish she disliked deeply.

[1] November 13, 1921.

Vain it is but interesting to speculate on what she might have achieved with robust health. That she could ever have been anything else than a romantic impressionist is, of course, unthinkable. But she might have been a great one, had her physical power enabled her to carry on sustained thought within her natural field. She would have escaped her own morbid fears about herself and would have probably developed something like a cleancut romantic philosophy of life, as Rossetti did, though it would hardly have been Rossetti's philosophy. Take her as she is, though, and the direction of her energy is clear and rectilinear. She lived in her own feelings and sensations, lived mindlessly, and in the larger sense lived without issue.

Is it any wonder that the poor soul was profoundly unhappy? Her failure was a double one. Her dominant wish was not supported by the needful mental equipment; what she craved to write she lacked the mind to write. Then too, such mind as she had lacked the necessary energy to toil on and on through blood and tears, on and on with fire and fury, revising, throwing copy away, making fresh starts, rearranging and finally beating out a masterpiece.

Her will lived and died in a vacuum.

The Best is the Enemy of the Good

Any craving which cannot be appeased is a disturber of the peace. Either its *quality* or its *intensity*

may upset the personality; and when both the quality and intensity combine to make it unappeasable, the disturbance is most serious. The babe who cries for the moon suffers from the quality of its craving, for the very nature of its object prevents satisfaction. On the other hand, a man whose thirst for beer is so terrific that he cannot resist drinking a glass every few minutes is a victim of the intensity.

Most of us learn to slough off desires that are intrinsically impossible. But a few weak brethren cannot do this, and the most pathetic among them are the perfectionists. The perfectionist fixes upon some "ideal." This ideal is or else involves a way of behavior that does not reckon duly with realities. Most often it fails to take account of the limitations of the perfectionist's own personality. Less often it overlooks important features of his environment. The result becomes tragic if the craving is as intense as it is qualitatively impossible. Here is a fairly simple instance which received much attention in the newspapers.

Henry Druckliev, a prosperous real estate dealer, killed himself after putting his affairs in order and writing a letter to his three brothers. He had come to hate himself for his inability to realize his ambitions. Thus he wrote:

> Although I have perhaps achieved more than the average person of my age, still what I have achieved is so very far from what I've wanted

to achieve that life is not worth living, knowing that in all probability I cannot attain what I desire.

This realization has just come forcefully to me by several mistakes I have made in judgment in the last year or two and at my age mistakes are very costly and discouraging. Mistakes of youth are necessary and helpful in building experience and in order to profit by them, but when one makes the same mistakes several times and when one is already aware of the tendency toward certain mistakes, then this shows that this weakness is not being overcome and will probably never be overcome.

My great mistake and weakness was in trying to do too much at one time. . . .

This last sentence reveals his perfectionist pattern. He had set, as an ideal accomplishment, more than he was physically or mentally able to do. Had his nature been normally flexible, he would long ago have revised his ideal downward to fit his own nature.

What is the inner resistance that prevents such a revision? The question is too large to discuss here, but we must remark that there are many unrelated varieties of resistance. Stupidity causes one kind, pride another, rage a third, and so on.

There is another perfectionism of radically different design. It occurs in a superior intellect whose over-exertions arise from his mental processes con-

stantly overtaking and outrunning his execution. Here is a dismal case. Simon Sertel, recently deceased, was for nearly forty years regarded by the best specialists in his own field as the one man who would some day produce the greatest series of volumes ever written on his favorite subject. His lectures had for years stood out as the finest anywhere in America. His occasional reviews and short papers commanded instant admiration. Some twenty years ago he announced that he was at work on a five or six volume work which, with his able assistants, he probably would complete within four or five years.

The world waited—I would not say breathlessly but certainly with keen interest, for his subject was one of wide appeal and practical bearings. The four years passed. Five years went. Six, seven, eight, and then his friends began politely to inquire how the *magnum opus* was getting on. "Oh, very well!" Simon would say and then frown faintly. "But it's much more of a task than I had imagined. So many revisions! And I cannot keep up with current literature and do my university work too. Not even with my assistants."

Now, one of these assistants described to me with minute fidelity the day's labors on the *magnum opus*. The scene was appalling. Simon would read a dozen pages of his manuscript, grumble peevishly over his own omission of three footnotes and a comment on what somebody in Germany had just written about a certain minor point. He would revise the entire pas-

sage and give it to his typist for making "clean copy." Before the hapless female had transcribed half of the matter, Simon would rush up with a fourth footnote and a blue pencil which would delete a whole paragraph on which he had just experienced a change of heart. In brief, he was caught in the fatal trap of an overactive mind which was forever improving upon its own last judgment.

It was not at all uncommon for him to write a hundred pages of the most difficult text, only to discard every line of it piecemeal in the course of a fortnight's revision. And, instead of conquering this pernicious habit, he allowed it to master him more and more. The worst of it was, according to the assistant, that Simon did improve his presentation with each alteration, and he knew it. Hence he could not bring himself to refrain from these endless amendments.

Had he been able to write eighteen hours a day, he might have finished his great work; for then he would have had no time left to reflect. As it was, he wrote in short daily spurts, then lectured, then went to his library and read or mused. The result was that, after twenty years of incredible labor, he died without having published a page of the masterpiece. And I am informed that the manuscripts he has left are so confused with alterations, inserts, and cancellations that nobody can make head or tail of them. His immense mind had murdered its own offspring.

In one sense, Simon was not a perfectionist. He

was not harassed by the fear of publishing something which contained an error. With him, the Best was not the enemy of the Good, in the psychoanalytical sense. It was that only in the sense that his rich, energetic intellect and constructive imagination were always bettering their own products faster than he could market the latter.

Druckliev and Sertel both were cursed with too powerful tonic currents reinforcing their dominant cravings. They could not adapt these cravings to the real world in which they were unrealizable. Probably this defect was a profound physiological one which as yet we do not understand and cannot control.

All the good in a perfectionist is in danger of being reduced to the worst by the best that is in him.

An Old Master and a New Mind

That smooth functioning is the essence of contentment and happiness can be proved by the wretchedness of those people who rise suddenly to wealth, fame, leisure or influence. Here we behold life's deepest irony. An ambitious man toils twenty years to amass his millions, succeeds brilliantly, then eases off to enjoy his triumph and finds himself vaguely miserable. When the moralists spy him and his plight, they say: "Money is not everything. Wealth does not make happiness." Which is true enough but trivial. Nothing tangible makes happiness. Neither does any one, two, or three of the virtues. Nor does the truth. An

intellectual gain may bring with it a loss in happiness, simply by disorganizing the personality.

Consider Saul Derb.

Among the literary folk I have studied, Derb stands out as the author who has most thoroughly ruined himself by growing up. Twenty-five years ago he was a bachelor clerk ablaze with romantic fires and the lust for moneyed fame. Lean, high-strung, and endowed with a mind that could penetrate deeply if you gave it plenty of time, he was handicapped in his youth by a poor home environment and worse schooling. When I first met him, he did not know that there was anything in the world to be learned about reading, writing, and arithmetic. Bookkeeping he regarded as a combination of these three arts. He thought that a bank was a place where you locked up your money. He had never seen a bank check, still less understood it.

Aside from a native shrewdness for the main chance, his head was filled with a hodge-podge of erotic, ethical and religious sentimentalism such as you may find in any American village on Sunday morning. The hodge-podge was believed in all sincerity; and, as it was the only thing in its believer's mind except the three R's, Derb capitalized it. He tried his hand at writing stories about men and women who looked upon life as he did; villains who scoffed at Love, Honor and Virtue; and heroes whose gaze never, never wandered from the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

After two years of struggle with sentences and spelling, he finally wrote a story which a publisher bought. Instantly he found his public. It was not large enough to make him a Best Seller, but it was large enough and enthusiastic enough to clamor for everything he could write. Soon our rising young author was earning the income of a corporation lawyer, was living on his own modest country estate, and was dictating fiction to his secretary mornings and roaming the golf courses after lunch. He grew sleek, happy, and even more enthusiastic over his work than his readers were.

Thus a golden decade and four years. In the fifteenth year of his success, he was strangely stricken. For the first time in his career, he came to a dead halt while dictating a story. He snapped at his paralyzed secretary: "It's all damned nonsense!" and strode off. There was no golf that afternoon. Instead Derb went off on a long walk alone. When he came home, he was gray and tense. He told his wife he had been working too hard and must go away for rest and quiet. She said she would go with him, but he shook his head wildly.

He went to a hunting lodge far back in the northern mountains and there, with only an old Indian as cook and guide, he stalked through the forests in silent meditation. At length he returned to his home. He fell to writing a story wholly unlike anything he had ever before. It was a serious story about real people, real struggles and real issues. He wrote it

with slow clumsiness, for it ran counter to every old habit. He wrote it in dull anger—the sort of anger that comes with the sudden release of poorly organized energies. To his publisher he sent it with the remark: "Here is something finer and stronger. I have risen to a higher level" . . . and so on.

The publisher replied: "I am willing to print this if you insist. But both as a friend and as a business adviser, I assure you that it will gravely injure your reputation. You have built up a loyal following. For heaven's sake, don't cast it off lightly. Nobody wants to read heavy gloom and laborious analyses of real life such as you have here produced. . . ."

But Derb was unable to resume his former themes and style. He had been slowly outgrowing both. His tastes, his outlook, and his cravings had matured. He was no longer adolescent nor sentimental. Hence he had become incompetent to manufacture trashy fiction. And, after a year of agonized floundering, he accepted the situation, sold his country home, salted down his savings in safe bonds, and set out to find himself anew. He is still on this quest, anxious and irritable.

His public has forgotten him. And he remembers it only as a nightmare. Today he is mildly ashamed of the row of books on which his name appears. He does not own a single copy of them.

Derb is seriously upset now. His new traits are finding no adequate outlet. The highly organized

habits of narrative writing are almost completely blocked. And his fairly strong craving for fame is unappeased. This triple maladjustment would long since have shattered him, but for the fact that he has an income insuring him life-long physical comfort and social standing. This in itself is a substantial fraction of success, especially for a person whose early years were cast in the mould of poverty.

Whether he ever adjusts himself on this higher level of intelligence and wisdom has no bearing on the fact that, in his natural environment, the man who once was a brilliant success and happy became a failure as soon as his mind rose far above the people to whose ideals and heart hunger he had sincerely catered. He has learned the truth, but the truth has not set him free. For his cravings and old habits live on unscathed by his new insight. What he has gained in wisdom he has lost in happiness.

The old master was defeated by the new mind. Defeated but, alas, alive and lusty as ever!

The moral of all this is clear enough. Beware of giving up a highly successful way of life! The odds are heavily against your being able to work out a second one. Too many factors are involved. Too many deeply imbedded habits and attitudes have to be altered.

This is why success normally makes men intensely conservative. So it should be, as long as our natures remain what they now are.

The Unhappiness of the Superior Mind

Superior minds differ from the ordinary in more ways than is commonly supposed, and in no way more strikingly than in the pattern and course of upsets.

Men and women of exceptional intelligence often declare mournfully that they are unhappy and discontented. In this they echo the common plaint of geniuses and near-geniuses. With Goethe, they declare that "life is but the perpetual rolling up of a rock that must be raised again forever." With Martin Luther they regard their own lives as utter failures and say, as Luther remarked to the Electress Dowager, "Rather than live forty years more, I would give up my chance of Paradise." With Robert Louis Stevenson they moan, "We are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted." With Tolstoi in his middle age, they find "life meaningless, and the days empty. Why do anything?" And yet, as statistics prove, people of superior intelligence surpass the run of mankind somewhat in health, in worldly success, and in length of life. Why then so much gloom?

Here we come upon a phenomenon which can be explained only in the light of the brain and its peculiar relation to the muscles. So for a moment we digress into physiology.

The brain of the superior man has outrun its body. It is too fast, too subtle, too versatile for the muscles which it runs. It is like a telephone central built to

serve all of New York City but accidentally installed in a village. Unlike the central, however, the brain does not stand idle when nobody rings for the operator; it is a community of living cells which carry on their regular business of receiving nourishment and consuming it somehow. And it is this continuity of action that leads to trouble, or, at best, to oddities in human behavior which puzzle us.

Each muscle in the body is connected with each of the eight or ten billion cells in the cortex; and these linkages form an infinity of complex connections. We do not know how many brain cells must be coupled up in a chain of discharges in order to produce the slightest possible movement of a muscle; but the number may be as high as several hundred thousand and still leave us with a tremendous unbalance between brain and muscle. Suppose, for instance, that half a million cells had to be involved for the slightest move of a muscle; the number of possible combinations of half a million or more each that can be made out of ten billion cells is too large to be written here. A trillion trillion would be small beside it. Probably most of these cannot occur because of the structural arrangement of the brain; but we may be sure that billions of them function.

Contrast this prodigious array of nervous action patterns with the paltry seven hundred muscles of the body, and you begin to discern man's odd predicament. The variety of movements that can be made by these few muscles is as nothing beside the

variety of cerebral nervous patterns. The two are not of the same order of magnitude. And they are made still more widely different by the normal restrictions laid upon our muscles by our environment, our social setting and our few appetites. The tendency of all these is to reduce our bodily activities to a simple set of habits designed to satisfy a few hundred typical impulses. The muscles increase their efficiency by achieving simplicity of behavior. Every sound habit arises through the eliminating of "lost motion" and the taking up of slack. Hence, as the adult becomes expert, he dispenses more and more with billions of cerebral action patterns.

But after he has ceased using these, do they perish? Do the patterns disintegrate? Does each of the million of brain cells withdraw into itself and stop working? Not at all! Each cell in the healthy brain goes on as before, eating and digesting and sending forth impulses toward its neighbors. But what becomes of these impulses?

The weakest of them die away presumably at some nearby synapse, producing nothing more than a trivial local change in a few cells. The strongest of them set up those confused, brief, random twitchings of muscles that occasionally annoy us while we are engaged in some task; or they result in fleeting tensions of eye, hand, throat, or leg which are felt as vague discomforts or shadowy emotions; or they emerge as half-formed images, day-dreams, or night fantasies. They make up the vague corona of associa-

tive processes which surrounds the main current of our thoughts at all times and which, now and then, shoots a sudden bright idea or crazy impulse into the "stream of consciousness."

Now, each such microscopic discharge is a move toward equilibrium, a change from higher to lower potential. Each is in the general direction of some muscle. But the outlet is inadequate. The muscles are being driven by other cells, or the current is too weak to set up any action in the particular set of muscles toward which it happens to be flowing. Or another nerve current collides with the given discharge, neutralizing both so far as the muscles are concerned. Or, finally, all accessible muscles have become fatigued and resist response to all currents, while the nerves themselves, being incapable of fatigue, persist in sending forth impulses. Out of these four typical predicaments there arises a series of familiar disturbances.

During adolescence, when the rapidly growing nervous system is enormously active and the skeletal and muscular systems are in a phase of relative rest, we find the central impulses flowing too steadily and in too great numbers. The muscles cannot accommodate more than a few of them. The result is the well known confusions and yearnings of youth.

In the ordinary person these usually die out before the twenty-fifth year or thereabouts. But they become even stronger in many superior individuals. You might suppose, then, that these people are doomed to

a perpetual adolescent unrest. And in one limited sense your surmise would be correct. Superior minds frequently retain, even into old age, a singular boyishness. They never crystallize. They refuse to petrify. And they see the world with fresh eyes every morning. But here their juvenility ceases. For there intervenes a factor which, I strongly suspect, is purely mathematical, and correspondingly hard to make wholly clear in a book like this one.

Just because their brains contain millions more cells than are found in average varieties, they develop a paradoxical behavior. They are more easily stimulated than ordinary brains, hence more easily upset. But, at the same time, when upset, they recover much faster. And by the same token they resist serious disturbances with high vigor.

This may strike you as contradictory, but it is not. Think of every brain cell (or every small group of brain cells) as a possible source of an energy stream *which interferes with a thousandfold more energy streams from other centers than it reinforces.* Here is the key of all this odd psychic mechanism.

In chemistry you find only one or two compounds which intensify and support the action of another compound, while there are hundreds of thousands which either fail to reinforce a particular chemism or else interfere with it. Now, this occurs in the electrochemistry of the brain. And lucky for us all that it does. Otherwise we should all go crazy in childhood from over-stimulation.

The vast majority of nervous currents fail to set up any muscular behavior simply because too many other currents at the same time are neutralizing them or else simply failing to amplify them. A small fraction, but still a considerable horde, induce very feeble movements that die out immediately. A still smaller number sets up fleeting and weakly patterned acts against which strong inhibiting currents flow. Many trifling upsets! Very few serious!

The superior mind, then, behaves like a well built and powerful engine equipped with an over-sensitive governor. The engine tends to flutter and flurry ever so little most of the time, but it seldom races or stalls. This is why it suffers many little unhappinesses but is forever regaining its balance. Serenity is lacking. Of irritability there is too much. Such is the price the superior mind must pay because Nature has failed to equip it with a muscle system adequate to the senses and the higher brain centers. Perhaps within a million generations supermen may arise with physiques that match the integrative action of their nerves. Until then our reach will exceed our grasp, and we shall suffer from excess of thwarted striving.

Superior minds, however, are like all other sorts in their infinite variety. The generalization just made is, after all, only a generalization. When we turn to scrutinize personalities endowed with minds of higher order, we find this unbalance between central nervous system and appropriate outlets assuming a bewildering diversity of patterns, some of which stand

forth sharply. To ignore these would be to miss the full reality of the superior man's unhappiness. To a few of them we now turn.

Among the commoner disturbances of the superior mind are:

1. *Hypersensitivity,* on the sensory level, on the central, or on the emotional; and in extreme cases on two or on all three levels.

2. *Over-stimulation* corresponding to this hypersensitivity pattern.

3. *Inordinate mental cravings,* such as curiosity, experimenting, analyzing, classifying, and inventing.

4. *Appetitive thwarting* corresponding to the pattern of these mental cravings.

5. Progressive conviction of
   a—defeat
   b—futility, or
   c—personal inferiority
   corresponding to and resulting from the appetitive thwarting.

6. *Asymmetry between psychic intake and psychic assimilation,* resulting from too rapid and too voluminous experiences. This asymmetry results in

7. *Confused opinions,* bewilderment, or sometimes eccentric philosophies of life.

Among the secondary effects of these psychic upsets we find many disturbances such as insomnia, headaches, indigestion, savage dislike of people, and a strong aversion to reading, study and reflection. This last is plainly a self-protective measure, espe-

cially conspicuous in some over-bright adolescents. They are simply striving to regain mental balance by stopping the influx of ideas and problems. Their brains react precisely like an overloaded stomach which either expels the surfeit of food or refuses to take in more for a long time. Teachers and proud parents often make a ghastly mistake in forcing such a young person to keep on driving at his studies.

Too Active Nerves

A machine may be well built and properly assembled except for some single adjustment or part which, because of its structure or connections, causes the machine as a whole to "race." Energy is used too rapidly, perhaps in some part, perhaps throughout the entire machine. And this speed alone deranges its proper function. This special variety of disorder calls for comment, as it appears in the human machine.

Much unhappiness springs from nothing more than over-active nerves. They function too rapidly for the controls. They get out of hand and run away with the machine.

The healthy adolescent often suffers from this in a mild form. Energy streams discharge through his system like machine guns. His mind works faster than his body. Hence the vague striving and sense of incompleteness which fill the growing personality with so much misery. The "cosmic urge" becomes fierce now. To the detached observer it seems funny,

but to the urged one it is extremely painful. It often becomes a strong but poorly defined craving for "the Larger Life" or something of that sort. The adolescent feels acutely that a world of things must be done at once. Life must become more abundant. Man must "realize his infinite potentialities." But just what these are and how they can be realized, the sufferer is unable to determine.

When such an over-active brain inhabits a body of slightly subnormal physique, two forms of unbalance regularly appear. First of all, the body—or some part of it—is repeatedly exhausted by diffuse nervous discharges; the margin of resistance is lowered, and hence a tendency to some mild invalidism ensues. Secondly, the nervous impulses are much too complex for the muscles. The "urge" is subtler than the "follow through." The "reach exceeds the grasp." "Theory" proves immeasurably richer than "practice." The youth craves to sing, to play the piano, to organize a society, to start a new world movement, to master higher mathematics, to write the great American novel. As cerebral impulses, these are all strong and elaborately patterned. But the paths of motor discharge are inadequate, poorly channeled, weak in every respect. The result is a painful "psychic jam," which I shall designate hereafter as "a thwarted response."

Among the superior types of college students this duplex unbalance is only too common. Every instructor encounters at least one new case in each incoming

class. Sometimes the young person finds some passable adjustment after a year or two. But more often the nervous top-heaviness is too great to be wholly corrected.

This is a simple case of too many central impulses wearing away a sound body. Let us now look at a more complex instance, in which the body is much frailer and the cycle of mental upsets more intricate as a result of the body's periodic effort to restore its own physiological balance. This record is taken from the autobiography of Amy Adeson, a brilliant woman who was, many years ago, a student at Columbia. In spite of her repeated collapses, bitter disappointments, and attempted suicide, she retained her fundamental sanity and sense of humor; through it all she kept an elaborate journal, large sections of which I have read, with much enlightenment, and have discussed with her. My personal impressions of her square with the picture in her own records: a vivid superior mind far too strenuous for its body.

Amy was the typically precocious child. At three she was reading and writing. At six she was a bookworm, finishing a book a day. At eight she organized a woman's club whose one avowed purpose was to train girls to become great women! At nine she delivered a public address on the life and achievements of Frances Willard. At ten she entered a good high school. Then the frailty of her body began to appear. Asthma—that all too common curse of the mentally superior—smote her and retarded her not a little. In

spite of it, though, she became at fourteen a "distinguished girl orator" and toured several States.

During her high school years she delved deep in bird study, fiction, and religion. The last two acted on her like drugs, she testifies. She could not shake them off. Little by little, she flung herself with fine frenzy into church work, where she shone because of her great vivacity, her odd personal charm, and her gift of oratory. And now we come to as clear a clash as you could wish to see between mind and body. She wore herself out in all these intellectual, artistic and normal strenuosities.

Her mother needed Amy's help around the house out of school hours, sweeping, washing, and making beds. But poor little Amy had not an ounce of energy for such duties, still less had she any zest. By her thirteenth year she was filled with the conviction of sin; she knew she could never rise to her mother's heights of domesticity and could never win eternal bliss with the angels because she could not force her soul to swing a mop. "I used to imagine myself going through life like a thief, stealing the good things to which I had no right," she writes.

In her wickedness she forgot housework and spent hours dreaming over her future pen name, over the novels she would write, over the color and design of the binding she would insist that her publishers adopt for her masterpieces. In this same thirteenth year she began to send stories secretly to publishers. Being mentally superior to most of the other students, she

came to be hated by them. They said she talked down to them—which was surely true. She says she consciously played the rôle of Joan of Arc, opposing all gaiety, all extravagance, and thundering for the Larger Life of learning and wisdom.

These missionary strivings wore her body out soon after she entered college. She passed through several physical collapses in which she remained so weak for days at a stretch that her physician was bewildered. On emerging from these, she suffered from what, at the time, she called laziness. She was utterly unable to put pen to paper or to talk with anybody for five minutes. And her asthma returned, of course, with renewed virulence. She tried to find relief in religious conversion. But it did not work. On the contrary, as she writes: "these strenuous religious exercises used up nervous energy I could ill afford to spend, and no fresh energy took its place. I was worse off than ever."

Note here an important fact. Even during these weak spells, her "inner urge" persisted. She was impelled to write, to orate, to be a leader of mankind. But her body refused to respond to the urge. And it was this refusal which made her miserable. The unbalance was, as you see, strong. The engine's ignition system kept on sparking long after the fuel supply had been used up.

Now it was that, in despair, she turned to the Emmanuel Movement, then leaping into its shortlived prominence. This move was preceded by a terrible

depression. Her melancholia became acute and developed complete rationalization: she built up a theory about herself and her own futility. All her dreams—so she now felt—had been mad. She who had aspired to be the world's greatest woman was not even able to become a third-rate country school teacher. She who had believed her mind to be strong and superior was unable to control her own destiny, or even to cure herself of asthma while lesser minds around her were banishing aches and pains with ease by sheer will power. After the Emmanuel Movement, she made a try of Christian Science, but with no better success. After weeks of blackness, she became strong enough to rise from her bed and set about reordering her shattered life. Circumstances shaped themselves so that she was free to go to New York and study, while working in a Social Settlement.

For a woman of such inordinate mental sensitivity, this move was fatal. The great city stimulated her as no drug could have done. When first I saw her there, her activity presaged trouble. She was in the exalted state of the manic-depressive. I was then inclined to accept her physician's view that she was headed straight for this type of insanity. Her vivacity, the great rush of grandiose ideas she was elaborating, her incessant activity, the excitement never absent from her voice even in the most casual how-do-you-do—all these were at odds with her slender, underfleshed body.

In six months she went through several alterna-

tions of furious, ecstatic exaltation and black, inert melancholy. In the former phases she toiled prodigiously in her settlement work, making speeches and acting as adviser to scores of shop girls in trouble. In one of the depressive moments, she tried to kill herself with gas in her bedroom; and only through the accident of an unnoticed outlet for the fumes through a transom did she survive. After this misadventure she was sent to a sanitarium, where she was promptly pronounced insane. But she fooled the learned alienists. For the first ten days there she slept about eighteen hours daily. For another month, she relaxed completely and basked in the sunshine, heedless of everything. Then the staff experts reversed their first judgment completely; they said she was no more insane than they were, and they packed her off home with their blessings.

This marked a turning point in her life. No sooner had she reached home than the aggravating minor symptoms of her brain-body unbalance began to disappear. She had always been unpleasantly awkward with her hands, dropping objects and bungling simple manual tasks. She had also suffered from what she described as "a haziness of head when trying to use my hands." She had never felt better in all her life. And her family admitted that she acted more wholesomely than ever. Had she been able then to have checked her impetuous rush of brain impulses, she probably would have settled down to a healthy life. But, alas, she did not understand that her well

being now was nothing more than the immediate effect of that sweet rest in the sanitarium. Her body had been allowed to recover from the merciless shocks of her brain. Nothing more.

But, thinking herself now able to do whatever she wished and happy in the assurance that she was not insane, Amy blithely flung herself into post-graduate studies at a large Western university. And the old cycle resumed. In four weeks she had written a satisfactory doctorate thesis; she was again giving public addresses and attacking a mighty "problem novel," all at once. She was determined to complete three years' graduate work in one, not because of poverty or her own age, but out of sheer exuberance.

The rebound came in due course. She began falling asleep in her classes. She became incoherent and vaguely exalted. Then her body, wracked as of old by her ceaseless brain goadings, rebelled. Melancholia set in, and again she attempted suicide. This time she nearly died. And the terrific mental shock suddenly brought her a new inner light. It came, so she says, precisely as a religious conversion; but there was nothing religious in its content. It was nothing more than a complete, engulfing realization that the one thing she must have to be happy was *"the utter rest and relaxation that could come only with a simple, happy, childlike faith."* As she lay in bed, her lungs tormented with the lingering agonies of the gas fumes that had nearly killed her, she said to herself: "I shall play the youngster all my life. I shall

give up all this striving, all these ideas, all these grandiose schemes. They have in them the seeds of death and moral decay."

I must now skip several long chapters in this interesting life. The significant outcome came after three years of struggle to regain her childhood. The slow reversion to a kind of infantilism was as deliberate as the taking of a bottle of tonic would have been. She knew that she must escape the lash of her brain, nothing more, nothing less. But this was more easily said than done. In the effort, she went through hells uncharted by the theologians. There was a series of acute auditory hallucinations and mild obsessions, all of which remained perfectly clear to her and were described in her journal with an astonishing lucidity and frankness. We need not report them here. It is only the end that concerns us. Amy eventually won her infancy in two ways. She fled the world in the primitive Christian manner; she went far back into a still valley of the high Rockies, where there was no stimulus save cliff and cloud, brook and whispering pine. There she married a man who, like herself, found solace in those solitudes. Steadily she became simpler inwardly and reverted in time to the beliefs of the early Christians, as well as to their practices.

Instead of trying to reform the world, she now fled it. Instead of striving for fame, she revelled in obscurity. Instead of dreaming of power as a leader of womankind, she learned to be content with the peace and quiet of nature. She has come to believe in

the curative power of prayer, in the healing might of meditation, and in all the miracles of Christ as deeds which any complete believer may duplicate. Today her health is perfect. She has two children, both exceedingly robust and happy. And she practises cure by prayer in nearby villages.

Please observe with care that *these beliefs and practices were attained by her long after she had begun her great readjustment. The will to infantilism came first.* The urge to escape the maddening stimulus of her central nervous system drove her in the direction of a simpler life. And the content of this simpler life was supplied out of her own early experiences, which were those of a typical Midwestern Protestant woman. Had her early environment been Chinese, she would have chosen a very different set of infantile practices and thoughts. Had it been Mohammedan, she would have selected still another "way of life." But in each instance, the basic readjustment would have been the same—namely *behavior in the general direction of reducing the cortical flux by removing as many inner and outer stimuli as possible.*

I cite this history at some length because it presents in exceptionally clear form the unbalance between an overactive cortex and a muscle system inadequate to it. The more cases I study, the stronger grows my belief that in this unbalance we find, not alone the mark of a large class of personalities but also a clue to the inner forces that have been moulding Western civilization. A clue, I say; not a com-

plete explanation. It is a commonplace that neurasthenias, extravagant idealisms, aggressive pessimisms, and wild intellectual strivings are vastly more numerous among peoples of Western European stock than among any others. Emotional unrest, chronic worry, moral brooding, religious frenzies, and insatiable scientific curiosity mark our breed with a branding all its own. Here as nowhere else we find a terrific, almost insane drive toward self-expression and self-aggrandizement. We produce a horde of world-reformers and laboratory toilers, an army of incurable scriveners who must write novels, plays, stories, poems, whether they have anything to say or not. It is my conjecture that all these are so many phases of the unbalance between cortex and muscle. Probably, though, the excess of cortical flux cannot be measured until we discover some new way of recording the neural currents; so this assertion must remain a hypothetical one. But, while we are speculating, let us ask whether the Cro-Magnon, first of the over-brained humans, may not have gone down to failure and oblivion under the excessive stimulation of a too large cortex.

Let our last specimen be an extreme and incurable neural velocity which condemns its victim to endless disorder.

Bemis Billings is thirty-five years old. His general health is slightly subnormal as an after-effect of severe insomnia and acute neuritis in one arm induced many years ago by prolonged overstrain and worry

over painful family affairs. On leaving the hospital he recuperated slowly. Hypersensitivity and hyperactivity were his foes. Gradually he improved, however, and resumed business. But even now he reacts very fast and intensely to ordinary stimuli of light, sound, touch and temperature. If he were merely sensitive one might regard his affliction as totally different from what it really is. But his total activity leaves us in no doubt at all; whatever else may be wrong with him, it is certain that his endocrines are constantly overtoning his nervous system in several ways. He does not suffer merely from weak inhibitions; when he wishes to inhibit, he does so with perfect ease, even with cunning. No, his nervous tone is such that, unless there is a powerful social or diplomatic restraint upon him, his entire nervous system explodes with a steady pop-pop-pop—, like a machine gun.

In such a state, his secondary sensitivities are faster and richer than those of any other person I have ever studied. He runs all around every topic of conversation before others have more than grazed its fringes. Not that he is profounder or wiser than the rest of mankind. Far from that! But he is unusually well informed, widely read, and blessed—or cursed—with a tenacious memory. And he has a dozen things to say about almost every subject you might bring up, even though what he says is of no great moment. This same expressive energy discharges at enormous velocity and in vast volume through the motor tracts of his

fingers. He is one of the world's champion letter writers. It is not at all uncommon for him to write a five-thousand-word letter, and he will do it in less time than the average scribe requires for a five-hundred-word one.

I have studied many of these outpourings and find in them a significant peculiarity. At first reading, they strike one as rambling, if not incoherent. But further analysis brings out a fairly sound logical pattern beneath the flood of words. The basic pattern is sound, or at the worst only a little soft; but the author blurs it by pouring over it a thick stream of free associations whose relevance is not at all apparent. In short, a clear mind is at work, but its associative tracts are toned too high and discharge too fast. Two processes run on simultaneously, interweaving so closely that the deeper intellectual one is submerged. The general motor reactions are almost as quick and varied as his mental. His dramatic sense is very strong, both in fantasy and in posturing. He tends to act out every thought that comes into his mind. And this same ability makes him disposed to initiate an incredible variety of enterprises, most of which woefully exceed his capacities.

I have watched him start more than fifty projects in the past ten years and I have lingered to witness the collapse of each one. The mechanism is always precisely the same. Only the material varies. But it varies so much that strangers stand in awe of the man's versatility. Not a few of them are sure he is an

unrecognized genius. And they would be right, had he the ability to follow through. But this is his weakness. All his forces are squandered in the first stages of creative fantasy and preliminary dramatization. Here is one instance.

One day he read a petty news item about an alleged invention in the field of motion pictures. Instantly this suggested to him another device. Naturally he did not visualize the mechanical details of it, for he lacks genuine inventiveness. He merely "got the idea." Within half an hour he had set down on paper a lengthy program for the manufacture and sale of his device. Before luncheon he had drawn up a plan for the financing of the business, including a list of possible directors and department managers. By the middle of the afternoon he had written or telephoned to several of these parties, arranging for an interview. A few of them he saw; but, as one of them told me later, he did not make a good impression because, when asked for hard details about the manufacturing cost and probable demand for his great invention, he admitted his ignorance with vast volubility. His discourse moved in that rosy upper atmosphere where dwell the immortal Colonel Sellers and Tartarin of Tarascon. At the same time, his listeners were impressed with the idea, as an idea. And I may add here that he has never waxed enthusiastic over anything that is downright absurd. Always there is some merit in his project. And in two instances which are a matter of recorded history, some dull plodder has taken

up his schemes after Billings abandoned them and has made money with them.

After these first interviews, in which the great men were polite to a degree, Billings walked the streets of the seventh heaven all night in ecstasy. The next day two struggles began. He strove to cope with the details concerning which the great men had asked pointed questions; and this exhausted him. When I saw him, he was scarcely able to carry on a casual conversation, and all of his usually swift responses and his wit had evaporated. He found himself up against a blank wall. Presently started an inner adjustment which has ever proved fatal to his undertakings. He cast about for some slight modification of his program which might prove easier for him to manage. He assured himself—and me on the side—that the details of the plan in its original form were almost insuperable, so far as he was concerned. Probably he might employ a business man to work them out for him; but business men are so slow and so unimaginative that it drives him mad to work with them. And his program was not yet in such shape that he could turn it over to anybody and trust to its being developed properly.

This adjustment is a product, first, of his enormously versatile fantasy and, secondly, of his endocrinism. His energies drain much too rapidly through the higher associative tracts involved in the fantasy; they drain there so fast, in fact, that his speech cannot keep up with the simplest expression of

the images. This tends to reduce the fund of energy available for motor adjustments, that is, for the detailed execution of whatever he attempts. And this becomes doubly injurious by reason of his tendency to excessive preliminary dramatization, which wearies his muscular system. He will pace the floor by the hour, gesticulate, orate, present in pantomime an imaginary encounter with some financier or some mighty opponent. Thus when he comes to make the next real move, such as raising his first thousand dollars, or renting an office, or preparing a test advertisement, he is fagged. His lowered resistance then betrays itself in a bad cold, incoherence, and mild dyspepsia.

Having begun to tinker with his original plan, his fantasy runs away with him again. He hits upon a slight change. This instantly suggests another, and in a few minutes, lo! he is bubbling with an entirely new and drastic variation of the whole project. That is, he calls it a variation; but nobody else can see that it has anything to do with the plan he was promoting on the previous day. Wildly devious methods occur to him. Extravagant amendments are adopted. And, within a week at most he has a wholly new plan. His motion picture invention was thus transformed into a scheme for the legitimate drama; and this latter melted into an ingenious newspaper project; and so on. Through all of these there runs only one common element and flavor. It is drama, in the widest sense. A play, a movie spectacle, a pageant, action

stories, amateur theatricals, and so on. All of which is a further symptom of his personal inability to advance beyond the simple dramatization of his own wishes and dreams into the domain of practical execution. All life is, for him, a play; not by choice but by necessity. His motions are all gestures. He has a good mind and sighs to use it to advantage. But the powerhouse in the basement prevents this. Diffuse and uncontrollable discharge of energy, nothing more! Endocrines which ought to be slaves to his vital equilibrium have usurped the throne and wrecked the kingdom with their red rule.

As I write these lines, his friends tell me that Billings is beginning to show signs of exhaustion and despair at long intervals between which he drives on in the old mad way even more violently than formerly. I fear the worst. If his wild energy drops, there will be nothing left of him. For he lacks all habits of thoroughness and plodding which alone will suffice in a body that lacks drive.

Mama's Boy

People of superior intelligence are exposed to a variety of unhappiness to which most others are immune. It arises from an antagonism between infantile habits of thought and their own mature judgments. The most comic instance of this I have heard has to do with a bright Hindu lad who became a distinguished astronomer. He finished his studies in Eng-

land, wrote several treatises on the stars, and then returned to India to fill a chair in a college there. As the story was told to me by an English friend of his, he taught our Western science zealously and well. But, in a moment of confidence, he admitted that he knew perfectly well that the earth was supported on the back of a tortoise which stood on an elephant, just as Hindu wise men had taught since time began.

This gentleman was probably not at all unhappy. He seems to have had water-tight compartments in his brain, one for baby thoughts and another for what he learned from Cambridge dons. But few people of active intelligence are thus built. The design goes best with mediocre minds. The usual effort of the clear thinker is to reconcile his conflicting beliefs. He does this with double ferocity when his infancy is pleasantly flavored and his mother-love intense. The baby thoughts belong to a golden age of happiness. What makes for happiness must be right. Therefore there must be some truth in the baby thoughts.

In America the most familiar unhappiness is that of the brilliant mind which has come out of peasant surroundings into the larger and richer world of science, college, and big business, carrying with it moral and religious notions learned at mother's knee. It struggles to eliminate this poison from its system, but in vain. It broods over the discrepancies between scientific facts and the baby thoughts. It

invents extravagant hypotheses which harmonize the contradictions. It reconciles Methodist theology with bacteriological doctrine. It finds hidden unities in the virgin birth and parthenogenesis. It insists, with suspicious vehemence, that nothing that is true in chemistry or psychology can be false in Presbyterianism or Christian Science. Of course, proof never comes. And the longer it stays away, the more emotional the thinker becomes.

Harold Hick is a perfect specimen of the scientist made unhappy by the battle between his excellent intellect and his baby thoughts. Harold is a mama's boy. It was his misfortune to be born in a family of low-grade farmers. Father and mother were both inferior intelligences with warm emotions and healthy bodies. They loved little Harold, coddled him, gave him the best education possible, and then sent him forth into the big world. For they knew that he did not belong on the bleak, impoverished acres where they had spent their lives milking cows, feeding chickens, and slaughtering hogs.

Harold was happy on the old farm. Did he not have everything he wanted? At the age of nine he excelled the country school teacher in arithmetic, so his father helped him to buy books about algebra and geometry. He disliked barnyard toil, so his mother relieved him of the usual duties befalling a farm lad. He was favored with a little room in the attic, where most of his mother's butter and egg money was spent for books, books, and more books.

And, as she spent, she worshipped her offspring. She told him that he was going to be a great man of whom she would be as proud as Lucifer. (Only she didn't mention Lucifer, for she thought that was the name of a match.)

She helped him through college. Her prayers followed him everywhere, and so did her remittances. And he, being a normally grateful human, besides being her only son, was bound to her and hers with ties unbreakable. But what these were he did not suspect for many years. He was deeply absorbed in his work, which was primarily mathematical. Two lives were lived, that of the old home and that of the eager, creative mind which dealt in numbers. Fully twenty years passed before Harold, now a prosperous laboratory chief in a radio manufacturing company, had fashioned a scientific philosophy of life out of his intellectual experiences. Then trouble began.

His mother was sorely puzzled over his ideas, all incomprehensible to her. She was sure, though, that Harold was a good boy. He believed in God and in little Jesus and in the creation of the world in six days and all the rest; for hadn't he been brought up in the right way? When Harold came home for her birthday and for Christmas, he was asked to say grace at the dinner table; and delicately, mama brought up the subject of God and little Jesus. Just as regularly too did Harold reaffirm his faith

in everything mama wanted him to believe. He glowed. His eyes filled with happy tears. He did not know that happy tears are often forerunners of a storm. Somewhere in his brain a barometer was falling. But he did not know it, for he was a mere mathematician. Mathematicians do not know much about psychology.

As mama grew old, Harold grew rich. Lacking the incentive of hard work, he found much leisure. And leisure brought hours of pondering. This was not good for Harold. He found himself a double-dealer, thinking at one moment in terms of physics and chemistry and at another in terms of primitive religion. As he struggled to harmonize their contradictions, a misfortune befell him that aggravated the unrest. He had been married to a woman who did not fit in with his own nature and who gradually grew away from him. In his mid-forties she quarrelled with him and left him. This threw him back upon his mother, who rushed into the breach nobly. She came to his home, stroked his hair, wept over him, told him he was lucky to be rid of a woman who did not appreciate a genius, and so on. And Harold went back to mama, a little boy sobbing his heart out on her apron.

From then on, he made tremendous efforts to justify his baby thoughts. He bored his friends with disquisitions on the way his religion was completely supported by modern science. And he made them laugh

behind his back when he argued stoutly that civilized man is unhappy and, to regain his lost joy of life, must go back to the simple ways of peasants. Probably he never heard of Rousseau; but, if he did, he became Rousseau's willing propagandist. He occasionally gives talks before scientific societies on back-to-nature and the unity of science and religion. His voice quavers, tears flow, and afterward he takes several stiff drinks. The inner struggle will out, like murder.

Were he a clever, all-around intelligence, probably he would throw off his infantilism. But, like many narrow specialists in mathematics and physics, he is as narrow as a geometrical line, enormously able along that line, and an ass whenever he strays from its rectitude. His one luck is that there are many asses like him in our country. He loves to get together with them and bray his sanctity. But we observe that, after each braying session, he drinks sturdily. Alcohol knocks the props out from under that annoying intellect. It gives the baby a chance.

It is not altogether fair to call Harold a weak-willed thinker. It would be finer justice as well as mercy to enroll him as a house divided against itself. But the inner split is one in which intellect is arrayed against a stronger babyhood. His will to think straight is weak in competition against his craving to think as his mama wants him to think. Hence I lock him up in the pen with other flabby minds.

UNHAPPY SUBJECTS

This section of our catalogue will prove the most disappointing of all. For it is hard to locate submissive people. When a masterful person is blocked, he roars, cries, or runs away in a cloud of dust, thus attracting the notice of the innocent bystanders. Likewise with most people who adjust in the give and take manner. But the submissive man remains unheard and unseen. The specimens I have to offer have been found with difficulty, and except for one or two have offered passive resistance to analysis.

Here comes a familiar individual. He is the man who is submissive and apathetic because of weakness, but his lack of force does not prevent him from thinking clearly about what is worth while. Remember, the energy consumed by the higher mental processes is vastly less than that used in physical labor or in the business of keeping up one's body. This makes it possible for a person to be too weak to sustain the masterful adjustments or the three compromises, yet more than energetic enough for acute thinking.

Matty Rowe illustrates this unfortunate middle ground. She is a woman of not a little intellectual power, which has been moderately developed along a few lines. She trembles on the verge of invalidism which is partly the consequence of low energy and partly a clearly recognized but unconquered maladjustment in her home life. She would have remedied

this latter long ago, had she not this streak of apathy in her which is forever leading her to cry: "Oh, what's the use? It will all be the same a hundred years from now."

Her unbalance assumes the pattern of alternating reflexes. That is, her energetic reaction to values seldom comes into a head-on collision with her submissive behavior. Usually she fluctuates violently between the two poles. In a conflict with somebody over an important issue of right and wrong, she will first yield supinely to the demands of her adversary; but after a few minutes or hours her mind will wheel into action, declare to her that she is in the right, and that the right must prevail, whereupon she rallies and tries to enforce her wish. In this she may make a little headway for a while, exhausting herself swiftly and then sinking into her old apathy. In spite of her repeated failures and her clear consciousness of her own defeat, she never gets angry, either at herself or at those with whom she contends. But she does become disgusted with herself in a cold, inert intellectual sense. She rates herself low in her own scale of values. And there the struggle ends.

The passive lover of the truth who endures evil flabbily is, so far as my observations go, not a common specimen. He may be one species of cynic, namely the sort that rationalizes his own weak apathy to the point of persuading himself that it is idle to strive for the triumph of truth in this foolish and

wicked world. But as a rule the outcome is not a serious unbalance; it becomes a passable adjustment. There is a disturbance only insofar as the man, while considering realities and weighing facts, feels intensely the desirability that a certain order should prevail. Given this attitude, it follows that he will be impelled to do something toward the establishing of that order; and then in facing some crisis his deeper submissive reactions will begin to blockade those moves.

I have met only two persons of this type. They happen to be college professors—probably because the average college favors the selection of teachers who are not aggressive in worldly affairs but are sincere truth lovers. This gives us the basis for the unbalance, you see. The two acquaintances of mine are almost identical in their behavior and painfully uninteresting save as psychological specimens. Their lives are spent in a mild pain. They love Truth but act as if it would always rise again, after having been crushed to earth. They never do anything about the sundry lies and frauds which they decry in conversation. They do not even work themselves into a fine fury over them, while talking. Bolshevism is pernicious; oh, yes! Free love is a monstrous perversion of our day. Quite so! Smallpox is sweeping the country because mind cure faddists are interfering with the vaccination laws. Lackaday! But why lift a finger to help the cause of Truth? Things will work out their own salvation—maybe. And if they do not, mortal

man can help not at all. They are a colorless pair, even in their attenuated pessimism. Their unbalance does not hurt them much; or if it does, they conceal the distress magnificently. The one point at which it crops out now and then is where their own inaction stands in the way of their personal search for facts. Thus, one of the men is engaged in economic research which sometimes can be pursued only by going outside the college walls and interviewing men who are loath to impart the desired information. The agony of it, for a little while! Sometimes the hunt is successful, but more often not.

The submissive person whose apathy comes into conflict with his high regard for beauty is also rare. Inaction and the esthetic way of life generally harmonize. To enjoy the loveliness of this world, one should sit back and do nothing else nor heed the clamor of those who shout for truth and goodness. But the technique changes if one wishes to create beautiful things. Then one must arise early and master many things. Now it often happens that simple esthetic love becomes strong enough to bestir a man to create a story, a picture, a statue, or a poem. Then, if he is a submissive personality, he may develop this particular unbalance. Among the hundreds of people with strong esthetic inclinations whom I have known, I find perhaps half a dozen showing it. And the most striking cases are women who, because of their undue passivity, have slumped into an inferior position

in their own homes and have made feeble, futile efforts to get something out of life by a belated artistic spurt. They are all pathetic figures.

Dora Dibbs still struggles with dull pain to "bring beauty into her life." She has never succeeded and, I fear, never will. For she cannot make the effort with concentration and persistence. She is the overshadowed wife of an eminent professional man of abnormally high energy and intellectual aggressiveness. As the years have passed, he has developed toward her a mild contempt which she senses and takes indifferently. She never weeps, never tears her hair, never makes a scene. She endures it limply, huelessly. The survival instincts are never aroused in her, for she has wealth enough in her own right to be guarded against the extremes of misfortune; and there is no prospect of a divorce inasmuch as her husband's professional standing is such that it would be injured by that move.

The woman spends her days in the dullest routine, save for an occasional spurt that follows a visit to an art gallery or some lovely scene. The joy that beauty brings arouses her briefly to perpetuate it on canvas. She drops everything else and attacks the work. In earlier years she had studied painting with mediocre success; so she has the basis for manipulating brush and oils. But she never mastered the technique, lacking the energy for that. So now in early middle life she is a pathetic daubster. Each flash of desire to

paint ends in a half-smeared canvas, atrociously blocked in, and then nothing.

Now, it may be that the impulse to paint is a trait rather than a mere equilibrating tendency. So, to make the case clear, let me add that, whenever Dora finds herself in a situation involving hostile wishes, plans, and ideals of several people, her own impulse is nearly always to find a solution which is esthetically pleasing. She is firmly convinced that all morals are at heart a matter of taste, a mere variation of beauty. Her social aptitudes are almost zero. She cannot mingle with a gay company. She cares nothing for the so-called rights of man, as these are heralded by agitators. Justice is a matter of magnificence and poetry rather than a minute weighing of merits. Esthetic fitness must decide the right and wrong. Some villains ought to be boiled alive in oil. Some saints deserve halos, even if they do beat their wives and cheat their grocer. We should make our own lives beautiful, above all else.

Now here you see the root of her perpetual unhappiness. She judges that her own life should be beautiful. She knows that it is not. But she cannot master either herself or her environment so as to make her days a joy and her spirit a creature of loveliness. Her taste tells her that passivity is an ugly thing even more despicable than strenuous wickedness. But she cannot live up to her own standard. Each little splash at her canvasses marks an effort to make her life beautiful. Each one marks her everlasting failure.

Weak-Willed Thinkers

The man who, being primarily contemplative, is disturbed by the conviction that some good things of life are truly worth striving for becomes mildly pathetic when he fails to attain these latter through a shortage of power. He is a familiar figure in the intellectual world and in that larger nebula of near-intellectuals which drifts around universities, clubs, and settlements like Greenwich Village. I know so many of his kind that it is hard to choose the truest specimen. Belton Braun stands forth as a pretty good one.

Apart from moments of acute unbalance, Belton is absorbed in the critical reading and reviewing of books; and he earns his livelihood in part by writing his conscientious and sometimes readable reflections on current publications. In all his relations to objects he is thoroughly philosophic except when himself involved in some personal crisis. And in personal contacts he is the most arrant coward I have ever beheld. He has repeatedly infuriated me by his craven shirking, his abject retreats even in amiable argument. Once upon a time it was my misfortune to serve on a committee with him for a year or longer. At no time did any matter arise which raised difficult and painful issues. At no times were we members forced to take a stand that might have led to painful personalities. The whole business was rather perfunctory. But not for Belton.

His pattern of action was invariably the same, clear, and exasperating. He always began by contemplating the issue of the day. He would set forth the pros and cons with cool lucidity. Next he would pass judgment. He would say: "Now this seems to me to be the right thing, gentlemen." And with that he would sink deeper into his arm chair, intertwine his soft, pink fingers, and eye the tips of his shoes. Somebody would then ask him a question or propose a different view and solution of the matter. It might vary by only a hair's breadth from Belton's, but that would be enough to bring out the submissive streak in him. He would quickly lift his hands in faint fright and say nervously: "Now, of course, you may be right. You may be right. I'm only telling you how the case looks to me. I don't know anything about the business side of the matter. It may have to be handled differently. Do as you think best, gentlemen."

I am not parodying him. These words I once wrote down as he uttered them, and I trust the Recording Angel did the same. The truth was, there was no "business side of the matter" which he did not know; this remark of his, as I later came to understand, merely was his conventionalized device for surrender. He used it instead of the white flag. He would have used the identical phrase had he been engaged in a ferocious debate over the advisability of taking ginger ale or pop on a picnic.

It is the perfect symptom of his lack of all force save that little which is consumed in observation and logical analysis. He is somewhat frail of body, though not at all sickly. He moves with an odd quiet languor. He shuns conversation as in dread of embroiling himself. When interrogated, he delays his reply, sometimes so long that strangers think he has not heard them. But when he finally speaks, his sentences are models of lucidity. But he talks as if it were a mighty effort; he scowls, he works his neck and shoulders, he looks far away, as if to avoid the distracting gazes of the company; and when he has delivered himself, he relaxes like a runner at the end of a hard race. He reads books and writes articles with the same manifest exertion; and he has told me that he cannot comprehend the slap-dash of the regular journalist who scans a two-volume treatise between breakfast and lunch and formulates the convictions of a lifetime on its subject between one and two o'clock.

How now about the unbalance in his nature? It must be clear enough, I think. His keen perceptions and discriminations are ever at odds with his submissive inertia. He sees the good, the true, the beautiful. He understands the better and the worse. He believes some things are more to be desired than others. But he cannot bring himself to strive for them through a conflict. If there is no crisis, he will attain them; but the instant obstacles appear, within or without, he surrenders. He knows this is morally weak, but even

this insight cannot lash him to a feeble outburst of action. He is colorlessly unhappy over it.

UNHAPPY LOVERS

The clash between erotic and masterful impulses of high energy is one of the most common of all human perturbations. In its crudest aspect this appears in the lover whose love is interfered with by excessive cravings to master his beloved, either by tyranny or by forthright possession. So familiar is this that a lengthy instance seems hardly necessary here. Literature is packed with stories and history swarming with authentic chronicles of the unbalance.

Baroness Von Krudener

Let me cite the elemental and obvious, Baroness von Krudener.[1]

An impulsive Slav, living for the moment's ecstasy, this woman was born in luxury and married wealth. Her mentality was distinctly inferior, her sex life inordinately potent, her wilfulness intolerable. She was bent on running everybody and everything. She always craved flattery. She had to be in the limelight, no matter what the gathering or who the company. To insure such mastery and adulation, the lady squan-

[1] The information about this personality is considerable. It is best presented in E. Muhlenbeck's "Etude sur les origines de la Sainte-Alliance," Paris, 1909.

dered incredible sums on dances, dinners, and wilder orgies, all of which led to serious embarrassments, financial and otherwise.

When twenty-three, she had a child. This event interfered with her mania for the amours of many men and social ecstasy. Her "nervousness" became so grave that she was sent south for a rest. Once in France, her "nerves" were speedily soothed by a feverish romance with a gay young cavalry captain. For him she left her ambassador husband. Thus, until around her thirty-sixth year, she led a blithe existence around Paris, mostly with her lover. And now we reach the first grave thwarting which shaped her subsequent life.

She had lost much of her earlier beauty but her craving for attention, especially from men, was stronger than ever. This craving progressively encountered greater and greater obstacles. Men no longer flocked to her. Her first desperate effort to hold them in a new manner took the form of shawl dancing—not an original idea of hers but a frank imitation of the cunning of one Lady Hamilton. Alas, this availed her not at all. So, following many another defeated spirit, she decided to win fame as an author. It is alleged that she consulted Chateaubriand and other eminent scribes as to her impending work. Be that as it may, she did pen an effusively sentimental novel entitled "Valerie," in which she shines forth as the loving heroine for whom all is love and love is all.

Please observe that this was in 1803, when she was just coming into her fortieth year, otherwise known as "the dangerous age." It is the age at which, in many women, a redirecting of sex energies occurs, sometimes as a result of inner physiological changes and sometimes in consequence of the passing of earlier loves and the waning of admiration. It was during these years that the Baroness turned to religious mysticism and the millenian cults for "consolation." And with this move she leaped into the wider, dazzling arena of history.

Shocked by the sudden death of a gentleman in her presence, she had another attack of "nerves." This time she turned for solace to her shoemaker, who, it seems, in addition to being an able-bodied male, was also an ardent Moravian. The evidence now becomes a little hazy. But it would appear that the shoemaker was pious enough—and perhaps humble enough in the presence of such a high aristocrat—to refrain from the lady's advances; though it is quite possible that he was too stupid to penetrate the erotic impulses that drove her to "find peace in him," as she put it. And it is wholly clear that the Baroness, while insisting that she "find peace," continued to be chaotically nervous and had to be packed off to the baths at Wiesbaden.

A little time later she found another "saint." He was one Adam Mueller, a lusty, illiterate peasant who avowed that the Lord had chosen him to transmit a prophecy to King Frederick. Her next saint

was Jung-Stilling, the great leader of occult pietism in Germany. Her next was Jean Fontaines, a miracle worker in the Vosges. Fontaines seems to have taken the lady to himself more completely than his predecessors did; for the Baroness announced that she was "spiritually married" to the seer, while Fontaines' wife willingly became the housekeeper for the holy *ménage*. But even Fontaines did not satisfy her, for we find her hastening on to another soul-mate, a soulful linen draper of Strasburg. It is significant here that this man's message to her was "the complete annihilation of the will and mystic death." Is this not just what we should expect? For years the Baroness had been suffering from too intense cravings which found very incomplete satisfaction. What could seem fairer to *fantasy* than a life in which will was not?

Thus her inner adjustment then. But not her outer! For being of inferior nervous pattern, she could not subordinate her animal impulses to these sweet mystic thoughts of self-suppression. Her public life now began to run wild, but in seeming consistency with her new doctrine. She wandered around Europe as an itinerant preacher, proclaiming the millenium and giving away money right and left to the rabble of beggars and grander knaves who trailed her hungrily. And the climax of this came when, on the night of June 4, 1815, she walked in upon the emperor Alexander, as he was brooding over his bible, and converted him to her faith.

She travelled around with the Czar of all the

Russias, inhabiting the rooms adjoining his own suites, and holding frequently prayerful—and presumably other—sessions with that neurotic potentate. Thus the Baroness became a sinister force in European affairs. And the high point of her influence was reached when she drew up—either with pen in hand or else by way of suasion—the documents of the Holy Alliance. Hers was one of the most dangerous wish patterns.

Another conflict between the erotic and the masterful forces is carried on at a low energy level, hence with tensions that are weaker absolutely but perhaps quite as distressing as those of stronger personalities. In the long run the unbalance generally proves more serious here because the masterful drive is weaker, cooler, more subject to control by thinking, and thus more likely to be defeated in encounters with rivals or with the favored sex object. The man who would rule his beloved but finds himself overpowered in the effort will feel defeat and inferiority if he lingers; and he will wholly thwart his erotic impulses if, true to type, he runs away. Sometimes, if he lingers and wins in his love life, he still is defeated in mastery; and now we find a subtler unbalance. So far as I know, it has never been described; and yet it must be fairly common. Having no observed case of it to report, I can only indicate what it must be. The erotic behavior is carried through to normal consummation, but it induces masterful impulses like those earlier described. These may take the form of striving to

gain exclusive possession of the sex object, to issue commands to the latter, to abuse physically, or simply to use the object as an instrument. But they are too weak, either in sheer energy or in their pattern, to win out. Hence arises a collateral emotion of anger if the man, in the moment of thwarting, releases fresh energies to win; or there arises the collateral emotion of fear if he tends to inhibit his masterful drives. (Remember that the specific phase of the emotion will be determined by the entire situation, and thus may be far removed from simple anger and fear.)

Many a hen-pecked husband belongs in this category. Unable to "rule the roost," such an unfortunate may develop a chronic unbalance in which some modified anger or fear crops out as the overt sign of thwarted mastery. The hen-pecked gentleman then proceeds to transfer his emotion. He becomes the testy, complaining bully out of his home; or he becomes the slinking, scary-eyed cur who fairly invites being kicked around in the office. That he is unhappy goes without saying.

Next comes an unhappiness that in at least one respect differs from all others. Being the product of the joint activities of the erotic drive and the apathetic adjustment, the unbalance in it cannot be caused by the simultaneous working of this pair. Genuine indifference and genuine eroticism cannot co-exist. But they can alternate with great rapidity. And, if they alternate with respect to one and the same ob-

ject or situation, a peculiar condition may result.

The special form of such alternation that concerns us here is one in which the erotic factors, when disturbed in any manner, invoke the apathetic attitude and thus defeat themselves in some measure. Here is a plain instance. Larry Green, a man of about thirty-five now, has made vain efforts to marry for a decade. He is wealthy, well-bred, thoroughly healthy in the ordinary sense, and blessed with many friends and enviable social connections. Two of the women whom he wooed report on his behavior during courtship. Their testimony is so harmonious that it sounds as if prepared in collusion; but I happen to know that the women have never met. They report that Larry begins as any normal lover might, but the instant any obstacle arises in his love making, he begins to grow indifferent. This indifference does not seem to be aimed at the lady in the case; it is diffuse and objectless, more as if it were a secondary process.

The most trifling incident may set this process going. Thus, Larry invited one of my informants to a theater party at a time when he was ardently seeking her hand. She had intended to go up to the last minute, but a telegram from a sick friend took her out of town on the fatal day; and she was unable to get back in time. She telephoned to Larry an hour before the party and explained matters. Larry was entirely affable, understood the situation, assured her that he was sorry, and hung up. She never saw him again. For a long time she believed that, in some

unknown manner, she had mortally offended him. But she learned later that the theater party had been quite a perfunctory affair, and that her absence had not spoiled it in the least. She also discovered, quite by accident, that Larry had been neither angry nor heartbroken over her absence. As I found out, he had simply slumped into complete indifference; his attitude became "Oh, what's the use?"

The proof that this was not a clever disguise for a change of heart is luckily at hand. Larry had become erotically neutral as a result of the petty thwarting. He saw no women, invited none to parties, went to no social affairs where they were present for nearly a year. He immersed himself in business most successfully and made much money. It is this that prompts me to assert that the apathy in him is diffuse.

It is pretty certain that we have to do here with some deep mechanism that is not at all understood. And it is surely not of a Freudian type. I find no trace in it of fear, no trace of a submerged inferiority complex, no trace of a rival love. Larry is exceptionally free from suppressions and repressions. Only one figures at all in his life, and that is a slight overfondness for his mother, now long dead. This, of course, raises the question whether his failure to marry may not be due to his concealed infantile passion for his mother. A wholly satisfactory answer cannot be found until Larry marries, or at least until he falls in love with a woman and finds no hindrance in the way of marrying her. Even if mother-love were

latent in his reactions, however, that would not change matters for us. The fact is that his erotic impulses are neutralized into complete indifference, and that this indifference becomes a general attitude for months at a stretch.

Emily Dickinson

We come next to an unhappiness which, in my opinion, occurs mostly among persons of subnormal erotic trends. It is the interference between love impulses and social habits of taste, belief, or practice. In the widest sense of the words, it is the disturbance caused by the eternal conflict between "Love and Duty," so much favored as a theme for stories and plays since man first sang and wrote. We have seen that nearly half of mankind—and in some lands perhaps more than half—is powerfully affected by social contacts. When the latter favor the individual, he feels good, exhilarated, "right." When they oppose him, he is depressed, lonely, forsaken, an outcast, "wrong." If, now, his erotic nature is relatively mild, it is likely to be inhibited, or even affectively reversed, by the attitude of the herd toward the sex object.

Please note the word "relatively." On it everything depends. There is nothing to prevent a normally erotic person from being upset by his social trends; all that would be needed would be a hypersensitivity toward persons and groups in general. We find such a combination in a few people, such as

the poet, Emily Dickinson. Little as we know about her private life—thanks to her eminently proper family and its herd instincts—we can say with certainty that at least part of the unbalance in her life which finds expression in her exquisite verse sprang from the thwarting of her love life by her own sensitivity toward her family and her social class. This, of course, does not explain the woman's entire personality. But it underlies much of it. For instance, her cryptic style whenever she strove to speak her heart out in song.

Her admirers have uniformly commented on her baffling depths. They have not perceived that these depths are simply self-concealment. She wrote poetry in secret. She knew, though, that what is written may some day be read by alien and uncomprehending eyes. So she cunningly hid her love and lovers, as well as her spiritual distress, in the dark crypts of music, where we hear but do not see. She loved a Philadelphia clergyman, but not strongly enough to overcome her social habits. For when he begged her to elope with him, she refused, apparently because he had a wife and a child. Long afterward, she gave voice to this thwarted love life in such lines as these:

"So we must keep apart,
You there, I here,
With just the door ajar
That oceans are,
And prayer,
And that pale sustenance,
Despair!"

We are not here concerned with the "morality" of her renunciation. Doubtless she "did the right thing." But it only demonstrates that her social adjustments overpowered her erotic just enough to leave her in permanent unbalance. Its tensions quiver through her poems like a harp's taut wires. In them is neither thunder nor raging, for she lacked the energy of such outbursts just as she lacked some intellectual functions. Her asceticism and love of solitude bare this same shortage of power. And every line she has written on love reveals an under-equipped love drive whose emotional tone was normal in spite of efficient energy. Emily was not strong enough to fight society for love's sake, either bodily or in words.

Vincent Van Gogh

The last unhappy lover I would describe is vastly more complex in his unbalance and failures than any other. And chiefly for two reasons. First of all, his was a house divided against itself, with three forces seeking mastery and none winning it. Secondly, his inferior mentality made a mess of things generally, hence aggravated this internal conflict.

Vincent Van Gogh, the Dutch artist, lived a threefold love life unsupported by common sense, shrewdness or vision. In him, esthetic love, sexual love, and herd love ran wild. There is no mistaking the chaos of his personality. The picture of it which Van Gogh's one worthy biographer gives is commended to every

student of personality. Fortunately indeed, Meier-Graefe [1] has not been harrassed with uncertainties as to the events in the artist's life; there is not a point of any psychological consequence touching which the evidence falls short. Van Gogh's life was an open book; that was part of his nature. He spilled himself across his days like a stream of bright paint. He did not know what concealment, suppressions, deceit, diplomacy, evasion, shirking, or double-dealing meant. And this childish openness was his undoing.

Of the three elemental instincts, Van Gogh possessed only one; or, to be wholly accurate, if he possessed the other two at all, they were present only as "a chemical trace," too faint to be measured. You can find nowhere in him the impulse to get all the good things of life, or the impulse to crow as the cock on the wall, or the impulse to manage the human race. You cannot find these even in dark disguises. They simply are not. Neither can you find the impulse to take the world submissively, to be indifferent to pain, injustice, hardship, poverty, joy, pleasure, society, or beauty in things and in men. There is a powerful patience in him, to be sure, which the careless observer might mistake for submission; but it is the patience of love, as we shall see. As for intellectual curiosity, the cool aloofness of the philosopher and the scientist, Van Gogh had no more of that than he had caterpillar's legs. And to his dying hour

[1] Julius Meier-Graefe: "Vincent Van Gogh." Translated by John H. Reece. 2 vols. New York, 1923. (Medici Society.)

he could not understand what genuine reflection and analysis were.

But all three forms of the love life loomed large in him, the esthetic, the erotic and the social. And each, in its own groove, ran wild. His deepest passion from boyhood on was religious; he devoutly believed, he believed uncritically, he believed as a lover believes. He longed to become a minister. Profoundly impressed with his own moral unworth, he sighed to atone for his evil by preaching the simple gospel of primitive Christianity, which was the only faith he could respond to. At the same time in his youth, he fell in love with a girl and was sure she must love him because he loved her. He was intellectually unable to grasp the biological truth that affection need not be reciprocated. So, when he found that the girl was happily engaged and soon to marry, the poor fellow was bewildered. He withdrew from the world, like a wounded animal, and buried himself in books, which, alas, he read without insight.

Thus defeated in the erotic relation, he turned to his first love, the Church. He became a lay preacher in Brussels, where he made himself conspicuous in many ways. To begin with, he preached strangely exaggerated views on the virtues and vices. Goodness was magnified a thousand diameters, and so was every peccadillo. The old-line clergy might have endured this, in spite of the snickers that ran through Van Gogh's audiences. But when he took to demeaning himself to the level of the common laborers,

dressing, eating, talking, and living as they did, the better to be one of them, the ecclesiastical authorities dropped him. They notified him that they could not use the services of a preacher "who made himself so cheap with the people."

Thus rebuffed, he tried his hand as an art salesman and—need it be said?—failed miserably in the London mercantile-society. He made another try at free-lance Christianity among the poor and the outcast, literally living as Christ is alleged to have lived, sharing his all with them, helping them, talking to them of God, and being a heaven-sent brother to them. But again he was despised and rejected of men. Thus were two of the three forms of love life definitely blocked for him. He must either die of a broken heart or else turn to the third.

And now we come to the most illuminating psychological event in the man's life. Up to the age of twenty-seven, he had sensed no urge toward art, and all his life through he showed singularly meagre talent with the brush. His best friends admit this because it is foolish to deny manifest facts. Why, then, did he ever turn to art? The answer is clear enough. He could not seek mastery, for the urge was not in him. He could not submit with utter indifference, for that knack was lacking. And he could not become an intellectual any more than he could fly. He must carry on with some form of love-life, and this was the only one in which he had not been routed. Furthermore, soon after he began his art studies, under the

kindly guidance of his brother, the husband of his former lady-love died; and, though the widow repelled Van Gogh's fresh advances in emphatic terms, the innocent cherished the dream that he might win her by becoming famous as a painter. So he slaved away in his attic studio, all for love.

Here is not the place to recount all of his subsequent misadventures, which were many and tragic. Let it go at this: he lacked the integrative power to harness his three love-drives, and the result was that they were always interfering with one another. He tried to love all men in a Christlike way, but most men sneered at him for his folly; and it was the mighty barbarian, Gauguin, who finally crushed him utterly and drove him mad. He was carried away by muddled blends of sex, beauty, and Christ-love, flinging himself at the feet of sorry prostitutes over and over. The more bedraggled and depraved they were, the surer Van Gogh was to take them in. As for his art, it was unorganized sensitivity with streaks of queer love running through it. He had no creative imagination, and even less architectonic power.

Meier-Graefe acutely calls him "a romanticist with a hurricane in his bosom painting tempestuously at candlesticks, onions, sunflowers, and peach blossoms." All of which is a way of saying that the man had never been able to think up suitable subjects for the impulses in him. He was ever striving to give himself to the world in color, but he had nothing to give. The love he sought was always denied because

the love he had to give was so irrational that it repelled men and women. And he died in a madhouse because, at bottom, he had never been master of himself.

If love was the key of his life, then there was no lock in the door; for the door swung inanely in every wind and banged itself to pieces. Van Gogh reeked with an eroticism which was so uncontrolled by mind that it vented itself in all directions, sometimes in all at once.

Too Thoughtful Sweethearts

We now reach an unbalance of peculiar prominence in twentieth-century civilizations. It is the psychic upset of the person whose love life is blocked or distorted by reflective processes. Never before in the world's history have there been so many mortals thrown out of stride by the throb of thought. If we may judge by their outpourings, women now suffer from this more than men do. And all we know about the sex physiology of women leads to the same opinions.

Partly because the New York metropolitan district holds such a mighty horde of intellectual women, and partly because these women, just because they are intellectual, speak with great freedom and minute self-analysis about their own plight, I have an unusual array of striking specimens to submit. A small volume could easily be filled with them

alone, for there are a thousand and one ways in which the complex inhibitory mechanisms of reflective fantasy may impede the erotic impulses. Here are a few.

Ruth Roamer is a familiar variety of the intellectual young woman. Graduating from college with honors, she went into the teaching profession and finally achieved a professorship in a good, small college. According to her own statements, she has always hoped to marry and have children. But she has been consistently defeated in this hope by her incurable intellectual curiosity and lengthy self-analyses. Every time she becomes interested in a man, to the point of being pleasantly disturbed, she begins to think hard. And then two things occur. First, she falls to dissecting her own emotions and other behavior towards the man precisely as in her laboratory she dissects flies' eyes and frogs' feet. This always ices her passion, if passion it be. Secondly, she analyzes the man likewise; and as yet no man has assayed well enough to hold her incipient ardor after the dissection.

"When he shakes hands with me," she says ruefully, "I watch my own reactions. Were I a natural female, I suppose I should lose myself in a rush of joy. But that never, never happens! I notice how my feelings towards him vary with my own physical and mental conditions. I am one way toward him, when I am hungry; another way when sleepy; another when tired; and so on. Sometimes I lie awake

nights and try to chart and catalogue my behavior. And I know this is the very opposite of love, as love is described by poets. I shall never lose my head over any man!"

As she says this at the age of thirty-seven, I suspect she speaks the truth. She has too strong a mind ever to lose it this side of the grave. And its very strength has injured her seriously. She shows all the tensions of face, body, and work habits which mark the thwarted erotic woman. She is too intelligent to fool herself into fancying that she can find a complete substitute adjustment in her intellectual work. And she is too strong-minded to break down under the strain.

Charlotte Cramm suffers from a somewhat different unbalance. She is married, has two children, and, in the conventional sense of the phrase, gets along swimmingly with her husband. But both of them testify to a slight thwarting of love life as a result of her intense analytical tendencies. She can never stop thinking about her own minute behavior and her husband's as well. Hence her behavior lacks all spontaneity, all emotional fire. She says of herself, "I am hopelessly cold and cannot hide it. I wish I were not! I'd get so much more out of life!"

May Moon presents still another phase of the same unhappy disturbance, in her case fortunately overcome. She has achieved an injuriously tight integration between her erotic and her intellectual trends. In one sense, it is not an unbalance. But in a larger

sense, it surely is. She has intellectualized her erotic nature so thoroughly that she asserts she is unable to rouse the faintest interest toward any man who is not distinctly her mental superior. At first this sounded to me like covert boasting or perhaps like a defense against a subnormal erotic nature. But it later appeared that the woman spoke truthfully, for she finally achieved her "grand passion" when she attracted a man of the highest intellectual type. Since her marriage she seems to have found herself successfully; and she says she has. So we may let it rest at that. But for nearly ten years, she went through a hectic series of romantic misadventures, each of which terminated in about the same manner. Being rather beautiful and exceptionally well-bred, she attracted a string of lovers. Unlike the preceding types of women, she did not paralyze her own reactions by introspection; she simply failed to respond until her mind said: "Here is a brilliant masculine mind! It is worthy of you."

You will find in contemporary feminist literature many poignant discussions and diatribes by women of this type. Usually they reproach men for their lack of ardor toward intellectual women in general, and, as Miss Lombroso puts it, for men's lamentable preference for inferior and common women. How few of these critics of the male sex realize that his lamentable preference often is determined, not by depravity in the male nor by the siren technique of common women, but by a twisting and a blighting of the

healthy animal eroticism in the intellectual women themselves.

The Passionate Mess

Jane Slew is a neatly patterned creature, fairly cut to order for this catalogue. Overwhelmingly autonomic, she possesses enough motor efficiency to express and also to satisfy her cravings. But she is largely thwarted by her lamentable lack of receptive power in all sensory fields; and this is aggravated by still more lamentable deficiencies in higher integrative action. She is a fierce egocentric erotic of high energy and not a little dexterity in dealing with people and things, but insensitive and unesthetic to the core.

When an adolescent girl, Jane went man-mad; and having poor cortical controls, became embroiled with a dozen speak-easy lovers in succession. There was, however, more to her than mere sex. For in her late twenties she grew into a fresh pattern of personality, probably as a result of erotic satisfaction. Always she had been diffusely emotional. Every kind of anger, fear, love, hate, and other perturbation except contemplative curiosity tore her to tatters. Her explosions were so intense that her lovers either feared her or became disgusted; and one by one they vanished. Her worst outbursts were displayed toward her own parents, whenever they tried to curb her; but others aplenty felt her wrath and scorned her panics.

Along with the unpleasant emotions, she has always been quite as swift with her gratitude, joy, excitement, and enthusiasm. Do her a good turn, however trivial, and she will kiss your hand, proclaim your nobility to all the world, and glow all over with sincere pleasure. Get her interested in some work, no matter how arduous it may be, and she flings herself into it with fine frenzy. Toward almost any kind of a person she is genial to a fault, until actually thwarted; and then look out for thunder and lightning.

The relation of the three segment systems appears beautifully in her reactions to music. All she gets from it is the rhythm, with its motor drive. Music may be atrociously played in her presence; but if only it has a snap and swing, it rouses her. She becomes wild in her eagerness to dance; and she is a singularly supple, graceful dancer. But this exercise detonates all her erotic centers, and after a few minutes she is all for lovemaking.

Her erotic cravings and her emotions dominate her other autonomic functions dangerously. For one thing, they have gravely upset her digestion, over and over again. A simple fear or a little excitement is enough to send her to bed supperless with a sick headache. And the pleasant emotions work on her likewise, when they exceed medium intensities. A piece of good news throws her off balance for hours or even days.

Her lack of sensitivities is her ruin. She has no eye

for beauty, no nose for hygiene. She goes dirty, her finger nails uncared for, and her neck showing to all the world the low tide line of her neglected washrag. She dresses like a scrubwoman even when she has plenty of money. And she eats like an intoxicated stevedore. All in all, a disgusting person. And she never senses it except when somebody speaks point blank to her about it. Then her eagerness to stand well with the world moves her to do whatever the adviser recommends. But always she does it with no taste.

She has no mind in the strict sense. She can reflect not at all. She cannot analyze the simplest situation, though she does make a good guess now and then. And she has not a trace of active fantasy. Inevitably she has found her best balance in a line of work requiring no imagination and bringing her into the limelight easily and often; but to name it would almost be like naming her, as she has something like a monopoly in a very narrow field. Such mental work as she has to perform is carried on with incredible slowness. I have watched her on a few occasions and could scarcely believe my eyes. A normal boy of twelve could work twice as fast as she does.

Here again she displays a crude but effective organismal equilibrium. It works out along two dynamic patterns. "I can work well only when I am in love," she says. So whenever she finds an important contract on her hands, her first task is to fall in love, if she is not already there. This stimulates her

throughout, keeps her at high emotional pitch. Even this, though, raises her to a low level. And when it is not high enough to sustain her in her new work, she shunts the latter to her new lover as if she were doing him a favor. With such unmitigated frankness does she do this that the simpleton seldom takes offense. Thus she has squeaked through a dozen important jobs in as many years. All her former admirers denounce her as a shameless parasite. But she says they are all biased.

Need we draw further diagrams of her unhappiness? Born to love, she will die loving but unloved. Crudity, dirt, and witlessness conspire to thwart her dominant desire. Whenever defeated in her man hunts, she becomes sick; and whenever fired by the sight of a fresh lover, she also becomes sick. All in all, a passionate mess that will grow messier and messier until she passes fifty or so. Is it to be wondered at that she dallies with the thoughts of suicide now and then?

UNHAPPY HERD FOLK

The Unpopular Boss

An intense social desire is often balked by a masterful drive involving high energy and combat. In America we see many men who, while yearning to stand well with the herd and to run with it, are swept away by their fierce strivings to dominate or to

possess. The crisis may be a petty one, so long as the effect is to block the social desire. The old pioneer environment favored the masterful personality. The newer industrial environment favors the social, but without wholly defeating the masterful. Hence the frequency of the unbalance: our land contains thousands of men in whom the older spirit has been fostered, especially during their infancy, but more or less in opposition to their stronger social trends.

Alfred Noad is a man whose life has been distorted by this clash. He is a herd creature. Ever since boyhood he has displayed vigorous tendencies toward running with the crowd, being favorably stimulated by it, and always craving more social activity. In his adolescence he was a great organizer of new clubs, secret societies and camping parties, through all of which his masterful trend was well integrated. He made himself a good group leader, found joy in it, and pleased his companions.

When he left college, he went into business but never succeeded strikingly, though he has managed to scrape along. Aside from certain intellectual limitations which hamper commercial activities, his chief handicap is his inveterate craving to run his business by conferences with all employees and, once in conference, to impose his will on all present in a ruthless manner that defeats the aim of the gathering. This tragi-comedy is clean-cut, persistent, and deadly.

True to type, Noad expands when in the crowd. He talks well then, and then only. He beams on all

present. He inquires after everybody's health and the health of all members of each family represented around the conference table. Then he begins the business of the day. He outlines his ideas about it. A few of his employees nod their approval, and this stimulates him afresh. He rises to a higher level of enthusiasm. Somebody asks a question. This starts his combative reactions full force, and from this instant forth he is out to win, cost what it may. Let any bold man suggest an amendment to the project Noad is defending, and Noad overwhelms him; not by wrath but by sheer vehemence and verbosity. He out-talks and out-shouts all disputants, gathering zest as he goes.

The newcomer soon learns that it is best to sit still and wag a praising head at Noad. In the long run, this brings Noad into contempt and lowers the morale of his staff. He has lost many excellent salesmen and sub-managers because of his futile coupling of this social gathering and blind domineering. I am told that a similar clash goes on in his home life. People he craves shun him in society. Business men he ought to become intimate with, for his own business' sake, hold him at arm's length. He is worse than a bore. He is a conversational tyrant. Nobody else can "get a word in edgewise." He leaves you always with a feeling that he has crushed you in argument, even though you have talked of nothing save the weather.

Noad wonders why he has such infernal troubles

with his subordinates. He grieves sincerely because so few people welcome him into their homes and clubs. He is quite miserable over it.

Slave of All Men

Most books which tell you about the herd and its ways convey more or less clearly the idea that men who live according to the herd are highly suggestible. Doubtless this is true enough as a generality, but it leaves out of account a class which I suspect to be fairly large. This one is composed of people who conform to society chiefly because they lack energy to resist it. All such are unhappy herd folk—secret rebels and public patriots.

Curley Reed is one of these. He belongs to many clubs and societies. Sunday sees him in his pew singing the good old hymns and listening to the good old sermons. A regular Republican, a regular conservative in all his public professions about theology and morals, Curley innocently deceives the public. And sometimes I think he deceives himself. For on a few rare occasions when it was both safe and profitable to speak his mind, he gave utterance before witnesses to opinions that would have terrified his old fogey friends.

Curley is accordingly unhappy because he has always lacked the physical power to organize his life in harmony with his native drives. I have known Reed twenty-two years and can supplement my own

observations with many of his own statements about himself as well as with the observations of several of his close friends.

Reed lives on a low energy level, but his movements are only a shade slower than average. They are both weak and brief. Reed has always fatigued easily and has been unable to enjoy any sort of physical exercise, even walking. Today as in his boyhood, he remains seated as long as possible, wherever he may be.

His energy receptors are conspicuously subnormal. His appetite has always been poor, and he has always had some difficulty in digesting many proteins. A mild anemia has always plagued him, making him hypersensitive to changes of weather, to dust, to noise, and to sustained muscular effort. He escapes invalidism by a hair. He calls himself "nervous" and seeks relief by smoking rather heavy cigars which do not improve his digestion.

His intelligence is better than average but not very high; and this largely explains his failure to adjust himself well to the world. He learns slowly. And certain kinds of things he seems to master only with great mental striving and after many misapprehensions. Novelty bewilders him. You can see him groping painfully when suddenly confronted with some strange thing. And this has contrived to make him almost comically conservative.

Like so many other persons in whom low energy is linked with better than average intelligence, Reed

finds it very hard to advance from talking and writing about things to managing things by direct action. His highest level of organization is therefore linguistic. And within certain limits, he is an excellent writer. It has been his good fortune to receive a thorough education and to have grown up in a family of wealth and culture. So he has a background for critical writing; and, so far as his friends can discern, this should have been his life work. He enjoys it. He has made good at it in a professional way. And, with concentration, he might have employed his wealth and his culture so as to have become one of America's most distinguished essayists or historians or editorial writers. Why has he not done this? The answer is written in his own deeds.

Two factors joined forces to maladjust his career. One was his own weak urge, due to his low energy. The other was his family tradition. He was brought up on the idea that he should make his mark in Big Business or else in statesmanship. His parents, knowing no more than most others do about vocational problems and their relation to personality patterns, did not understand that Curley lacked the energy needed for these enterprises. They probably assumed that anybody who was smart enough and had the right social connections could succeed there. Or perhaps they never gave the matter a thought. In any event Curley went from college to business. And, though he was then in his prime, the strain broke him.

After careful probing, I found that he failed chiefly through his inability to decide upon a clean cut course of action and to fight for it against all odds. He seemed never to be quite sure what he wanted, either for himself or for the business. His vacillations brought all sorts of troubles in their wake. While he was worrying over what should be his next move, competitors captured the very business he was fishing for. While he was yielding weakly to his associates in some matter of policy, in which, as later events proved, Reed had been right, things went from bad to worse. After a year or two of this, he quit in a state of general demoralization.

He wavered for many months thereafter over his next step. I had not become acquainted with him then; but his friends say that his indecision and timidity were painful. He went about asking everybody what his next endeavor should be. How about becoming a lawyer? Would politics not be easier perhaps? Might he not become a newspaper editor? Or a diplomat? Or a banker?

This ever! Reed has never been able to take the measure of his own desires and abilities, in spite of his education and culture and the continual aid of many influential friends. His life has been a tragicomedy of weak gropings, attempts at enterprises beyond his physical power and his mental grasp, and a slowly accumulating disgust and cynicism which finds expression in feeble literary outbursts and brief spurts of fierce conversation.

I have watched him closely in three of his misadventures, having been closely associated with him in one of them. His behavior pattern is fairly clear and uniform. He tackles a new task only after several months of relative rest, during which he ponders his next step. His first move is to talk things over at great length with everybody he knows. If even one friend speaks disparagingly of the project, Reed abandons it immediately. Fear rules him. And he is unable to rally to the defense of a favorite idea or plan. He yields, and not always with good grace.

If you say to him: "Curley, you ought to keep out of this business because the man at the head of it is too shrewd for you. He has tricked his partners before. He will find it easier still to trick you,"—Reed will follow your advice and keep out; but he will build up a feeble grudge against the head of the business—and he may even accuse you later of having kept him out of a good thing. The habit of complaining at trifles and of twisting a situation so as to give him a chance to complain has been growing on him perceptibly during the past decade.

He has tried his hand at merchandising, at lecturing, at politics, at real estate, and at manufacturing; and he has come away from each venture with small losses and great disillusionments. Alas, too, he has experimented with marriage—and rather disastrously, though none of his friends would agree with me in this remark. He is the sort of man, I am positive, who would have succeeded best as a bachelor

clubman, adorning a leather chair in some aristocratic window off Fifth Avenue. But he allowed himself to be invited into wedlock by a keen young lady of parts who appreciated Curley's money and social standing and probably liked his culture and his ability as a conversationalist, which is rather high. (I should rate him among the twenty men I know whose talk is most regularly worth hearing.) So he married and has been the most thoroughly hen-pecked husband I have ever observed.

His wife is a well-balanced woman of fairly high energy. She surpasses him in forcefulness, in knowing what she wants and going after it, and in her ability to manage people. She is in no sense a tyrant nor a virago. She is a wholly admirable woman of excellent breeding and blessed with a certain charm. She manages Curley simply by virtue of a constitutional superiority. And her children do likewise. At home, Curley has four masters. They are all kind toward him. But they never let him have his own way if it fails to coincide with theirs.

So Curley is a most unhappy man. But lacking the vigor to make a row over things, he adjusts by giving vent to words of disgust, annoyance, complaint, and vinegary cynicism. As his energy ebbs, he becomes the shadow of a man, querulous but faint. Nobody takes him seriously, least of all himself.

"I am a perambulating futility," he says as he chews a cigar and looks out of his club window. "But,

after all, everything is futile. Waiter, fetch me another highball."

As middle age draws to its dusk, Curley is taking refuge in liquor now and then. But he cannot do it much. Wifey would make trouble over it. And anyhow his stomach wouldn't stand up right.

BOOK VII

HOW TO LIVE HAPPILY

OF what use all these stories of men? Can they serve any human purpose better than appeasing your curiosity or serving to fill in an idle hour between dinner and bedtime? You would like to live happily. You would like to do what you like as you like when you like and wherever you like. Can our records help you? Not if you apply them literally to your own problems, as if they were formulas. For they do not make known your individual nature, your way of life, and your environment. One tiny idiosyncrasy of yours may give twist to your entire wish pattern, hence to your way of life. You are a unique personality. Your way of happiness will accordingly have something unique about it.

Does this reduce our long survey to a pleasant futility? No. For, although you are unique, a host of factors in your personality are so nearly like those in many other individuals that you can see much of yourself in the latter. Then too, sundry general relations between traits and adaptations are to be found, all of which throw some light on yourself. Let us now look at the more conspicuous of these.

The most obvious fact of all is that *no trait suffices*

in itself to make a man live happily. We find unhappiness in the lives of men and women endowed with any and all traits. The bold, the cowardly, the hot-tempered, the meek, the inquisitive, the enthusiastic, the dull, the greedy, the brutal, the gentle, the apathetic—any of them may be blessed or accursed, lucky or unlucky, contented or resigned to fate. Beware of the half-wit moralist, then, who tells you that you will be happy if only you have one or two characteristics!

The next most obvious fact is that *the way all your traits combine is the chief decisive factor in happiness.* Your will pattern as a whole may be harmonious or inharmonious; that is, the impulses urging you to carry out certain projects may come into conflict with one another slightly or not at all, with happiness as a result, if outward conditions are at all favorable; or else they may grind against one another like badly fitted gears, cause lost motion, friction, noise, and little else, with defeat and misery as the inevitable end. Pay no heed, then, to the false philosopher who assures you that, to be happy, all you need is some certain aspiration, such as the desire to do good to all men, or to be fair, or to improve your mind. The final value of all such particular cravings depends upon the other things you want to do.

As we analyze wish patterns closely, we find that *simple patterns are more likely to lead to happiness than complex.* That is, a man of few cravings or interests has a far better chance of get-

ting what he wants than a man of many cravings. This is the outworking of mathematical probabilities, nothing more. If you have only five strong and frequent wishes, while I have twenty, the odds are in favor of your developing inner conflicts far less frequently than I. Nor is this all. If you and I have about the same fund of muscular and mental energy, you can devote all of yours to executing five wishes, while I am tempted to spread myself over twenty; hence you are more likely than I am to achieve success in all. Likewise your equipment is more likely to be adequate to the five than mine is to the twenty. And finally opportunity favors you more than me; for the chances of encountering situations in which five wishes may be realized are many times better than the chances of finding situations which will realize twenty wishes.

It is easy to misunderstand this fact. It does not mean that what we often call "the simple life" is the surest way of happiness. It means only that a life of few wishes is the surest. Each wish may involve complex behavior and an immense outlay of wit and energy. It may be the wish to run the United States from the White House, a thing no man who loves the simple life would ever condescend to attempt. Its intricacy has nothing to do with our present contention. All that matters is that the wish be not interfered with by a wish to play the violin, by another wish to fly a racing airplane, by another wish to master Hindustani, and so on.

Here is a special aspect of the same truth. The man of many desires has a fair chance of happiness only if he is endowed with exceptionally high intelligence and energy. This is an exceedingly rare combination. For every man so triply blessed, you will find a score or more who lack at least one ingredient: energy without high intelligence, frailty with intelligence, and so on. Conversely, we come upon certain varieties of complex wish patterns now and then which can be fairly well realized with high intelligence unsupported with high energy, and upon others which demand high energy but little intelligence. This illustrates afresh our first two observations: it is the particular pattern that counts most. Goethe, blessed with immense energy and high intelligence almost never lived happily; for his particular design of cravings was much too intricate for his totality of powers. Roosevelt, on the other hand, likewise gifted in wit and strength, was marvelously happy much of the time because his special complex set of cravings happened to be more readily attainable in the American environment than Goethe's were in his.

Look next to the immense mass of mankind where we find neither extreme simplicity nor extreme complexity of wishes, neither high mentality nor stupidity, neither immense energy nor weakness. What stands forth? Above all, the unchallengeable fact that *health is the first foundation of ordinary happiness, regardless of the special wish pattern.* No moralist and no philosopher has ever yet done jus-

tice to this. Indeed, most learned disquisitions on happiness dawdle over trifles, while the average man soon learns that when he is well he comes nearest to happiness, and when he is sick or injured, he is further from it.

Medicine and hygiene contribute more to the enlarging of personality than psychology and psychiatry ever can. And when I say this, I do not belittle the latter. Every psychologist who has dealt with individual cases soon learns that a host of silly folks hang around psychoanalysts and neurologists, paying fat fees and hoping to be cured of their mental ailments, when all they need is the right food, the right eyeglasses, the right sleep, the right exercise, or something else quite as simple. Were I to make an estimate based on my own clinical experience, I should say that perhaps three out of every four people who come whimpering around to the mind doctors ought to be learning common sense about their stomachs, eyes, noses, and lungs instead.

As a close second to health comes congenial action, both in work and in play—and this, of course, is a matter of wish pattern, hence calls for no further comment. In such action, though, we find one phase of particular importance. It is the emotional tone. On this the quality of one's happiness depends greatly. You have seen people who always have a low tone; no matter what they do, they are listless, or apathetic, or faintly surly. Others you see with too rapidly alternating tone; up now, and down the next

minute, passing from pleasant excitement to black despair on little provocation. Still others are ever intense, exalted, keen. These differences are caused mostly by little understood constitutional traits linked with the endocrine glands. While entering into the larger picture of health, they do not seem to determine physical well being very much. They exert their influence almost entirely on the mental side.

Here lies the power to enjoy. Here lies the inability to enjoy. Here, then, is the specific flavor of personal happiness. It is a definite psychic event occurring in a definite part of the body, or at least starting from that part and radiating throughout the entire physical frame. The thalamus of the brain is its seat; there arise the feelings of pleasantness and unpleasantness. But something of the effect is carried to every muscle and nerve of the body. When you are happy, you feel good all over, not merely in some single spot. And this is one of the differences between simple pleasure and the greater, more precious experience.

Here is the psychological fact which supports the philosopher in his ancient contention that happiness is not a mere sum of pleasures such as enjoying sugar, music, a sunset, and a friend's presence. It never is the result of a single sensory experience, nor of a sequence of such. It is a special kind of "total response." We may compare it with thinking about a large problem that exercises all our mental abilities, or again with carrying on a task that uses all our dex-

terities of hand, eye, ear, and limbs in one well organized whole. *It is the emotional phase of the smooth functioning of the entire organism, in which our minds and muscles carry out to a neat success the whole system of desires active at a given moment.*

We may say the same thing in other words. We may say that *happiness is the emotional tone accompanying the self-realization of a personality. And just as each personality develops its own wish pattern, so does it develop its own emotional tone.* If we measure happiness in terms of the intensity of its pleasures, we are in danger of misjudging people badly. For, as some of our cases have demonstrated, some people may experience very intense pleasures and very few pains, yet lack the high happiness which others enjoy whose hedonic moments are much milder. Always it is the vital equilibrium as a unit which decides, never the individual and partial items in experience.

Intimately related to these phenomena is another one which brings out even more sharply the error of interpreting happiness as a simple sum of pleasures and the other error of identifying its quality with that of wish-fulfilment. It is the independence of the emotional tone from the *awareness* of self-realization, as well as from the *fact* of self-realization. You will recall what was said about euphoria, or the sense of bodily comfort which sometimes arises in grave mental diseases as well as in states of extreme animal health. We find cases in which emotional tones link in-

timately with genuine self-realization. We find other cases in which they link with highly imperfect self-realization. And we find a few that resemble the euphoria of the deranged mind; the self-realization either does not occur at all, or else the will pattern that is being fulfilled is so primitive that normal people cannot grasp it as a will pattern.

I am sure, for instance, that some readers have had difficulty in accepting men like Timothy Tubb, the gluttonous farmer, and Reginald Runnt, the superbly stupid college professor, as thoroughly happy personalities. As for Zebulon Kane, the hobo-esthete, I cannot reproach anybody for thinking me wrong in hailing him to our clinic as a specimen of complete self-realization haloed with joy. The hardship here centers wholly in the *abnormal self-realization,* not at all in the emotional tone that goes with it.

You cannot imagine yourself concentrating all your thinking, all your feelings, and all your cravings upon roast beef and milk and pie. Nor upon sunsets, and pageants, and pretty memories. To you this is the very opposite of self-realization. To you such success would be misery. Hence the natural impulse to deny that other selves might find full expression and gratification in such strivings.

In like manner you will find it hard sometimes to accept the fact that *self-realization alone is not happiness: to make for happy living it must be enjoyed, and this means that it must be attended to, thought about, and experienced with some sustained pleasure.*

The unhappiness or lack of happiness which so many successful people confess seems impossible to an uncritical observer who visualizes his own goals with intense craving.

"He has the wealth he set out to amass. He has married the woman he wanted to. He has gained the esteem of all the world. He has no ambition left unsatisfied. How then can he fail to be happy?"

So runs the common judgment. It sees the part which the *ends* play in the game of life, it misses altogether the part played by the inner attitudes and feeling tones. Many people are constitutionally beyond all happiness, yet immensely successful. They are *emotional defectives*. We ought to set them over against the *mental defectives* and the *physical defectives* as a third class. And we must realize that, just as a man may be born with no fingers on one hand, so he may be born without the mechanisms of appropriate feeling. In extreme cases this lack makes a man ruthless; not only does he have no feelings toward his own success and failures but he has none toward other people, hence he treats them as mere sticks and stones. Some of our worst criminals appear to be thus constituted.

Thus we have three important classes of people: first, those who realize their wishes but lack feeling toward them; secondly, those who do not realize their wishes nor have feelings toward their failure; and thirdly, those who have normal feelings toward their success and failure. It may be that this last class

breaks into two; one having normal feelings toward success but not toward failure, while the other has them toward failure but not toward success.

Here somebody may object. Surely a part of every genuine self-realization must be happy living, for doesn't everybody want to be happy? If a man gets all the things he strives for in the way of wealth, fame, and power, but misses the joy of triumph and self-development, how can you say that he has truly realized himself?

Well, the answer is that a self may be so endowed by nature that it cannot take joy in achievement, any more than a deaf man can enjoy music or a handless man enjoy playing the banjo. Self-realization means just what the word indicates; it is the making real of all those strivings in oneself which one's abilities can make real. Some of us have the ability to feel keenly, while others feel dully and still others scarcely feel at all. Some of us can take a clear, firm attitude toward the world and all that is in it, while others must remain hazy all their lives long.

One of the most important observations to be made on the cases we have been studying is that there is no symmetry whatsoever between the intensity of unhappiness and the degree to which native cravings have been thwarted. The situation closely resembles that which we find in the field of sensory pains. The loss of a fingernail is trifling, but the pain of having one pulled out slowly by the roots is exquisite. On

the other hand, to lose a part of your brain is pretty serious business. Yet large areas of this organ may be mutilated without causing the least sensory unpleasantness.

The temporary blocking of a trifling wish may cause an intense and profound emotional disturbance verging on pain. On the other hand, a prolonged denial of cravings which express some vital function may, at least after a little while, be adjusted to without suffering.

Look at our old friend the baby who cries for the moon. Is he unhappy if he does not get it? Certainly. He screams and kicks for an hour. But it is fairly well established that most of us can get along pretty well without touching or owning the satellite. Look again at the mother whose only child is burned to death, and who lapses into a calm that is almost a coma, during which she consoles herself with the thought that her little girl is with the angels now.

One of the most significant discoveries of the twentieth century is the asymmetry between the thwarting of erotic cravings and the unpleasant feelings such thwarting causes. Many a neurotic owes his psychic upset to nothing more than this asymmetry. For if he suffered acutely whenever so thwarted, he would have been driven to escape from the thwarting, even though by drastic means. Just because his love life may be dammed up for months or even years without causing one-one thousandth of the sensory discomfort set up by a decayed tooth,

he is easily persuaded by moralists to corrupt his own nature.

Manifestly this is a defect in the constitution of man. A better designed animal would suffer pain and discomforts in nice proportion to the essential importance of each thwarted wish. The baby crying for the moon would suffer not at all, while the lady sighing for her absent lover would endure hurts far worse than any bullet wound. Will our species ever approach such an ideal behavior? Perhaps. Who knows?

Certainly the asymmetry between the pain of a hurt ego and the cosmic importance of the hurt does not encourage us to hope for any sudden uplift of the race. For here we come upon a widespread and singularly vicious perversion which stands between millions and their happiness. How many unfortunates suffer the agonies of hell whenever they are reprimanded in the presence of strangers, or placed in an inferior position by somebody whom they regard as their inferior, or denied some petty pleasure which others are allowed to enjoy? Some of them are crushed, others enraged, others so humiliated that they slink off like whipped curs. And yet, on sober reflection, you find that the intrinsic effects of such slights upon the welfare of the slighted are infinitesimal. If John Smith, the butcher, elects to cut me dead on the street, while a dozen friends look and snicker, my emotional explosion—if any—will be absurdly great and out of all sane relation to the

consequences of the insult. A well designed creature would pay much more attention to the buzzing of a mosquito than to a butcher's mismanners. The mosquito might give you malaria or even yellow fever.

After ill health and unmitigated bad luck, probably most unhappiness is caused by diseased egocentric trends. Call it pride, for short, and remember that pride goeth before a fall. Admit that this pride is perhaps the emotional phase of the urge to preserve and to enlarge oneself, hence that it is an integral part of life. The fact still remains unshakable that, in many instances if not in most, men could enhance themselves more effectively if they thought less about themselves and held themselves in slighter esteem. True is the oft uttered remark that happiness is peculiarly linked with selflessness. Even trivial attention to the ego disturbs one's adaptations to men and affairs. Shyness, embarrassment, and stage fright are the milder manifestations; arrogance and gross selfishness are its darker forms. In its subtler weavings, it fashions a perverse perspective of the world, making the ego a central sun around which all humanity revolves. And it verges on degeneracy when, as in so many primitive religious rationalizations, it causes the victim to believe, in all sincerity, that the very gods of the universe themselves watch over him assiduously, are deeply concerned over his thoughts about them, grieved if he fails to show them the courtesies due to gods, and infuriated to the point of punishing him if he scoffs at them.

Animal egocentricity clashes harshly with high intelligence. This is why, among other causes, so many men of superior minds fail to live happily. Mind sees things objectively and with a certain degree of detachment. It observes the true place of its animal body in the scheme of things. But this observation never, never pleases the animal that hunts and hides and schemes and forever strains every nerve to triumph through thick and thin. If you can see yourself as an item in nature, you observe that nature thinks no more of you than you think of each gnat that darts about over the waters of the Amazon. You observe that you count for no more in the larger plan of rocks and tides and weather and star drift than one of those gnats. And this is quite enough to infuriate any lusty gnat or larger beast.

Let a man of rare mentality be at the same time a robustious, up-and-coming animal, and he has a slim chance of sustained happiness. Indeed, he may reach a position from which he looks down upon that state as incompatible with the superior one of straightforward thinking. But this is rare. As a rule, the outcome is less fortunate. He alternates between living and thinking, between seeking food and seeking facts, between the two thirsts of water and wisdom. And it would be useful to know to what extent this profound duality of drive sets up psychic processes more or less like those that occur in manic-depressives. It is plain that men like Goethe who suffer from this endless inner conflict often swing sud-

denly from lighthearted animality to gloomy contemplation. Which is cause and which effect, the emotion or the reflecting? We do not know. But we know only too surely that such men know little happiness.

At the same time it would appear probable that highly intelligent people are better fitted than most others to escape the evillest maladjustments. For they can perceive and analyze troublous situations with greater clarity, and this is half the battle. What is more, they understand themselves better and so are less inclined to pursue vain hopes or harass themselves over the blocking of an impossible will.

But perhaps the greatest advantage the superior mind has over the inferior with respect to happy living lies in the peculiar tendency of the former to underestimate its abilities and the fatal inclination of the inferior mind to overrate itself. Recent studies of the ambitions of schoolboys and schoolgirls have brought out this correlation. Stupid little boys crave to become President of the United States, while clever little boys are quite content to think of themselves as becoming college teachers. As time reveals the real abilities, how much crueller the disillusionment of the stupid! And how much more drastic the enforced readjustment!

Lucky that there is at least one advantage in having brains!

The intelligent man only too often finds one of his indispensable traits hampering his happy living.

It is a special sort of submissiveness which makes his mind receptive toward impressions, facts, theories, and everything else about which he thinks. In a sense the good thinker is passive. He does not impose his will upon things he learns. The open mind is never a striving mind except in so far as it is striving to remain open and objective. The habit of cool observation, admirable in science, may become an injury in so far as it influences our habits of action and our general emotions. The cleverest schoolchildren usually are the most docile; and in this they forecast troublous times for themselves.

Much unhappiness springs from submissive habits carried over from childhood to adult years. Few psychic events are more difficult to detect than these, and few play greater havoc when unrecognized. They cause a chronic unbalance against which the sufferer usually is helpless when left to his own devices, because he is unaware of the nature of his inner unrest.

In infancy, everybody is largely submissive in certain matters. This is the inevitable result of the enormous difference in power between the child and his surroundings. Against the latter he is helpless for many years. He lacks the energy and the organization of impulses to resist things successfully. Hence he succumbs softly to the teachings and other compulsions of his nurse, his parents, and his older playmates. Usually he is even unaware that, in the strict physical sense, he is being "imposed upon."

Now, during these soft years, he is drilled in many forms of highly submissive conduct. He must mind his nurse. He must obey his parents without a question. He must eat what is set before him. He must not talk at table. And so on through several decalogues of prohibitions and suppressions. Many of these become easy habits and hence survive. When observed in his adult life, they may all too readily be construed as evidences of a submissive personality. Thus with the gentle manners of a bully who has been well bred. Thus with the tactful cunning of a highly aggressive man of good family.

On many of us the bonds of those first habits lie heavy. The maladjustments they cause are seldom understood inasmuch as the habits have long since passed from consciousness. They have precipitated in the insubstantial form of moods, attitudes, and prejudices. These seem to have no relation whatsoever to our long gone past. They appear to be natural ways of behaving toward the present. We explain them to ourselves as such, and in so doing we rationalize them.

It is to the everlasting credit of the newer schools of psychoanalysis and psychiatry that they have brought to light and duly emphasized such infantilisms. Hereafter it is the duty of every unhappy person to inspect his own past in a search for such trends. Did his mother drill him to become a great musician because she loved the piano while he lacked the essential traits of a composer? Did he get from

his strenuous father the notion that the one honorable career of a youth was being the president of a pickle factory? And did his own nature predetermine him to be, perhaps, a mathematician? If so, then his life has become a whirlpool of cross purposes.

Submission to parental influences in matters of belief is nearly as dangerous as submission in wish pattern, if the child happens to be a superior intelligence. It matters little what a mediocre mind believes, so far as its own happiness is concerned; for ideas of the simple sort it cherishes rarely have much to do with behavior. A ditch digger may live and die a happy man, believing the world is flat, men immortal, mumps curable by prayer, and virtue its own reward. But a great mind cannot. If such notions have been inculcated during childhood and accepted more or less as a matter of course, they clash powerfully with the results of clear thinking. The warfare between habit and intellect may become devastating. The only solution is to exterminate the habit. For that is the squatter. The title to the personality is in the possession of the mind.

In America submissiveness toward the environment in which one has been brought up is much rarer than in Europe and Asia. But it is increasing and must go on increasing as our population grows denser and settles down into economic and social classes. The fortunate aspect of this trend is that, here surely and perhaps also in Europe, the environment will steadily improve. Obnoxious surroundings will dis-

appear, while mildly unsatisfactory neighborhoods can be evacuated at the price of a motor bus ticket to the next town. Already the United States has shrunk to the size of a few countries of the Revolutionary period, if we measure our land in terms of speed of transportation. And even the poor have little difficulty in finding and going to regions which offer them work and well being. For this reason we need not go deeply into the unhappinesses of those who allow their environment to dominate them. Leave that task to some scribe in India or Japan.

He who would be happy must early learn to remodel his wishes and habits to fit those deep changes in his constitution that the years bring. There are three major changes normal to everybody; a change in sheer experience and outlook, a change in dexterity, and a change in energy. These vary quite independently of one another, and each shows its own peculiar line in the life of each individual. So it is futile to try generalizations about them here. The pattern of the trio is the life pattern itself, hence it is a graph of personality. Let us be content then to suggest a few typical problems of happy living along the graph.

It is a fundamental defect of the entire human race that its energies are mightiest while its experience and skill are weakest. Babyhood shows a rise of the basal metabolism, which attains a peak around the sixth or seventh year, after which the rate of gen-

erating and burning up the body's fuel stays high for ten to twenty years. Toward the end of the thirties a marked drop usually sets in, and before mid-forty it has become serious enough to limit the activities of men engaged in heavy labor, if not to end them.

How about skill? It hardly begins during the first fifteen years of life, except in a few exceedingly simple lines. Children are awkward while growing, largely because their bones and muscles change size so fast that they have to relearn their adjustments. Some time between sixteen and twenty growth slows down, and then is won the higher skill that comes only after long, precise practice. If it is of a sort that has to do with relatively light exertion, it may be prolonged many years beyond the drop of energy flow which precedes middle age. But let it be based on strenuosity, and you may be sure that it will fail during the late thirties or mid-forties.

I have been told by well informed dentists that their period of effective skill seldom exceeds fifteen years. Here the physical effort is greater than the layman suspects, and so too is the manual dexterity. Few carpenters and masons continue at their best after forty-five; and, only a few generations ago, it was seldom that one could find good workers of that type older than forty. Prize-fighters pass their prime still earlier, rarely later than the thirtieth year.

The pity of it is that hordes of these and other workers become more and more experienced far into

middle age. Could they only sustain their exertions, they would thrive, be happier, and make themselves much more useful to society. Soon after they have mastered their jobs, they begin retrenching out of physical incapacity. And then arises a crisis which, if not wisely managed, leads to vast unhappiness. The failing toiler strains himself to keep going at the old pace, bluffs to his boss and to his family, then cracks of a sudden. Or else he gives in, turns to less arduous work for which he is ill fitted and goes through the hell of failures. Or else, finally, he stops all work and sinks into loafing, especially if prosperous; and then his end comes quickly, if not by way of gin then via women or a plain nervous smash.

The intelligent man, reaching this crisis, finds some new activity which does one of two things; either it employs skill similar to his own but on a lower energy level, or else it is wholly different from what he has been doing as a livelihood but is part and parcel of some hobby or other unprofessional interest with which he has long dealt in his hours of leisure. And years before the crisis comes, this same intelligent man looks ahead of it and prepares for it by cultivating side interests which can profitably absorb him after he has abandoned his chief bread-and-butter toil.

Another course lies open to a few men. It is the advance from working to managing, or from managing to owning. I wish we might believe that most of us could escape the cramping style of lowering forces

thus, but obviously it is impossible; and it becomes a rarer opportunity as the industrial world organizes itself better. Yesterday one man was needed to manage twenty workers, today he looks after fifty, and tomorrow he will be handling five hundred. So too with ownership-management; chain stores, central office management, and worldwide corporations increase and will go on increasing, while the small retailer and manufacturer pass out of the picture.

Then too, the intelligent man all too frequently finds himself handicapped as a manager by his excessive alertness and over-keen sense of responsibility. He is more prone to psychasthenia than the less clever mind. Seeing many possible outcomes of an act, he is more likely to be pulled in many directions, hence made anxious in his indecision. If, at the same time, he happens to be a little more sensitive than the run of mankind, he suffers keenly as he opposes his will to others and reflects on possible evils flowing from his conduct. This is why so many highly intelligent men shun positions of responsibility, while rugged, simple minds seek them. In this they act with wisdom. They move toward their own happiness. They do not allow themselves to be confused and misled by claptrap about the importance of strenuous careers. They understand that there is only one high career for any man, and that is the one for which he is fitted by nature and by nurture.

The deepest difference between the highly intelligent man and less capable minds is the sure ease

with which he goes on learning and acquiring new experiences to the very onset of old age. Thanks to this, he is better able to readjust to his inner changes. And because he is more likely to find himself all over again after middle life, he tends to outlive his less gifted brothers who become set in their ways and frozen in their wills. He does not wear himself out by stubborn striving, when, with a little ingenuity and cunning, he can find an easier way. If he cannot have the moon, he will take green cheese, thank you! And, unlike his fellows of frailer wit, he will not pretend that the green cheese is the moon.

CODA

Here then is the beginning, but not the end of wisdom about happy living. A small beginning? Yes, quite small! But take it for what it may be worth to you.

Look upon the art of living as the greatest, noblest, and hardest of all arts. Understand that it is not to be learned in a day. Mottoes cannot convey it. Nor can rituals and formulas. It is founded on science and is, save in a few blessed souls of simple design, perfected only through sustained endeavor.

Study yourself and your neighbors at least as carefully as you study the details of your own business and household. Don't guess. Don't hesitate to try every method that seems at all fruitful. Observe yourself from every feasible angle. Welcome the ob-

servation friends and enemies make. And after welcoming them, discount with care! Do likewise with all the newer psychological tests. Some are reliable, some not. But all are rich in suggestions.

How does your intelligence compare with that of other people? How much energy have you? Can you turn it on and off easily? How smoothly do you work? Do you feel you are engaged in work that suits you? If not, why not?

These are a few of the *hundreds* of questions you ought to answer. Do not expect to solve these problems easily. The science of personality is still crude. Nobody knows much about it. And those who profess deep knowledge are fools or knaves—or both.

Beware of reducing your way of living to a pat formula. That is what barbarians do.

Beware of thinking that you can live always on one high level of pleasure. As with everything else, so with happiness: variety is its spice, and fluctuation a necessity. A happy life is one in which most moments tend to be pleasant, while those which deviate toward pain or discomfort cause neither a very long nor a very profound unrest. The happy man experiences many upsets, but none of them throws him completely off his balance. He comes back to his own vital equilibrium fast.

Beware of thinking that a "spiritual life" which scorns the joys of food, drink, love, and excitement is a short cut to happiness. It all depends upon your personality. For the normal man, the simple animal

gratifications must come first, and the noble ideas of Truth and Beauty must be a fancy dessert in a well-balanced meal.

Never think that, in order to "be yourself," you must give way to every impulse. This is one of the surest ways to become unhappy. The result is an unbalance caused mostly by ill health and the enmity of other people who are annoyed or injured by some of your blind whims.

Impulses must not run wild, lest they slay you. They must not be bound in a straitjacket, lest they gather force and explode. They should be harnessed and put to the useful work of getting along in whatever circumstances chance has placed you.

The harness you devise must be suited to the load, to the kind of going underfoot, and to the stature of the creatures that must wear it. Don't let a clever salesman sell you a readymade harness. It will either chafe or tear out.

Don't think that your way of happy living, once found and tested, is so wonderfully good that everybody else must adopt it. Don't try to force it on your best friend, for it may make him your worst enemy. "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

Take neither yourself nor any ideal too seriously. When in doubt, consider the Milky Way and the million light-years that stretch between the island universes. And remember that you are a something-or-other which, in the rank of existence, is as much

smaller than the total visible universe as one wee electron is smaller than you.

If you were born blessed, take no credit for that. And if you were born accursed, blame only your ancestors and luck.

Whenever you feel less happy than usual, eat less, sleep longer, exercise more, and find out whether something is worrying you. If this doesn't help, see a doctor.

As far as it seems wise, do all things as the spirit moves, be it work or play or sleep or adventure or study or loafing. But be sure that the moving spirit is intelligence!

Here endeth the first brief chapter of the longest story that will ever be told.

INDEX

ACCURSED, The, 105.
Accursedness, Slight mischances causing, 106.
Adeson, Amy: Too active nerves, 325.
Adjustments, 62; two systems of, 62; interaction between internal and external, 62; personal and alcohol, 175.
Aggressive activity, 72.
Alcohol and personal adjustments, 175.
Alexander of Russia, 358.
Allport, F. H., 229.
Ambitions of superior and inferior people, 400.
Ames, Artemus, and herd happiness, 80.
Apathetic behavior, Varieties of, 257.
Apathy, 46; defined, 257; in a crisis, 262; underlying Buddhism, 271; and submission, 348.
Appetitive system, Happiness dependent on, 17.
Artists and egocentricity, 36.
Asymmetry between psychic intake and assimilation, 322.
Attitudes, 33; difficult factor in happiness, 34; phases of, 34.

BABE RUTH, 87.
Balance through apathy, 264.
Baroness von Krudener: an unhappy lover, 354.
Barnes, Harry Elmer: investigation of Woodrow Wilson, 142.
Bayne, Beverley: the happy gourmand, 170.
Beers, Lemuel: slow mind in slow body, 178.
Beethoven, 72, 139, 259.
Behavior, determined by energy, 17.
Bell, Clive, 60.
Bennett, Philo S., and William Jennings Bryan, 91.
Billings, Bemis: his too active nerves, 333.
Bismarck, 147.
Blessed, The, 42; classes of, 42; and the stupid, 47; and Reginald Runnt, 47; blessed Esthete, 56; vegetable joy of euphoria, 61; and singleness of wish with high energy, 65; blessed misfit: Haydon, 69; herd happiness and the blessed, 80; William Jennings Bryan, 84; G. Stanley Hall, 95.
Bliss, 28; how different from ecstasy, 29; and wish fulfillment, 29.
Borowski, Ludwig, on Kant, 108, 109.
Bradford, Gamaliel, on John Randolph, 117, 120.
Braun, Belton: a weak-willed thinker, 351.
Bryan, William Jennings, 84; one hundred per cent American, 84; stability of, 85; outstanding trait linguistic-postural, 85;

emotional balance of, 88; the Great Commoner, 91, 147.
Buddha, 271; his "Noble Eightfold Path," 271; and Jesus, 285.

CAIROLI, Benedetto, and Garibaldi, 75.
Cardinal Newman, Soldier of the Lord, 246.
Case studies, Value of, 9, 10, 19.
Channing, William Ellery: a selectively apathetic personality, 258.
Chopin: his unorganized wishes, 137.
Christianity, 257; and egotism, 257; and the Jew, 257.
Circular response, 89; defined, 89; of William Jennings Bryan, 89; in general, 229.
Clemenceau, 147.
Compromise, 291, 295.
Contentment, 182; frail, 182; superior intelligence and, 215.
Cortical personality and alcohol, 175.
Cramm, Charlotte, 371.
Cravings, inordinate, 322.
Criminals in army life, 245.

DAKE, Fred: the happy demi-mind, 50.
D'Annunzio, 36; and war, 133; psychology of, 186; enormous concentration of, 189; egotism of, 192, 197.
Deed consciousness and attitudes, 34.
Demi-mind, the happy, 50.
Derb, Saul, 312.
Descartes, 106; compared to Kant, 112, 113.
Desires, Satisfaction of, 14; their interrelationship, 15, 16, 17, 18.
Dibbs, Dora: her unbalance, 249.
Dickinson, Emily, 364.
Dignified stupidity, 48.
Disraeli, Unhappiness of, 21.
Double life, 159.
Druckliev, Henry: the perfectionist, 307.
Dual career, A highly successful, 169.
Duncan, Isadora, on D'Annunzio, 191.

ECSTASY, 23; and wish fulfillments, 25; and psychic rest, 26; lack of impulses and tensions in, 27; why it is rarely experienced, 27.
Egocentricity, 35; falsification of reality, 35; defined, 35; a style of self-consciousness, 36; cause of, 255, 256; and Christianity, 257; and the Jew, 257; and intelligence, 399.
Emotional life, 9; difficulty of study, 9; "emotional insanity" as a form of apathy, 278; emotional defectives, 394.
Empathy, 162.
Energy, 14; relation of happiness to, 14; sluggish in vegetative personality, 43; high, frequent association with stupidity, 50; high and uniform, 51; high, and blessedness, 65; feeble, of Kant and Descartes, 108; control, how it varies, 122; high, with poor health and integrative action, 123; low, with efficiency 177; low, with a balanced life, 183; and intellectual work, 226; psychic, and desires, 236; and motor adjustments, 336; relation of submission to, 346; low, erotic-masterful impulses, 358.
Esthetes, 56; and hypersensitivity, 56; and nomadism, 58; alcohol as means of adjustment in, 59; conservation of, 195; unbalance

in, 348; and submission, 348.
Euphoria, 61.
Exhibitionism, 119.
Experience; enjoyment of, 61.
Extraversion, 217.

FAILURE, 19; defined, 19; and success: Varieties of, 20.
Fast and loose: D'Annunzio, 186.
Fear, intellectualized, 248.
Fool for luck: Solomon Sleim, 77.
Ford, Henry, and success, 20.
Frail contentment, 183.
Frye, Sarah: the joiner, 232.
Futile energy and William Nation, 54.

GALL, Gertrude: adjustment through apathy, 262.
Gladstone, 147.
Goethe, 127; conversations with Eckermann, 129.
Gourmand, The happy: Beverly Bayne, 170.
Graves, Jenny: a well-ordered double life, 160.
Greeley, Horace: the human engine, 198.
Green, Larry: the apathetic erotic, 360.
Gregariousness, 83.
Group stimulation, 229.

HALL, G. Stanley: the happy dabbler, 94, 188.
Happiness, 7; formulas for, 7, 12, 31; obstacles to its scientific study, 8, 10; not an external compulsion, 10; defined, 10, 11, 32, 33; Seneca on, 11; and personality study, 14; and physical equipment, 14; and interrelated desires, 17; interrelated factors in, 18; native traits and 18; factors in complete analysis of, 18; not necessarily result of success or failure, 21; achievement of, 22; pattern of living, 22; and pleasure, 22; affective phase of, 22, 25; and service, 31; and activity, 31, 32, 33; Carl Hilty on, 32; and social relationships, 40; of vegetative personality, 42; through external good luck, 42; by nature, 42; with high energy and low mentality, 50; of the care-free, 60; combination resulting in greatest, 65; and the impulse to control, 73; the larger, 79; and the herd, 80; factors in, 105; and self-control, 140; the vale of mediocre, 152; of the well-ordered life, 153; of intelligent inferior personality, 196; how to achieve it, 386; ineffectiveness of single traits and, 386; and simple and complex patterns, 387; dependent on trait pattern, 387; as the emotional tone, 392.
Happy dabbler, The: G. Stanley Hall, 94.
Happy gourmand, The: Beverly Bayne, 170.
Happy living, High orders of, 79.
Happy, more or less, 152.
Happy warrior, The: Garibaldi, 72.
Haydon, 66.
Hen-pecked husband, The, 359.
Herd cure and Sarah Frye, 232.
Herd happiness, 80.
Hicks, Harold: mama's boy, 341.
High power single track personalities, 65.
Hilty, Carl, 32, 60.
Holy Alliance, Influence of Baroness von Krudener on, 358.
How to live happily, 386.
Huneker, James G., 201; a scattered personality, 206.

Hypersensitivity, 56, 322, 323; esthetic, 56.

ILL health and happiness, 106.
Imbecility, extreme native insensitivity, 47.
India, its climate and apathy, 270.
Indifference to people, 38, 39.
Insensitivity, 47; native, 47, 48; and imbecility, 48; and stupidity, 48.
Integration, 122; pattern defined, 122; high, 158; high, and the double life, 159; inferior, 201; defective, 211, 240.
Intelligence, 110; and control of feeble body, 110, 113; an aid to happiness, 121; superior, 143; mediocre, and complex problems, 149; and inferior physique, 215; and contentment, 215; and resignation to unhealthy body, 227; inferior, and group stimulation, 236; superior, in army, 245; and introversion, 261.
Interest and mediocre abilities, 72.
Introversion, 34; pathological, 34; defined, 35; and Francis Thompson, 35; and intelligence, 259, 261.
Ivory turtle, The, 46.

JAMES, William, 97, 98.
Jesus and Buddha, 285.
Johnson, Samuel, 230, 232.
Joiner, The, Psychology of, 228.
Joyful agent, The: Jonathan Judd, 237.
Judd, Jonathan: the joyful agent, 237.

KAISER Wilhelm and failure, 20.
Kant, Immanuel, 106; hypersensitivity of, 109; intelligent control of wretched physique, 110; and economic independence, 111; and Descartes, 121; and Chopin, 140.

LEADERSHIP and social feeling, 40.
Leames, Lemuel: a well-ordered life, 153.
Lenin, 147.
Leopardi, 106.
"Life of Christ," Motivation of, 135.
Lloyd George, 147.
Locke, Lewis: slow primary sensitivities and abnormal extraversion, 217.
London, Jack, Egocentricity of, 36.
Luther, Martin, 37, 125.

MALADJUSTMENTS, Physical, 63.
Mama's boy: Harold Hicks, 341.
Mansfield, Katherine, 299.
Masochism, 244.
Master and slave, 240.
Masterful people: Character of, 345.
Mastery, 291.
Mazzini, and Garibaldi, 74.
Minor Dialogues, 11.
Misery, 214; joyless escapes from, 214; substitute adjustments for, 214, 215.
Moon, May, 371.
Motor behavior poorly controlled, 203.
Motor reactions retarded by autointoxication, 223.
Motor type of personality: John Randolph, 116.
Muscle tension, 27; and ecstasy, 27; maladjustments due to, 63, 64.
Mussolini, 147.

NAPOLEON the extravert, 39, 259.
Nation, William H. C.: pseudo-artist, 54.
Neuroses: types determined by tonic and phasic action, 289.
Newman, Cardinal, 246, 258, 259, 261.
Noad, Alfred, 377.
Nomadism and estheticism, 58.

OVER-STIMULATION, 322.

PAPINI, Giovanni, 106, 121; poor energy, control of, 126; change of personality, 130; and war, 133, 134; "Life of Christ," its motivation, 137.
Passionate slave, The: Priscilla Peet, 240.
Pathological introversion, 34; defined, 35.
Pattern of personality, 14.
"Peace That Passeth Understanding," 28.
Peet, Priscilla: the passionate slave, 240.
Perfect Priscilla, The: a superior personality, 100.
Perfectionists, 306.
Personalities, 65; high-power single-track, 65; social adjustive, 83.
Personality, 14; need for understanding of, 14; pattern, 14, 15; harmony of energy and desires in, 16, 17, 18; pattern and wishes, 18; normal, its many desires, 16; pioneer psychology of, 19; changes, the three chief types, 404.
Phasic action, 288.
Portor, Laura Spencer, on J. G. Huneker, 208.
Psychology, and physiological adjustments, 62, 63; of social distraction, 228; of submission, 345.

RAGE, as a motive power, 125; in poorly organized personalities, 125; futile, 127; intellectualized, 251.
Randolph, John, 106, 114, 199.
Raymondi, Guiseppina, and Garibaldi, 73; Reed, Curley, slave of all men, 379.
Relativity, Psychic, and ecstasy, 26, 27, 28.
Religion and science, Conflict between, 340.
Resignation, 221.
Rhythmic living, 33.
Roamer, Ruth, 370.
Robbins, Raymond, 93.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 37, 125, 126, 188, 195, 198, 389.
Rules of happy living, 408.
Runnt, Reginald: blessed though stupid, 47.

SADISM, 119.
Sand, George, 138.
Scientific and juvenile thinking: their conflict, 340.
Scientific observation of happiness difficult, 8.
Selective apathy, 258.
Self-abasement, Pathological, 37, 38.
Self-confidence defined, 36; and Martin Luther, 37; and Theodore Roosevelt, 37.
Self-consciousness, degrees of, 34; lack of, 38; objectivity and, 38.
Self-deception and happiness, 283.
Self-depreciation, defined, 37; and unhappiness, 37.
Self-realization and happiness, 11, 12.

Seneca on happiness, 11.
Sertel, Simon: the perfectionist, 309.
Service and happiness, a mistaken doctrine, 31.
Shaw, George Bernard, 60.
Sin, conviction of a form of pathological introversion, 38.
Single-track personalities, 65, 66.
Slave, The passionate, 240.
Sleim, Solomon, 76.
Slew, Jane: the passionate mess, 373.
Slow-But-Sure, 177.
Smith, Al, 147.
Smith, Dr. John: the happy surgeon, 66.
Smith, Grant: a fine mind and an inferior body, 217.
Social consciousness and attitudes, 34.
Social distraction, why people seek it, 231; to recover balance, 231; and Sarah Frye, 232.
Social feeling and leadership, 40.
Soldier, The: Psychology of, 244.
Soldier of the Lord: Cardinal Newman, 246.
Subjects, Unhappy, 345.
Submission, apathy a derivative of, 257; in general, 291, 294; difficult to discover, 345; relation of energy to, 346; and estheticism, 348; and apathy, 348; and intelligence, 400.
Success, and failure, 19; varieties of, 20; defined, 33; and conservatism, 315.
Stupidity, happiness of, 47; a mild native insensitivity, 48.
Superior man, The unbalance between his brain and body, 316.
Superior minds and their unhappiness, 316.
Superior personalities: Priscilla Pembell, 100.
Sympathetic insight: lack of in Napoleon, 39.

TELL, Will, 221.
Tension, Muscle, Causes of, 64.
Thompson, Francis, 35.
Thwarting, appetitive, 322.
Timidity, defined, 37; and unhappiness, 37.
Tonic action, 288.
Trapp, Tom: disgusted at life, 267.
Tubb, Timothy: the blessed vegetable, 42, 176.

UNBALANCE of erotic and masterful impulses, 354.
Unbalance of submissive inertia and keen perception, 353.
Unhappiness, defined, 33; more prevalent than happiness, 105; two greatest causes of, 106; of poor health, 122; escape from, 214; due to juvenile thoughts, 340.
Unhappy, The, 288.
Unhappy subjects, 345.

VAN Gogh, Vincent, 364.
Vegetative personality and alcohol, 175.
Vegetative personalities, 42.
Versatility, Complex pattern and, 186.
Victor Emmanuel II and Garibaldi, 74.
Vital Equilibrium and W. J. Bryan, 85.
Voltaire, 230, 232.
von Krudener, Baroness, 354.

WADE, Phineas: contented though frail, 183.
Weak-willed thinkers, 351.
Well-adjusted personalities, 196.
Well-ordered double life, 159.

Wiggs, Joseph: his Christian apathy, 274.
Will patterns, 297.
Wilson, Woodrow, 69, 106, 140, 252, 253.
Wish fulfillment and ecstasy, 26; their satisfaction, 14; work, Indifference to, 41.

YOGA, its apathy, 270.

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At 14 Walter B. Pitkin was making a living herding cattle and delivering packages for a dry goods store in Detroit. From 16 to 18 he worked his way by taking the school census in the Polish district of Detroit and thus made enough to go to college. He supported himself through college by training a prize fighter, by selling class canes to students on a commission basis, and by occasional newspaper work. He studied Greek, Latin, French, German, Hebrew and Arabic as well as philosophy and psychology. From 22 to 27 he studied advanced languages and psychology in Europe. Upon his return he began his career at Columbia University, where he is now Professor of Journalism. He is the author of a number of books, (see facing title page) has been the American Editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica and is now the chief editorial adviser of the Universal Pictures Corporation.

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